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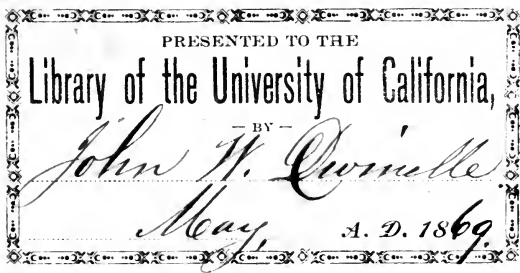
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PORCUPINE'S  
WORKS;  
CONTAINING VARIOUS  
WRITINGS AND SELECTIONS,  
EXHIBITING A FAITHFUL PICTURE  
OF THE  
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA;  
OF THEIR  
GOVERNMENTS, LAWS, POLITICS, AND RESOURCES;  
OF THE CHARACTERS OF THEIR  
PRESIDENTS, GOVERNORS, LEGISLATORS, MAGIS-  
TRATES, AND MILITARY MEN;  
AND OF THE  
CUSTOMS, MANNERS, MORALS, RELIGION, VIRTUES  
AND VICES  
OF THE PEOPLE:  
COMPRISING ALSO  
A COMPLETE SERIES OF HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS  
AND REMARKS,  
FROM THE END OF THE WAR, IN 1783,  
TO THE  
ELECTION OF THE PRESIDENT, IN MARCH, 1801.

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BY WILLIAM COBBETT.

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IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

*(A Volume to be added annually.)*

VOL. VII.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR COBBETT AND MORGAN, AT THE CROWN  
AND MITRE, PALL MALL.

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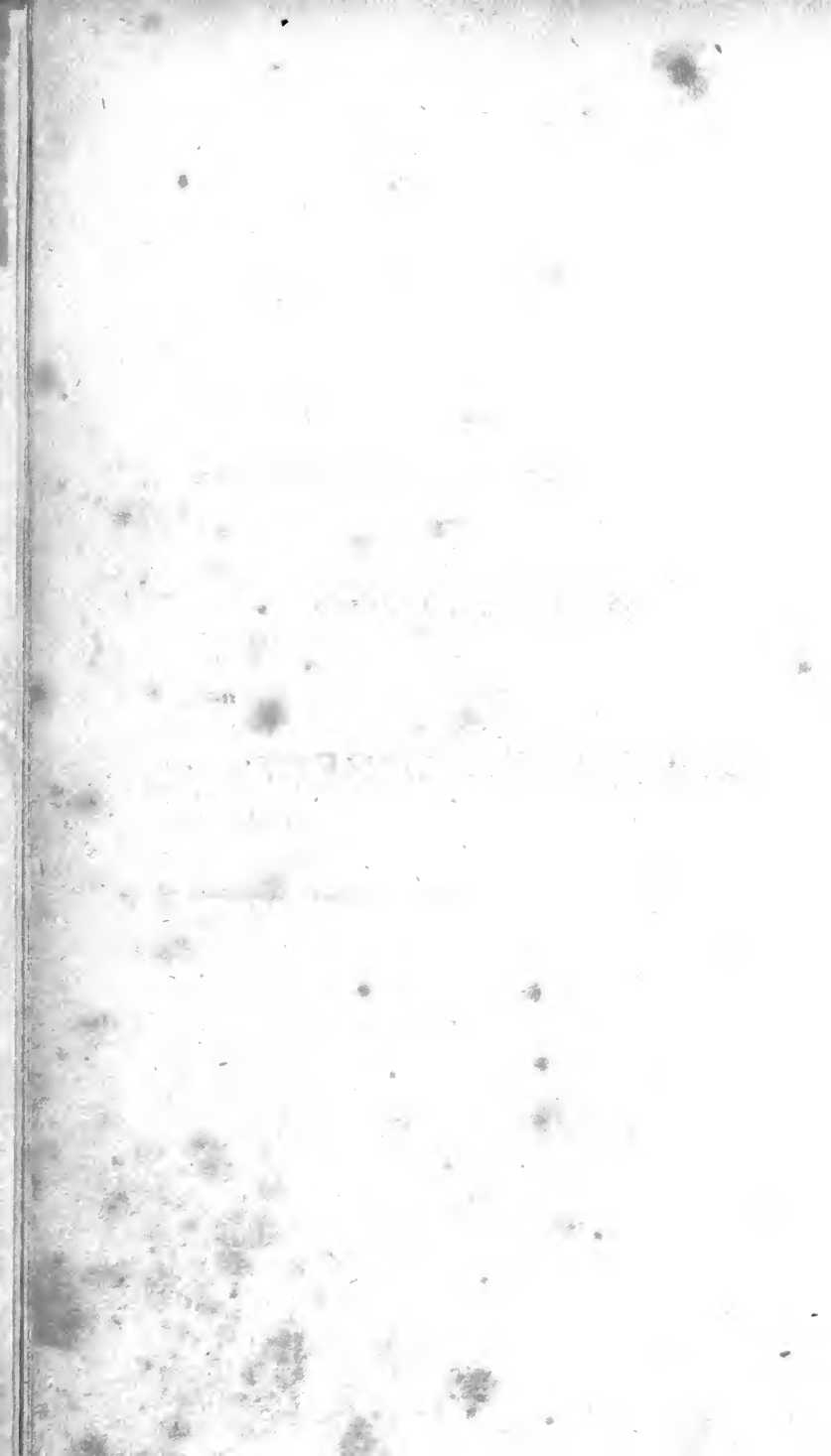
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T A B L E  
OF THE  
C O N T E N T S  
OF  
V O L. VII.

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## GAZETTE SELECTIONS.

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WEDNESDAY, 16<sup>th</sup> AUGUST.

*REPUBLICAN Lies.*—The following paragraphs are extracted from Noah Webster's paper of the 14<sup>th</sup> inst.

We have it in our power to lay before the public the following important particulars: A gentleman from Ireland received a letter on Thursday evening from his connexions there, stating the dissensions in that country as having risen to a most alarming pitch: that the Duke of Leinster had enclosed his titular badge under cover to the King, acquainted his Majesty he could no longer consent to wear as an insignia of rank and honour, that which had become a mark of disgrace, and that he wished only to be known as an United Irishman: that the Postmaster General of Ireland has resigned his office, worth at least 3000*l.* sterling per annum, declaring he could no longer reconcile to himself holding an office under the present order of things, and that he is also an United Irishman: that the city of Dublin has proclaimed itself for the united party, and declares any attempts of the Government to coerce them, will produce open rebellion. The letter is written

written in Dublin; we regret we have not been able to ascertain its date, but the gentleman to whom it came was in the city only a few hours, and left it early on Friday morning, without giving any great publicity to the accounts he had received. He had engaged his passage to return to Ireland, but this letter advises him to remain in this country till he hears something from home. *We have every reason, from the respectability of our authority, to give full credence to the above\*.*

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*Kosciusko and the Whig Club.*—At a numerous meeting of the Whig Club of England, held at the Crown and Anchor tavern, in the Strand, on Tuesday the 6th day of June, 1797; the *Earl of Thanet* in the chair—On the motion of General Tarleton, seconded by Mr. Fox, it was resolved unanimously, “That the Polish General Thaddeus Kosciusko be requested by this club to accept of a sword as a public testimony of their sense of his exalted virtues, and of his gallant, generous, and exemplary efforts to defend and save his country.”

Mr. Fox moved, and it was resolved unanimously, “That a committee be appointed to provide a sword accordingly, and that General Tarleton do

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\* I do not, for my part, “give full credence to the above;” on the contrary, I look upon it as a string of such preposterous falsehoods as no mortal but Webster would listen to for a moment. The power of a rooted prejudice is incredibly great. This Webster is, in the common concerns of life, a man of a good sound understanding; on certain subjects he has shown that he possesses considerable talents; but the moment the name of Great Britain is mentioned, he seems to lose his reason; this hated name is to him what water is to one bitten by a mad dog. The wretch was a Whig of the revolution; he flattered himself with the hope of seeing Great Britain ruined for ever, and America reign in her stead. He finds himself grossly deceived, and his disappointment and mortification has increased his hatred against Great Britain.

“ present

AUGUST, 1797.

5

“ present it to General Kosciusko, in the name of  
“ the Whig Club in England.”

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*Porcupine to General Tarleton.*

SIR,

I have lately seen an account of the proceedings of a certain society called the “ *Whig Club of England*,” which, I am told, is made up of the refuse, the very offal of both Houses of Parliament, with the addition of disappointed candidates for places, pensions, and sinecures.

From such a club, or rather mob as this, every thing inconsistent and mean was to be expected; but I think it would hardly be possible to find one of the members whose conduct so completely fulfils such expectation as that of yours. You have constantly been an *advocate for the continuation of that traffic called the slave-trade*, while you are at the head of a *liberty club*; and you present the Polander with a sword, as a token of your approbation of his labours in the cause of what you call *liberty*, when it is well known that you owe your present rank and pay to your having fought against him, having fought his destruction, when he was engaged in that very cause! There is, however, something wanting to render this farce complete: your club should assemble on the banks of the river Gambia, or on board a negro vessel, and you should present the sword on some plain of America.

*Tarleton* presenting a token of respect to *Kosciusko*! Ye gods! what cannot the spirit of *whiggism* perform? What can it not rend asunder, and what can it not unite? As the poet says of gold: “ *it folds close impossibilities, and makes them kiss.*”

It may not be amiss to tell you, that, a few weeks ago, all the democratic papers in this country, when they thought necessary to revive a part of the history of last war, called you “ the *savage and bloody Tarle-*

ton;" but that, by this *liberty-sword* affair, you have wiped all off; all the blood clean off; and have regained the love and admiration of a set of as great scoundrels as ever did honour to a rope or a gibbet.

P. PORCUPINE.

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THURSDAY, 17<sup>th</sup> AUGUST.

*French Lies and American Cullibility.*—It is not consistent with the plan of this selection to insert articles of foreign intelligence; but it is now and then necessary to do it, in order to show the connexion between foreign and domestic politics, or to record instances of the effect which foreign intrigues have, from time to time, produced on the people of America, or to exhibit the character of this people by the sentiments which foreign intelligence has led them to discover. With the latter view it is that I insert the following articles from Paris papers.

*Paris, June 2.*—Trugot, Merlin, Charles de la Croix, and Ramel, these worthy supporters of French liberty, have arrived at the moment of their disgrace; calumniated by public writers, calumniated by the Legislative Body, what they have done to save their country serves as a pretext to their persecutors. Deposed by public opinion, what resistance could they make to the enemies which the remembrance of their conduct incessantly raised against them? The Directory is still silent before their accusers. Tomorrow, perhaps, they will be interrogated as vile criminals. Santhonax, Raymond, and their accomplices, are recalled. They are to be succeeded by a commission, at whose head is placed Villaret Joyeuse, a rear-admiral and an ancient officer of the marine.

Paris,



*Paris, June 10.*—After the signing of the preliminaries of peace, *Bonaparte*, on quitting the Austrian provinces, collected his victorious army on the frontiers of Italy: there, in an immense plain he arranged his brethren in arms; there, walking from battalion to battalion, the young hero addressed them as follows:

“ My brave friends, you have restored peace to  
 “ your country, and covered yourselves with immortal glory. It is however necessary to remain still  
 “ a longer time under arms. We must yet *root out*  
 “ *the last of our enemies*. I shall give you all your  
 “ leaves of absence, in order that you may visit your  
 “ parents and connexions. When you shall have  
 “ embraced them, still think of your country. I  
 “ shall proceed and wait for you at *Calais*; and am  
 “ persuaded not one of you will be wanting at the  
 “ rendezvous\*.”

On the arrival of Mr. Barthelemy, the music executed the following air: “ *Ah! how was I inspired*  
 “ *when I received you to my heart!*” Upon the arrival of Merlin, they executed the “ *Hymn of Departure*.” the public thought the music excellent †.

*Paris, June 13.*—An English cartel has arrived at Calais with dispatches containing two packets, one for the municipality, in which was found enclosed a letter signed Grenville, by which the English Minister, on informing them that Mr. Pitt was no longer in place, requested them to forward instantly to the Directory the packet intended for them. These dispatches contain new overtures made by the King

\* It is well enough to preserve these boasting, these insolent speeches. A time will come when they may be revived with advantage.

† Poor Barthelemy little dreamed, while he was listening to this soft music, in what manner he should get out of the Directory.

to the Directory to bring about a prompt and definitive pacification. The high esteem in which Citizen Barthelemy is held in England, and the happy influence of his nomination, will not a little contribute to accelerate this moment. A general peace will therefore probably be one of the first benefits for which France will be indebted to its new Directory. He could not arrive under more happy auspices.

*Paris, June 19.*—Notwithstanding the language of the English papers, we are assured that the deposition of Mr. Pitt has been officially announced to the French Government.

*Boston, August 11.*—Captain Percival, from Lisbon, who sailed the beginning of July, and who arrived this morning, informs, that the day before he sailed, a report was in general circulation, that a mutiny had broke out in Jarvis's fleet †.

At the time of the sailing of the last vessels from Bourdeaux, it *was currently reported*, that Mr. Pinckney, our Envoy, had been invited to Paris from Rotterdam. This rumour was probably created from the evident change in the disposition of the French rulers.

*Remarks on the above News.*—The above news, taken all together, was last night ushered to the public as something “*very agreeable*.” Let us see, then, what it amounts to. *Merlin* is exchanged for *Barthelemy*, and the *music played a tune* at the vacation of the former, and at the insialment of the latter. Had we had the honour to have swelled the crowd of their admiring slaves, these tunes might probably have

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† The boorish editors of the Boston and New-York papers call it *Jarvis's fleet*. This is not to be ascribed to the simplicity of their manners; for, were they but graced with the title of *'squire*, we should see it in every paragraph of their papers. It is to be ascribed to a kind of envious malice, that will not suffer them to do any thing that looks like respect towards a superior.

been "*very agreeable*" to us; but I cannot say that I so readily perceive how it is possible that we should derive any great pleasure from hearing talk of their being played.

Another source of the "*very agreeable*" is, it seems, the appointment of *Joyeuse* to the government of St. Domingo, in place of Santhonax and Co. This man's name, translated into English, is *Joyful*, and in name alone, I am afraid, his appointment is a joyful circumstance. To be sure, the Boston editor does conceive, "that the citizens of the United States  
" will be freed from those horrid persecutions and  
" robberies, which have destroyed or beggared  
" many, and injured the whole."

So do I conceive, Santhonax is as good as *Joyeuse*; both have waded through the blood of the revolution; both were traitors to the best of Kings, with this difference in favour of the former, he had never received any of those favours from his Sovereign with which the latter was loaded. What reason then have we to expect better treatment from *Joyeuse* than from his vile predecessor? "Why," says the Boston editor, "we judge from the speech he  
" delivered at his appointment."—A poor foundation, indeed! Nothing is more probable than that that very speech, which is looked upon as such a favourable symptom, was no more than a bait to entice our vessels into their plundering ports.

Again, we are told, that Mr. Pickering's letter to Mr. Pinckney was *highly approved of in France*; now, is not this a likely story, when the very same paper tells us, that "the French Government has issued orders for *Adet* to return again for America,  
" to resume his functions?"

From all these "*very agreeable*" articles of intelligence, the Boston editor concludes, that the "*change*  
" in France will operate greatly in the American favour. We have been abused extremely under the  
" ex-officers;

“ ex-officers; the new ones *mean to pursue different measures*; it is *not probable* they will wish to destroy the remnant of our commerce; it is *not probable* they will improve on a system which has been called *unjust in France*; they *must*, they *will* seek to harmonize once more with us; and treat us equitably.”—And how, I would be glad to be told, does the Boston editor know that the new officers “ mean to pursue different measures?” On what does he found his assertion, that it “ *is not probable* that they wish to destroy the remnant of our commerce?” Because their system *has been called unjust in France*! A powerful reason truly! There never were wanting in France men to call their abominable actions *unjust*, from the seizure of the wealth of the church down to the pillage of the present day; but has this made them desist?

No; they have long set censure at defiance. Surrounded with a million of armed myrmidons, on whom they lavish the plunder of their own nation and that of others, they smile at the impotent efforts of the rostrum and the press.

As to their seeking “ *to harmonize with us once more*,” I have no doubt at all of it. Nay, I believe more; I believe they will seek to harmonize with our lands and our houses as well as with our persons, in like manner as they have for some time past *harmonized* with our vessels and their cargoes. But this, I take it, so far from being “ *very agreeable*” intelligence, is among the most disagreeable we could have received.

With respect to the other parts of the “ *very agreeable*” intelligence, the truth of the story about the mutiny in Lord St. Vincent’s fleet seems to be extremely doubtful; and as to the dismissal of Mr. Pitt, it is absolutely false, as is every syllable relating to it. Indeed, the whole seems to be a  
strange

strange jumble of lies and truth, and, to clear it up, we must wait for an arrival from some *Christian* country.

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*Yellow Fever—Redman and Mifflin.*—I do not intend to trouble the reader with many articles relating to this scourge of Philadelphia. I shall, perhaps, now and then, insert an article of a medical nature; but I shall, in general, reject whatever is not either directly or indirectly connected with politics, or political characters.

*Governor Mifflin to Doctor Redman.*

SIR,

The alarm which prevails respecting the appearance of the yellow fever in the neighbourhood of Penn-street, induces me to request that you will be so obliging as to obtain from your brethren of the College of Physicians, a statement of the facts that have occurred in the course of their practice, and an early opinion on the best mode of averting the calamity that threatens.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

*Philadelphia,*

THOMAS MIFFLIN.

*August 14, 1797.*

*Doctor Redman to Governor Mifflin.*

HONOURED SIR,

On the receipt of your letter I immediately summoned the College of Physicians, and laid it before them; and from a full statement of the facts which have occurred upon the subject, in the course of their practice, it is evident that a malignant, contagious fever has lately appeared in Penn-street, and its vicinity, of which ten or twelve persons have died.

Our opinions upon the best mode of averting the  
calamity

calamity which threatens us, will be communicated to you as speedily as possible.

With all due respect, I am, Sir,

Your aged friend and fellow-servant in the  
cause of *humanity* and the *community*,

August 16, 1797.

JOHN REDMAN\*.

FRIDAY, 18<sup>th</sup> AUGUST.

*Van Braam*.—The following relation of this gentleman gives, perhaps, as complete a specimen of republican honesty and honour as one would wish to possess.

I arrived here in April, last year, with intention to settle me in this country for the rest of my days (because my poor native country, Holland, was put in destruction and ruin); of course, my property and wealth became a part of its beneficial possession.

I have several important claims upon American mercantile houses, between which was one of upwards of 30,000 dollars on Brown and Francis, of Providence, for protested bills of exchange, which I had paid in China with ready cash, when nobody would trust the agent, Captain Benjamin Page, for a single dollar on them. Mr. Brown, shortly after my arrival in Philadelphia, in the beginning of May,

\* There never was a public so grossly insulted as that of Philadelphia. Every fellow who is in office, and has occasion to write, never neglects to eulogize not only his worthy associates, but *himself also*.—The conclusion of this letter of Doctor Redman is a piece of the most disgusting foppery, in itself considered; but, when we reflect on the conduct, the *uniform* conduct, of the fellow to whom it is addressed, our disgust is changed into indignation. In the name of God, what did Mifflin ever do in the cause of *humanity* and the *community*? Peradventure the Doctor thinks the Governor has served the cause of humanity by his promiscuous *propagation of the human species*, and that he has served the cause of the community by his *conduct with Fauchet*—Well thought, Doctor!

1796, personally engaged himself, and promised faithfully and upon his honour, to settle the sum finally by the 1st of August to come, 1796, pretending, as he was that time collecting money for dispatching his ship (President Washington of 1200 tons) to India and China, to be entirely out of funds that moment, but would receive sums in time to satisfy me in three months. Quite unacquainted with the character of Mr. Brown, I relied on his engagement, not suspecting a man of his age and property, nay, a merchant, which should support his public credit, to be capable of falsehood or forfeiting his word and honour.—I went on to settle myself in this country, and purchased an estate of Mr. B. Dobel the 6th June, to be paid in three, six, and nine months. Conscious in myself of the value of my possessions, I began directly with the necessary improvements of the estate, and the building of a house, &c. I made several payments of different natures to a large amount, from the sums I had on hands, confiding entirely upon the payment of Brown in August; but, to my great detriment, this man by that time made several objections to the interest of the sum; on which, at last, to cut short all difficulties, and of obtaining my money, desisted of near 4000 dollars; after which he sent bills upon James Greenleaf, which were protested. Seeing by this the base intention to keep me out of my money, I sued Brown, and obtained judgment by the court of Providence in November, 1796; he, however, to delay the cause further, prevailed on Mr. Ives to enter security for the amount in order to take out a writ of error for the Supreme Court at Philadelphia, where I also obtained judgment in February last; which judgment being returned to the court in Providence in June, execution against Brown is issued there, which now is in the hands of the Marshal for recovering the payment before November court.

In

In the mean time my bonds for the estate becoming due, I did my best to pay off what I could ; and in March, 1797, the first bond was cancelled, the half of the second paid, and at the same time had provided bills on Amsterdam for 6000 dollars, which Mr. Meredith, the State Treasurer, had agreed to take from me under the usual requisites of an indorser ; these bills Mr. Dobel was to call for, which he did in ten days afterwards, when he came too late at the Treasury, the necessary sums being provided for precedently. This disappointment irritated Mr. Dobel against me, as if I was the cause, which I certainly was not. After finding no other occasions to negotiate these bills elsewhere, he grew very pressing for the further payment of the bonds : I did every possible endeavour to raise money, but found it impracticable ; only I received now and then small debts and sums which enabled me to go on with my buildings and improvements, which once begun I could not stop : but this made Dobel the more in fury to be paid : I told him my circumstances in regard to Brown, of which he was acquainted long before, and was now shortly to be terminated, and that then I would pay him immediately. All my remonstrances were in vain ; and in anger he took out a writ of *ca. sa.* to put me into custody for assuring my appearance at the court at Newtown the 7th August. This writ was served to me some time ago ; I accepted the appearance, and the sheriff was satisfied without insulting me further. I instituted Mr. A. Wilcocks as my lawyer to appear at court at the fixed time ; and by his letter after the court had judged the cause, it appeared that I was to make the payment before the next court in November. It appeared, however, that Dobel took out a new writ of *ca. sa.* which the Sheriff, Joseph Fell, presented to me the 11th inst. ; but as by that document was specified that the payment



ment was to be made before the sitting of the next court in November, I prevailed on him to let it rest there, as he could be sure of the settling, where more than five times the value of the debt was in the house and estate, in case payment should fail. He parted seemingly satisfied, but returned the next morning, the 12th inst. and told me then that Dobel had abused him in a violent manner for not executing his duty: that he insisted on having the money instantly, or would sue him for it. I declared it was out of my power to satisfy him directly, if it should be to the risk of my life; that it would be a very hard and unjust case I should be put in confinement, when not only the estate but a quantity of valuable property in the houses secured him of the payment, before the time stipulated by the court; the more when I had a similar case for 35,000 dollars, now in the hands of Marshal at Providence in execution. I urged that Dobel had no commands on him in this affair, but that he was only answerable for the court, by which means all he should execute against me was his own pleasure and act. He acknowledged seemingly the strength of my arguments, but wished I would only do him the pleasure to go myself to see Dobel at Bristol, or his agent, Mr. Murray, at Newtown, to settle with them, in order to extricate him from all reproaches. I not presuming in the least the base design of the Sheriff, accepted his proposition, and, not wishing to meet the turbulent Dobel, I went to Newtown, where I had a conversation with Mr. Murray, who, it proved soon, could do nothing in the matter. I was thunderstruck when I perceived Fell's treachery in a full light, and myself duped, and obliged to submit to the humiliating circumstances of going in custody, from whence I sent this communication to the extent of America, in order that the public may judge how enormous and indignant I am treated since my arriving

living in a country which I so much benefited by bringing thither all my wealth, and putting an hundred hands to work, by which their families are supported. I esteem the Sheriff Fell in this conduct as guilty of injustice and inhumanity as Dobel, whose commands he was not obliged to obey: being an officer to the court, he only was liable to their orders.—If he had entertained himself the last doubt of my unableness or unwillingness to pay the debt, he was excusable for seizing my body; but as Dobel and he, as well as every one who knows the least of my circumstances, must be convinced of the contrary, I give it in the consideration of every human mind, if any thing can be more shocking than to suffer innocently under the mask of the laws, by the influence of personal hatred or animosity.

Not less I pretend to have reasons of complaint about the hardship and injustice of the law (if not only perhaps an infringed custom), who put it in any man's power to extend his wrath against another, and thereby to injure an honest man in his fame and reputation, as is my case. I am informed by a gentleman of knowledge and character, that before the revolution (since which time this law has not received any alterations) never a writ of *ca. sa.* was permitted to be issued *till the Sheriff had returned to the court that no property existed.* I have then an indubitable right to ask, on what foundation at present such a writ can be issued, which is beyond all equity, justice, and principle? where it is carefully stated in the constitution of this commonwealth, that only bulwark of our safety and rights, Art. 9. Sect. 16. that the person of a debtor, where there is no strong presumption of fraud, *shall not be continued in prison* after delivering up his estate for the benefit of his creditors *in such a manner as shall be prescribed by law.* Now I dare

date to presume, that the spirit of this sense admits as well *the giving security for the payment* as the delivering of the estate, which in fact may be considered as the same effect.

By the sixth article of the amendments to the constitution of the United States, it is also stated, "The right of the people to be secure in their persons against *unreasonable* seizures shall not be violated." I question if my seizure is on reasonable grounds or not; and if not, as I pretend with full conviction, who is answerable for the violation of this point and law of the Union expressly enacted for our safety?

I further question who is to repair the injuries and damages which a detained man may suffer in his household and business, or perhaps in his health and constitution, when the feelings of a tender mind are overpowered by the cruel thoughts of the iniquity and dishonour which is thrown upon him. All this ripely considered, is it not to be wished and hoped that our wise legislatures may take the necessary steps to establish a firm and equitable rule for the future on this important subject of *man's liberty*, to prevent such frauds as I am a sufferer by? None can conceive the hurts of my feelings in finding myself so infamously treated after having passed nearly sixty years with reputation in the public stages of my life, and where the source is by no means to be ascribed to a provoking conduct on my part, but only to the base resentment of an ill-natured hot-head, who by this means may boast that he has made his entrance to his intended career as doctor in physic, by an act of inhumanity and iniquity, as an excellent recommendation for suffering patients to call for his feeling assistance.

I have thought proper to publish this communication for my discharge and vindication, as well as to remove from the unacquainted public the idea that my confinement was the result of my inability

or unwillingness to pay my debts. A short period of three months will convince the world that no such occurrences are to happen or to be feared for. But such are the fatal consequences of the villanous and deceitful behaviour of a single false man, as Brown has proved to be, notwithstanding he has been so considerably benefited by the money I had intrusted to his agent on his false bills of exchange, of which Captain B. Page bears witness. I trust, therefore, that this disgrace will be put in its proper light, and that the intended stains of infamy and insult will return on the persons who justly deserve it. In the mean time, the names of Brown, Dobel, and Fell, will be in abhorrence and detestation to my memory to my last sigh.

A. E. VAN BRAAM HOUCKGEEST.

*Newtown Jail, Bucks County,*

*August 13th, 1797.*

SATURDAY, 19<sup>th</sup> AUGUST.

*Claypoole's Lies respecting Nova Scotia.*—The following article is taken from Claypoole's paper of this morning. "HALIFAX, JULY 9. We are making preparations to meet the French, as they are expected to make a visit here. The Governor has received orders to embody the militia by drafts; which have accordingly taken place, every ninth man; the drafts from different parts of the province amount to 1200 men, and are now in camp; the Prince's sergeants exercise them twice a-day. The seamen on board the ships here have been very mutinous in the town and on board, *and great apprehensions are entertained respecting the issue.* Some of them have been on shore and demanded their prize-money, and style themselves delegates. The general opinion here is, that *the air is impregnated with the spirit* of

*of liberty.* A strict eye is kept on proceedings in this place.—*Every article of living here is extremely high, and the people find it very hard to live.* The garrison consists of 2000 men, and there are about ten sail of men of war. But *people seem to be positive that if the French send any considerable force the place must fall\*.*"

MONDAY, 21<sup>st</sup> AUGUST.

"*The most free and enlightened Nation in the World.*"—This has been a thousand times asserted with respect to the United States; it is still asserted daily; and as certain persons seem to wish for proof of the fact, I insert the following advertisement

\* Now I would be glad to know through what channel Messrs. Claypoole got this intelligence? Was it from some spy, some McLean, sent to Halifax, or from some able fabricator in this country? From whatever source the information comes, it is false as the fawning professions of French friendship, and ridiculous as the predictions of Noah Webster.

There was not, on the 9th of July, nor has been at any time since, *a mutiny among the seamen at Halifax.* The price of every article of life is *about one third of what it is in this city.* And as to *people seeming positive that the place must fall if attacked by the French,* it is an impudent calumny, not only on the town of Halifax, but on the whole of the province of Nova Scotia.

But it seems the general "*opinion is, that the air is impregnated with the spirit of liberty.*"—And a very just opinion too. But it is the spirit of *true* liberty, or *real* liberty; liberty in *substance*, and not in *name*. In a word, it is the spirit of *British* liberty; a liberty that excites men to take up arms *in defence of their country and its government*, and not that kind of *spirit* that induces them to *bear robbery and insult with impunity*; not that base kind of liberty spirit that induces them to stand with open arms to hug the scoundrels who have manacled, scourged, and thumb-screwed their countrymen, and rendered them a reproach among the nations. No; the people of Nova Scotia do not *stand balancing between their own government and that of a foreign country*; between freedom and slavery, honour and infamy. They do not boast of their alliance with atheists, nor do they burlesque the name of *independence* by chanting its praises to the rattling of their chains.

which appeared in my paper of the 21st of August, 1797.

August 19, 1797.

there was A grāt Report mad that the forestolers of the marc it isf that thay have made it thare Beases to meet Countrey folx and tel them that the fevr was so bad that thare was forty and fifty Dyes of a Day. But the Orther of that story shurely can come pose mor if the Devel ascite them But the composers of thes lays have a grater fever for they have got the purs fever fore shuting ther stors and Robing the Pore labring men Distresing onest siffesens of the sad sity But as for whet a parsel of talers shemakers gagers and wachmakers and tinker and I say I Defy them for the Devel has onley his rase and then he is Dun for a wile

Now as we are informed that the germantoun four stolars has been gilty of the facte But we pooer wimen are A qused of the Cruel Pefs of worke But we weld have to no that we weld be very sory to tak ther noted fals profets Bissnes out of ther hand to mak an and of the long trump t op lise thare if no gentelmen hand to this fals Reporte that gives us a grāt Del hapeness

thar is won that makes me engry to see such good Charetabel gentelmen to listen to a parcel of firete scavengeres.

But god has promised to proct the Poor \*.

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\* This I look upon as a pretty fair standard of the literary acquirements of the *sovereign people* of America. I have printed it word for word, and letter for letter; I could, perhaps, have made it more correct, at least I could have rendered it more intelligible to common readers; but it is not for a worm like me to alter the words of a *Sovereign*.

TUESDAY,

TUESDAY, 22<sup>d</sup> AUGUST.

*Orleans, alias Egalité Junr.*—Translated from the Conspiracy of the Duke of Orleans, page 205, by a gentleman of this city.—“When the National Assembly, on the motion of Petion, were discussing the disorders which took place the fifth and sixth of October at Versailles, Sillery, Mirabeau, Alexander and Charles Lameth, Petion and Gregoire, cried out with a hideous voice; *It is necessary to sacrifice victims to the nation.* ‘*It is abominable*’ (cried the Marquis of Raigecourt and Beauharnois, who were there) ‘*that such propositions should be allowed to be made in this place.*’ The Dukes of Chartres and of Montpensier, sons of the Duke of Orleans (who are now both in Philadelphia), were also in the tribune. The first, after the exclamation of the Marquis of Raigecourt and of Beauharnois, said to them, applauding the proposition: ‘*Yes, gentlemen, yes, we must have more at the lanterns.*’ These atrocious words prove that the son is worthy of the father. Thus, nevertheless, is the young man educated with the principles of the Neros and the Caligulas, that a party to-day wish to place on the throne of France. If this humiliation ever happens to our country, exile, death itself, would be preferable to such a damnation.”

*Yellow Fever.*—RESOLUTIONS, published by order of the Board of Health.

1. That every person infected with a contagious fever (whose particular case will admit of removal) shall be removed by the friends of the diseased, or by the health-officer, to a proper situation, distant from the city.

2. That the inhabitants of all houses adjoining or opposite to those which may contain sick, or in which

the sick may have been, shall immediately remove on notice from the inspectors, or be removed under the direction of the health-officer.

3. That a yellow flag shall be suspended from all houses which contain sick persons, or from which the sick have been removed; and that, except the necessary attendants, no person shall be allowed to enter the same until the said house shall be properly cleansed.

4. That the physicians of the city and liberties be requested, when any cases of contagion shall come within their knowledge, to give notice at the health-office, or to either of the inspectors.

5. That the inspectors of the health-office, with the assistance of the consulting physician, carry the foregoing resolutions into effect, and that they have authority to call any of the citizens in their neighbourhood to their assistance.

6. That the citizens be informed that the inspectors of the health-office have procured a number of houses and tents to accommodate the healthy that may be removed; and that the hospital is in complete order, and a number of tents for the reception of the sick, with proper attendance.

The Governor authorizes me to declare, that, as far as his sanction is necessary, he approves of the foregoing resolutions of the Board of Inspectors of the health-office.

A. J. DALLAS, Secretary.

*Secretary's Office, Phil.*

20th Aug. 1797.

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*Peace.*—As far as an opinion can be formed from the foreign news last received, the French usurpers wish to secure their power by making peace with their most formidable enemies; but the worst of it is, they will not do us the honour to rank us under that description. They make none but *separate* peaces; and



and when they have us alone to deal with, I should not wonder if they were to insist upon treating *separately with every one of the States*.

Lord Malmſbury being ſent again to Paris does not diſcover ſuch a depreſſion in the ſpirit of *John Bull*, as the fans-culotte ſcoundrels have for ſome time paſt ſuppoſed him to be acting under. The quelling of a formidable rebellion in Ireland, and a ſtill more formidable mutiny in the fleet, has proved the inherent ſtrength of Government, and general loyalty and fortitude of the people, and will tend greatly to lower the haughty tone of the five-headed monſter. The malicious and ſenſeleſs enemies of Great Britain have been hugging themſelves in the thought that *old John* would be brought upon his knees; but I am much inclined to think that *John* will have more reaſon to laugh at us than we ſhall have to laugh at him. We ſhall ſee which of us will make the *beſt* and *moſt honourable* peace. *John* has given blow for blow, at any rate. He has not ſtood ſtill, and ſuffered himſelf to be plundered, and cow-skinned, and ſhot at, and *thumb-screwed*, and all with impunity, and even with ſmiles on his face, and ready-formed kiſſes on his lips.

The attempt to ſtir up a freſh mutiny in Lord Bridport's fleet, though much to be regretted, will be of ſervice, as it will give an opportunity for making a terrible example.

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WEDNESDAY, 23<sup>d</sup> AUGUST.

*Huckſters*.—The vindication, which theſe *enlightened* ſhe-citizens publiſhed on the 21ſt inſtant not being to the level of every one's capacity, they have employed ſome ſcribe to draw them up the following:

“ A report having been circulated by ſome ill diſpoſed perſon, or perſons, that the *market-women* of

this city have of late gone round the country, for some miles, in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, spreading a report, that the yellow fever raged here in a dreadful manner, and of exaggerating matters, so as to intimidate the country people, and prevent them from bringing provisions to market :

“ Now we the aforesaid women do all of us, in the most solemn manner, declare the aforesaid publication to be an infamous falsehood, fabricated by some idle vagabonds or petty store-keepers, who envy us the trifling gains earned by our honest industry.

“ One cause of offence we may have given to some of those persons is, *we neither require, nor can give trust*. But did those kind of *half-made gentry* mind their trades or business, as we are obliged to do, they would not need a credit that we are unable to give, nor would *ticket payments* or *jailed deliveries* be so frequent.

*Philadelphia, Aug. 23 \*.*

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*Republican Virtue.*—Translation from a Paris paper of the 26th of May. “ The moment approaches. The Council of Five Hundred is going to propose the ten candidates, from among whom the new Director will be chosen. In spite of the cabals formed by some men for a perpetual revolution, the list of ten will not be soiled with those names which the public opinion has devoted to contempt and execration. Merlin, whom his friends would screen from justice, by the aid of the directorial guarantee—Merlin will not be enrolled among the Bournonvilles, the Bougainvilles, the Lamillieres, the Barthelemies,

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\* This is a “ palpable hit.” It must be confessed that a forestaler of the market is not half so bad as one of these scoundrels, whom our excellent republican laws enable to rob you as he sits by his parlour fire. But I would have these poor devils take care what they say on this *delicate* subject, lest they expose themselves to the law of *libels*.

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the Crublier-d'Obteres, the Farbes, the Rhedons, the d'Urfels, all known for their talents, their energy, their probity, their attachment to principles, and their hatred expressed against the destroying horde who have overturned our temples, pillaged the public treasury, ruined the fortunes of individuals, destroyed our commerce, burnt our habitations, from the cabins of the poor to the palaces of the rich, ravaged our fields, bombarded our towns, persecuted, imprisoned, banished, or assassinated all the virtuous, informed, and enlightened men that France contained. If Merlin, the shameless protector of that sacrilegious band—if Merlin were to be borne, not on the *list of ten*, but on the *list of an hundred*, the result of the first scrutiny, a rejection, we trust, heartily pronounced by a great and imposing majority, would teach the Directory, that their minister has not, and never had the public confidence; that it is time to take from him the means of continuing his prevarications."

If such is the character of Merlin the *Minister of Justice*, no wonder, as the newspapers suggest, that he, among other iniquitous ministers of the Directory, should be denounced in the Council of Five Hundred. It will excite no surprise, if, on a strict investigation, it should appear, that he shared in the plunder of American vessels and cargoes which have been condemned upon his perverse and unjust opinions. And this, too, would partly account for the immense fortune which he is said to have amassed.

The contracts and conduct of the Ministers of Finance and of the Marine are particularly undergoing a close examination.—“It is impossible (said Gilbert Demolieres in the Council of Five Hundred) to see an office of accounts (*une comptabilité*) more vicious than that of the national treasury.”

One denunciation made in the Council of Five Hundred against the Minister of Marine, is for pocketing

pocketing 410,000 livres (70,000 French crowns) in a single contract. The facts are stated to be these: this Minister contracted with a commercial house at Nantes for 60,000 quintals of wheat, at 21 livres a quintal. The price of the whole was paid, and the receipts and the Minister's contract were lodged in the treasury. Afterwards the Minister agreed with the contractors to take only 40,000 quintals of the wheat, *they paying to his private cashier the amount of the other 20,000 quintals*—that is, 70,000 French crowns. A pretty speculation of this *virtuous republican*, on one contract!

An instance of the *justice* of Merlin, the *Minister of Justice*, is recited in the same *Journal Général de France* of the 26th of May, as in the following translation:

“The Public Accuser of the Department of Cahors filed an information against the violences and assassinations, by means of which the factions drove the majority of the electors from the assembly. Merlin, who fears the truth, as thieves do the light, wrote to him to suspend his prosecutions\*.”

*La Fayette*.—Anecdote translated from the “Conspiracy of Philip Duke of Orleans.”—La Fayette, who, as I have already observed, had a species of ambition, intended to profit from the assembling of the *fédérés* by investing himself with a sort of dictatorship, which would have made the King entirely dependant on him, and would, at the same time, have given him a great military force to protect the workmen of the new constitution. This constitution, of which (though he had sworn to defend it)

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\* What becomes then of the impudent assertions respecting the *virtue of republics*? How long will the world, or any portion of the world, submit to be insulted by the repetition of this anti-monarchical cant?

he could as yet form no idea, was the continual subject of his discourse and the object of his adoration. He meant that the revolution should not be looked upon as ended, till the whole kingdom should be under the peaceable operation of the new system of government, and he wished (poor soul!) that the armed force should remain under his absolute command till all was over, in order that it might be thought, that, without his aid, this glorious revolution would never be effected! It was at this time he used to say, in the fulness of his vanity: "*I have brought about a revolution in America, and when I have finished that of France, I'll go and bring about a third at Rome.*"

This proves the folly and presumption of La Fayette, who, in America, was a mere spectator, and who, in France, being at the head of a gallant army of seventy thousand regular troops, was not able to crush an Orleans, a Danton, a Marat, or a Robespierre; but who, on the contrary, at the approach of three contemptible unarmed scoundrels, deputed by a mob to seize his person, skulked off in the night, like a deserter or a thief, and, (oh cruel disappointment!) instead of *going to be the leader of an insurrection at Rome, went to inhabit a dungeon at Olmutz!!!*

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THURSDAY, 24<sup>th</sup> AUGUST.

*Reform in the British Parliament.*—By the last advices from Europe, it appears that the embarrassments of the times, the desertion of the nation's allies, the rebellion in Ireland, and the mutiny in the fleet; it appears that all these menacing and truly alarming circumstances, instead of lessening the violence of the opposition members, instead of suspending their personal animosities, and inducing them to delay the execution of their visionary projects,

jects, have encouraged them to make one more effort to obtain what they call a *Reform in Parliament*. On the 26th of May, Mr. Gray (the Knight of the *Loyal Razor*) brought forward a motion for "leave" to bring in a bill to *alter and amend* the state of "the representation of the people in Parliament."

This motion was supported by Messrs. *Gray*, *Erskine*, and *Fox*, and was combated by Mr. *Pitt* and others. In my Gazette I find the speeches of Messrs. *Erskine* and *Pitt* only. I have before observed, that it is not consistent with the plan of this work to insert European articles, unless in some way connected with American affairs; but I cannot help inserting the speech of Mr. *Erskine*, with a few comments of my own.

#### SPEECH.

Mr. *Erskine* approved of the proposition of his Honourable Friend, because it was not founded on vague theories or uncertain speculations, but placed upon a practical solid footing. The question was, whether the House of Commons, as at present constituted, was capable of fulfilling the office and character that should belong to the *representatives of the people*, and whether they had so fulfilled them \*. The calamities of the times were woful evidences of their duty having been neglected. To induce them to entertain this motion, it was not necessary to prove that the plan proposed was adequate to its objects; all that was required was to show that such was its apparent tendency.—Doubts might be suggested, whether this was a favourable time for such an opportunity. To this he would say, that the pre-

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\* Observe how fond every demagogue is of harping upon this name of *representative*. "The *representatives of the people*." The Parliament is not the *people's*, nor is the House of Commons the *people's* house. The *whole* is the *King's* Parliament; and such it is, and ever has been called, in the language of the law of the land.

sent was a period of mighty calamity, and that a duty was incumbent on them, in the discharge of which they had not a *moment to lose*. They should give the people a House of Commons adequate to sustain its office and character, not in theory but in practice. In the theory of the constitution a House of Commons was what it ought to be; but such was not the description of the present House of Commons.

The office of the House of Commons was to curb and *control* the executive power, *acting on the part of the people* †. When once they lose sight of this character, every thing is lost, and the constitution of England differs not with the greatest despotism on the face of the globe. Our forefathers were well acquainted with the duties of a House of Commons. For centuries they worked up hill against an oppressive Executive and a powerful nobility, whose interests were at variance with those of the people. They however sustained those interests against them

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† Precisely the contrary, good lawyer. The Parliament, the whole Parliament, is the *King's*. His Majesty calls it, prorogues it, and dissolves it, when and where he pleases. He sends his *writ* (that is to say his *summons*, or his *order*) to certain of his subjects, to send him so many Knights, Citizens, and Burgeesses, to sit in his next Parliament, to be holden at Westminster, and then and there to *assist him with their counsels*. Not a word is said about their being assembled to *curb* and *control* him; and I defy you to produce any sentence, phrase, or word, in use amongst "our forefathers," from which it can possibly be presumed, that "the office of the House of Commons was to *curb* and *control* the executive power;" and with much more confidence I defy you to prove, that this House were ever looked upon as mere agents "acting on the part of the people." They are one branch of a grand council, the whole of the members of which act for the King and the nobility, as well as for the rest of the nation. Nothing is more invidious, nothing more repugnant to the principles of the monarchy, nothing more dangerous and leading to consequences more destructive, than this whiggish doctrine of *separate powers*, acting in opposition to each other.

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all, and the glory of England was exalted. At present every day became more and more portentous, and the necessity more urgent, of the House resuming its proper and legitimate functions. Time was precious, and not an hour should be lost; for we knew *not if we were many days to continue in a state of regular government*—(A violent cry of *Order!*) He persisted, however, in asserting that his apprehensions were well founded. Why was a reform demanded at this moment? Because it was called for from the tameness and confidence of that House. In the worst of times, formerly, the people had to contend with the united force of a monarchy and a nobility, and it was always deemed sufficient that they had a House of Commons to maintain that contest. Our ancestors maintained it with persevering vigour, and with ultimate success; but their degenerate posterity refused to struggle. In the nature of things it was impossible that any establishment whatever should remain perpetually the same. All human institutions, if not changed and adapted to varying circumstances, are doomed to perish by violence. The truth of this position was attested in every page of history. The revolution, with all the advantages it conferred on this country, left something to deplore, inasmuch as it did not simplify and regulate upon free and fair principles the representation of the people. For this he had the authority of Mr. Justice Blackstone, a writer who could not be well accused of hostility to the interests and prerogatives of the Crown. It left us indeed an evil of more magnitude than those which it removed; and if other great authorities were wanting, he had them in abundance. The illustrious father of the present Minister, the late Earl of Chatham, felt and acknowledged the necessity of a parliamentary reform. The great Lord Camden expressed the same sentiments; and so did Sir George Saville, and so did



did Mr. Pitt in the earlier part of his political life. Lord Chatham, Lord Camden, and Sir George Saville, failed in their endeavours to obtain it; but Mr. Pitt would not have failed had he honourably persevered in the principles and opinions of his father. He meant not to insult Mr. Pitt, nor any of his colleagues, they were by no means destitute of talents of a certain order; but he must discharge his conscience\*. It was but seldom that he came amongst them, or obtruded himself upon their notice, but whenever he did speak, or while there was any longer use or hopes from speaking, he must express himself freely. He feared, however, that all

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\* In reply to this part of Counsellor Ego's speech, Mr. Pitt did not take the ground that I should have taken. "He insisted (and with great truth), that the sort of reform, which the *present reformers* intended to introduce, was widely different from that which *he* had once endeavoured to bring about; and, therefore, he was not chargeable with *inconsistency* in espousing the one, and opposing the other. He said, that, with respect to *any plan of reform at all*, whatever he might in former situations of the country have felt on this subject, he meant not to deny, that since the new æra in the history of the world, occasioned by the French revolution, he had felt the ground, on which the argument formerly stood, was essentially and fundamentally altered. Thinking, as he now did, of a parliamentary reform, it was not at all inconsistent, that, under the present situation of the country, he should be inclined to forego the *benefits* of reform, rather than compromise, or give a footing to principles of so much more dangerous a tendency than those *imperfections* in the constitution, the removal of which *he* might wish."

This was not the ground for a man like Mr. Pitt to take. The wish to preserve the appearance of *consistency* led him to forget his greatness. He should have candidly and boldly acknowledged his error. He was a youth when he formerly espoused the cause of reform; age and experience had taught him that he was wrong. Seeing too, the weight which every sentence he uttered would produce on the nation, he should have been very careful how he talked of the "*benefits* of reform," and the "*imperfections* in the constitution." Such language is calculated to encourage the enemies of the monarchy to persevere in their projects, at the same time that it cannot but excite *doubts* in the minds of the faithful part of his Majesty's subjects.

the efforts of himself, and, what was of infinitely more importance, those with whom he had the honour of acting, would be fruitless, and that it would be in vain to address themselves any longer to a majority so strong and so determined.

Having stated the authorities of some of those great men, whose sentiments were in favour of a parliamentary reform, he would next refer to some opinions of a gentleman equally illustrious in some part of his life, but who always professed himself averse to it. The gentleman he alluded to was Mr. Burke, whose merits would ever be acknowledged and applauded while he employed his transcendent abilities in the service of his country, but who unfortunately since adopted those fatal opinions, to which his sublime genius and exquisite writings were so well calculated to give all possible effect.

He then read a passage from some of Burke's writings, wherein he mentioned, that,

“ The House of Commons was originally a part, but exercised the same functions in the higher department of the government, that *juries* did in the lower: that on all great occasions it was better that the House should be tinged with the prejudices of the people, and ready to catch the popular *influenza*, that its control should be exercised, not *upon*, but for the people; and then deprecates the consequences, when the House was *confiding*, and the people in *despair*: when there was an *addressing* parliament and a *petitioning* people \*.” He then attempted, from these remarks, to draw a conclusion of Mr. Burke's thinking reform necessary at one period, then alluded to, was similar to the present.

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\* If Mr. Ego takes Mr. Burke's word on this subject, I beg of him to believe him also with respect to the French revolution, and the *aggression* of France in the present war.

He agreed with Mr. Gray, that it should be the policy of the House, at this period, to display to the world, not the infirmities, but the beauties of the British constitution. He paid many compliments to Mr. Fox, whose principles and public conduct he should be always happy to follow, for the consistency of his endeavours to accomplish this necessary object. Were his advice taken, the constitution would now have been in such a state, that men, to be enamoured, had only to contemplate it; but the system of his Majesty's Ministers was such as to induce the people of this country, in the fermentation of political opinions, to turn their eyes from the British constitution, in order to fix them upon others, *where they may see something more inviting* †.

When a motion similar to the present was made upon a former occasion, the Minister said, the credit and interests of the country depended on rejecting it, and thereby putting an end to the diffusion of French principles. To give more effect to his purpose, he at the same time refused to admit of any distinction between those who aimed at anarchy, and those who wished for reform, but classed *all reformers* generally under one indiscriminate description\*. The consequence

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† I imagine, that the *other constitutions*, to which the good Counsellor alludes, are those of France and America, which have, indeed, one advantage over all others; viz. they exhibit such a vast *assortment*. They have had *three* in France, and in America we have *seventeen*: 17 and 3 make precisely a score. I am much deceived, however, if the people of Great Britain, did they know the effects of the American constitutions, as well as they do those of the constitutions of France, would hesitate a moment to prefer their own to any one, or to any dozen of them.

\* Subsequent events have proved, that the Minister was perfectly right in his refusal to admit any distinction between the divers classes of *reformers*. I write this in October, 1799, consequently I have read the evidence which Mr. Erskine gave at Maidstone, to the character of the traitor *Arthur O'Connor*, together with *O'Connor's confession*; and, after having read these things,

sequence was, that, instead of suppressing French principles, they were spreading, or already spread over all Europe; and instead of supporting public credit, he broke the Bank of England. Under such accumulating misfortunes, he could not but admire the confidence expressed by the majority of that House. If he had any knowledge of himself, he was no coward; and yet he must confess that he was really *afraid*. Since that fatal night, a political discussion separated the distinguished members of a party long accustomed to think and act together; the horizon was darkened, every thing went wrong, and the springs of national prosperity became relaxed and broken. His Majesty's Minister, supported by a majority of that House, had squandered more of the money of the people than would have satisfied the most rapacious conqueror\*.

The depression of the kingdom could not have been greater were it subjected by the sword of an invader; and Gengis Khan, had he made a conquest of this island, could not have extorted more money from the pockets of its inhabitants than had already been expended on this ruinous and desolating war; or could he even have extorted so much money, he could not so far have broken the spirit of the people. He might be allowed to speak with *some feeling and animation* on a subject in which he was so materially con-

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things, I should think myself the most stupid ass that ever browsed a thistle, were I to doubt one moment as to the unity of the object kept in view by all the tribes of reformers.

\* This is an idea worthy of a mercenary Dutchman, with whom money is more precious than body or soul. What! because the infamous Bonaparte would have been satisfied with fifty millions of pounds sterling, and because the war has cost a hundred millions, would this miserable lawyer have welcomed the savage Russian to the shore? Merciful God! is it for a Briton to talk thus?—But this is the *enlightened eighteenth century*.

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cerned. Nearly all the produce of his laborious life was sunk in funds depending upon public credit: and he had a right to the earnings of a life of industry, to administer to his own comforts, and those of persons with whom he was connected in the tenderest relations, and to whom *he gave being*. It was natural for him, therefore, to take a lively interest in this question; and, in doing so, he was not selfish, as it regarded equally the interests of others\*.

The next question was, whether this was a salutary proposition? It was, to his mind, apparently salutary and effective; for it was not founded on theoretical principles, nor did it accede to, what he would always resist, universal suffrage. It was an error to suppose that every adult had an inherent right of franchise. There was in nature no such right; and, if acknowledged, it would be injurious to the possessors; as the mass were a description of persons over whom the rich must necessarily have too great an influence. Such rights should only be enjoyed by those who were in a condition to possess and exercise some degree of independence. Every man, however, had a right to a good government, and that was likely to be secured to him by the adoption of the present proposition. The householder

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\* The *egotism* of this man has been the standing jest for several years last past; but I do not recollect that I ever saw a passage in any of his speeches, pamphlets, or pleadings, to equal this. He not only tells the patient Commons that he has been a very "*laborious*" man, that he has passed "*a life of industry*," and that he has saved up all his earnings like a good husband, and put them in the funds; but he expresses his tender regard for several other persons, and his sincere desire to administer to their comforts; and he moreover tells them that he has *given being* to some of those persons. Had I been one of the members present, I most assuredly would have asked him how his lady did, how many children he had; whether they were girls or boys; and whether the dear family stood in need of *reform*?

had none of the disqualifications incident to those whom he in a great measure represented \*. The householders he contended to be the people, and every inhabitant had an interest in the dignity or welfare of some house or other. In the ascending scale of society every man was connected with some house, and ranged round some fireside, and would therefore be sufficiently represented by him who was the owner. By collecting their votes at parochial assemblies, a very good effect would be produced; as it would prevent those riots and disorders which too frequently take place at elections, to the equal injury of the liberties and morals of the people. The House had frequently occasion to prosecute for libels on themselves and their proceedings. All

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\* Amongst all the projects of *reform*, this I think is the most ridiculous. Universal suffrage is not to be allowed of; for what reason? Because the "*mass*" are a description of persons over whom "the rich must necessarily have too great an influence." The privilege of voting is, *therefore*, to be confined to the *householders*.

Now, without stopping to inquire how long "*the mass*" have been "*a description of persons*," I appeal to any man of common sense and common observation, whether the argument here advanced is not the most absurd that ever the brain of a system-monger conceived. The *householders* only are to vote, because the *mass* are *too much under the influence of the rich*! Look round your neighbourhood, reader, if you are rich, and tell me if it be not the householders, and the householders almost alone, over whom you could, in the case of an election, have an absolute control. The *unmarried* man, who is scarcely ever a householder, whether he be a labourer or a journeyman, is ten times as *independent* as the labourer or journeyman who has a family to support, and who must have a *house* to live in. Such a man cannot easily remove from place to place; he cannot lie idle for weeks together; and, if he be rejected from one dwelling, he cannot always find another. It is ten to one but his wife has her relations upon the spot, and it is probable that some of his children may be employed in the neighbourhood. Such a man is dependant on his master, on the proprietor of his house, on the miller, or baker, who trusts him with bread, and on those who may give employment to his wife or his children. And this is the sort of elector that Mr. Erskine has pitched upon on account of his *independence*! Sagacious reformer!

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these would be better avoided by reform than by law, as no man would think of aspersing a house of his own making, and in whose dignity he felt himself interested \*.

Another question arose: Is this the proper season for a parliamentary reform? He maintained that no time was improper for so just and necessary a measure. But it was impossible to find a season that would suit the opposers of this plan. Should peace and tranquillity be again happily restored, and, after a stormy winter, the sun of cheerful summer illuminate us once more, a thousand additional objections would be immediately opposed to it. It would be said, Now that things were again in order, why should we run the hazard of theories and speculations? We should also hear of disaffection and traitorous correspondence; for the proceedings of Administration rendered such things always possible. Thus it was, that they at first planted the bitter root, and afterwards exclaim against the fruit produced by it.

If a measure of this kind was fit to be taken at all, it should be taken immediately, and given with a good grace. Such was the opinion of the immortal Lord Chatham in the American war. "As you must make concessions in the end," said he, "do not hesitate a moment, nor wait till they are extorted from you." Yet Government did procrastinate, and the end was, that the concessions were extorted, and America was lost. In like manner, Mr. Burke declares in one of his publications, that "Government should know when to yield what it is impossible long to keep, else the people may be induced

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\* Poor man! I wish he could see a little how the *sovereign people* of America treat those whom they have chosen to conduct their affairs. *All is representative here.* I wish Counsellor Ego would visit us a little, and mark the effects of the glorious system.

“ to act like the populace round a house of ill fame,  
“ who never think of deliberating, but begin to pull  
“ down and destroy. The light then breaks into you,  
“ not through well-constructed windows, but through  
“ the yawning chasm of your ruin.”

The consequence of a reform would be a speedy peace ; and if that did not arrive, he did not scruple to pronounce that the Government would soon be destroyed. Instead of procrastinating further, they ought to begin by reforming immediately ; as by that they would separate and divide those who wished well to the constitution, and those who wished it ill. The former would be contented, and the latter would be unmasked. It was this ungracious, dilatory, and oppressive system of acting, that drove our sister kingdom of Ireland to seek protection in the arms of strangers, against the persecution of those from whom they might naturally have expected a kindred tenderness and affection.

Whence came it that France got possession of Holland, and in so many surrounding countries and states beheld banners erected in colours similar to their own ? It was because the people of those countries were weary of the governments which so long continued, not to protect, but to oppress them. It seemed the destiny of the present Ministers always to do every thing too late. The overtures of Mr. Wickham, the negotiation of Lord Malmesbury, and the late mission of Mr. Hammond, were too late for their objects. Yet it was on the ground of these incessant discomfitures and disasters, that they obtained the confidence of the present House of Commons, and had the modesty to claim that of the people. The latter, however, they did not possess ; and if the people are capable of reposing confidence in any such men, he should almost feel inclined to be sorry for any humble exertions he had made in their favour.



He concluded with expressing a wish, that the effect of this reform, if carried, would be extended to Scotland, which stood very much in need of it; and in the interests of which he should always take a most sincere and intimate concern. The people could not but be sensible of a variety of defects, the removal of which would prevent their being imposed upon by those who were studious to magnify them\*.

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*Misslin's Yellow Fever Proclamation.*—The following proclamation is a valuable document in the history of *republican liberty*.

WHEREAS it is provided in and by the act of the General Assembly, entitled, “An Act to amend and repeal certain Provisions in the Health-laws of this Commonwealth,” “That the Governor, or, in his absence, a majority of the Board of Inspectors, shall have full power and authority to prohibit all intercourse with infected places within the United States under any penalty not exceeding 300 dollars on each person transgressing the said prohibition, to be recovered by action of debt, or by indictment; one half to be paid to the Inspectors for the benefit of the hospital on State Island, and the other half to the benefit of the informer; and to direct the removal of any person or persons infected, or who, from their exposure to the operation of contagion, are liable to become so; and to order the quarantine to be performed by any vessel; and to direct the removal and purification of any vessel, goods, wares, and merchandise, and to take such suitable and

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\* Upon the whole, this is certainly the silliest speech that ever I read; and I think it fully verifies what has been a thousand times asserted respecting the shallowness of the speaker. He is a mere thing of words; his eloquence is like the chatter of the pye.

efficient measures as may be found necessary to prevent all such intercourse, and to carry into complete effect the aforesaid provisions, and to cause such persons as transgress or disobey the same, to be conveyed to the hospital on State Island, and there kept for one month, or such shorter time as the case may require. *And whereas* it unhappily appears that a malignant and contagious fever exists in Penn-street and the vicinity thereof, in the city of Philadelphia; and it becomes necessary for the general safety of the citizens that all intercourse should be prohibited with the said infected place, or with any other place or places, to which the contagion may and shall extend; and that any and every person or persons infected with the said malignant and contagious fever, or exposed to the operation thereof within the said city of Philadelphia, should be removed to some convenient place out of the city: *And whereas* the following are deemed suitable, efficient, and necessary measures and regulations, to prevent all intercourse with the infected place aforesaid, and to effectuate the wise and benevolent purposes of the law: that is to say—

1. That all communication with the wharfs, houses, and inhabitants situated between Spruce and South streets, to extend from the river to the west side of Front-street, except by the necessary attendants, be cut off by placing poles or fences across all the streets and avenues within the said distance; that the shipping be removed from the wharfs from Spruce to South street, and that yellow flags be placed at the corner of each of the streets communicating with this part of the city.

2. That every person infected with a contagious fever (whose particular case will admit of removal) shall be removed by the friends of the diseased, or by the Health-officer, to a proper situation distant from the city.

3d. That the inhabitants of all houses adjoining or opposite to those which may contain sick, or in which the sick may have been, shall immediately remove on notice from the Inspectors, or be removed under the direction of the Health-officer.

4th. That a yellow flag shall be suspended from all houses which contain sick persons, or from which the sick have been removed; and that, except the necessary attendants, no person shall be allowed to enter the same until the said house shall be properly cleansed.

5th. That the physicians of the city and liberties be requested, when any cases of contagion shall come within their knowledge, to give notice to the Health-officer, or to either of the Inspectors.

NOW THEREFORE I have deemed it a duty highly interesting to the safety and welfare of the community to issue this Proclamation, HEREBY recognizing, authorizing, and establishing all and singular the measures aforesaid, to be pursued and enforced in such manner as the Inspectors of the Health-office shall deem most beneficial and effectual for the purposes thereby designed; AND if any person or persons who-soever (other than the officer of the Health-office, physicians and necessary attendants by them respectively employed) shall hold any intercourse with the infected place described and enclosed as aforesaid, or with any other house or houses, place or places, within the city aforesaid, from which a yellow flag or flags shall at any time be suspended by the Inspectors of the Health-office or their agents and assistants, such person or persons shall, for every such offence, forfeit and pay the penalty of THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS, to be recovered and applied as the law directs. And if any person or persons shall refuse to permit the Inspectors aforesaid, or their agents,

agents, to enclose the infected place aforesaid, or to suspend a yellow flag or flags from any house or houses, place or places, which the said Inspectors or their agents shall deem to be infected, as aforesaid, or shall forcibly resist or prevent making such enclosure, or suspending such flag or flags, or after such enclosure has been made, or such flag or flags has or have been so suspended, shall, without the direction and authority of the Inspectors, remove and abate such enclosure, or take down, destroy, or conceal such flag or flags from public view; or shall refuse, resist, delay, or prevent the said Inspectors, and other officers of the Health-office, and their assistants, or any of them, in the removal of any person or persons, in conformity to the foregoing measures and regulations, or in performing any other act or thing whatsoever which they may lawfully do in order to prevent all intercourse with any infected place or places aforesaid; and to carry into complete effect the aforesaid measures and regulations, every person and persons so in any wise transgressing and disobeying the said measures and regulations, shall be forthwith conveyed to the hospital on State Island, and there kept for one month, and shall be liable to such further prosecution and punishment as the law directs. And the resident Physician, consulting Physician, Health-officer, and the Inspectors of the Health-office, and all other persons in anywise intrusted with the execution of the law for preventing the introduction of pestilential or contagious diseases into this Commonwealth, and all the executive and judicial officers according to the duties of their respective stations, and all the good citizens of the Commonwealth, are required, enjoined, and exhorted to be attentive and vigilant in discharging their respective duties on this important occasion,

occasion, and particularly in carrying this proclamation into effect.

GIVEN UNDER MY HAND, and the great seal of the State of Philadelphia, the twenty-third day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven, and of the Commonwealth the twenty-second.

L. S.

THOS. MIFFLIN.

By the Governor, A. J. DALLAS,  
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

*American Humility.*—The petition of the masters of American vessels at St. Jago, to the Spanish Governor,

*Humbly sheweth,*

Elijah Cotton, late master of the brig Carolina ; W. H. Nichols, late master of the brig Juno, and Wm. D. Wilson, late master of the sloop Polly, all American citizens, and the vessels and their cargoes American property—that they were brought into this port by certain armed boats belonging to the French Republic, and here detained, as your petitioners conceive, in direct violation of the laws of nations, and the existing treaties between the French Republic and the United States—that your petitioners are prevented taking care of their several vessels, which are daily going to ruin for want of such attention ; that no provision is made for the seamen, nor are they allowed to stay on board their respective vessels ; and if any complaint is made, they are beat and abused by the armed people of the said boats. Your petitioners are also informed, that it is the intention of the captains to unload their several vessels before condemnation is had on them—Your petitioners *humbly* request, that no permission may be granted, and that their several vessels may not be permitted to

to be unloaded until they are condemned ; for if their said vessels are unloaded, and the property brought on shore, it will be lost to the owners thereof, by continued waste, plunder, and decay.

Your petitioners *humbly hope* they and their property may be protected by the laws of the port while they are detained, they demeaning themselves peaceably, and are, &c.

To this petition the Governor made answer, that he *had nothing to do with the French Republic, nor their prizes* \*.

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FRIDAY, 25<sup>th</sup> AUGUST.

*American Lotteries.*—From a correspondent.—*Advice to those who need it.*—Have you an itching propensity to employ your wits to advantage ? Make a lottery. A splendid scheme is a bait that cannot fail to catch the gulls. Be sure to spangle it with rich prizes : the fewer blanks—on paper—the better ; for

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\* I could not read the above “*humble petition*” addressed by Americans to a subject of the *fallen Spanish King*, without calling to mind the chorus of an old song, which we used to sing when I was a boy :

“ The sons of Old England, brave, loyal, and free,  
 “ To Mounseer or his Donship shall ne’er bend the knee.”

We used to bawl this out with such lungs that you might hear every word distinctly across a field of ten or a dozen acres. And with such glee too ; with such conscious pride, it was the sense and not the sound that gave us delight. Alas ! poor clowns ! little did we dream that the sans-culotte age was approaching. Little did we dream that the day was at hand, when *the sons* of our boasted Old England would not only *bend the knee to Mounseer and his Donship*, but suffer them to *thumb-screw* them, without seeking vengeance, and even without a murmur ! Little did we dream, that a crew of gallant tars, descended from the same stock with ourselves, would ever be seen crawling at the feet of a Spaniard, with a, “ *and your petitioners shall ever pray.*”—Alas ! poor bigotted clod-hoppers ! we knew nothing of the glorious effects of liberty and equality !

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on winding up the business, you know, it is easy to make as many blanks as you please. Witness a late lottery on the Potowmac. The *winding up*, however, is not absolutely necessary: you know what a noise the winding up of a certain clock once made. The better way is, to delay the drawing; or should it *ever begin*, be in no hurry about the *end*, or, rather, let it have no end at all. If, in either case, a set of discontented adventurers should happen to say hard things of you, show them that you despise their unmannerly insinuations, by humming the tune of *Yankee Doodle*. This may dumb-found them; but should they persist, there is a mode left that cannot fail to stop their mouths. The scheme of the lottery is your contract with the purchasers of tickets: produce this, and defy them to point out any breach of it on your part. *Entre nous*; I am supposing you discreet enough to avoid in your scheme, any thing that might look like a promise to commence the drawing on this or that particular day; or to finish it at any given period. It would be enough to promise a *beginning when a sufficient number of tickets shall be sold*; of the sufficiency you would be the sole judge. Now they ought to know as well as you, that, like Peter Pindar's razors, your tickets were "made to sell:" so that if but one ticket remain unsold, you are under no obligation to draw, a *sufficient number* not having been disposed of.

I would, however, actually begin to draw the tickets, but not till after the lapse of a comfortable period. This may be of service to *you*, and can be of none to the *purchasers*. They will begin to think you in earnest, and their exhausted patience may return, for a season at least. It will be disarming your enemy, while you are changing your front. Witness the good effect of this manœuvre in an affair now transacting on the Potowmac. You are

not bound to draw daily, nor weekly, nor monthly, nor yearly, nor are you obliged to finish in the present, or any future century. By drawing at all, you have generously done more than you promised: this you may throw in your enemy's teeth, should fresh murmurs break out.

Perhaps they may talk to you of refunding: call on them to show such a word in the whole scheme, and you shut their impertinent mouths for ever on this head. They may next vent their mischievous spite in calling your reputation in question: but tell them, your *reputation* is better than theirs; that you have the reputation of being worth (without saying how you came by it, mind me) a cool 3 or 400,000 dollars. Challenge them to show any thing like that, if they can.

N. B. I have preferred the above as the most sure, safe, and easy mode of getting money. Other expedients might, indeed, be pursued to secure this desirable object; such as fingering your neighbour's strong-box, or borrowing from a friend on the highway. I know but of one objection to the latter—you *may be detected*: for in every civilized country there are somehow or other to be found certain meddling scoundrels, who, regardless of that equality of rights which allows a poor man to make free with a rich one's purse, might snap you up, as a shark does his prey, and consign you to eternal sleep, and thus you could no longer sing—" *Let them laugh that win!*"

UN CHEVALIER D'INDUSTRIE.

P. S. Perhaps I may hereafter offer a few words, not by way of eulogy, upon the *expedition* used by the managers of the canal lottery now drawing in Philadelphia.

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*Remonstrance against the Governor's Proclamation.*—For Porcupine's Gazette.—MR. PRINTER, In the present



sent alarming situation of the city, it becomes of importance to consider with attention the different measures which are taken for the prevention or alleviation of distress.

Impressed with this sentiment, I have read with attention the Governor's proclamation of the 23d inst. giving to certain measures the force of laws: when the second article struck my attention, and occasioned the following reflections.

This article provides and enjoins, that every person infected with a contagious fever (whose particular case will admit of removal) shall be removed by the friends of the diseased, or by the health-officer, to a proper situation distant from the city.

A very obvious inquiry will be, how is it to be ascertained that a person is infected with a contagious fever? Can a physician decide at the first glance of his patient? Or if he can, must not the disease have arrived at such an height as to exhibit unequivocal symptoms of contagion? But if the fever has arrived to such a degree as to show these malignant symptoms, is the patient in this case fit for removal? Or does this particular case admit of such removal? I am no physician; but where is there a physician, a man of candour and judgment, who will give it as his opinion, that the particular case of such a patient admits of removal? Or is it to be left to the judgment of a health-officer, who may neither be a physician, nor even have seen the patient, but who will give orders for such removal on hearing that there are such symptoms in the case? If any such instances happened, and if they have, what was the event? Was it recovery or death? And if the latter, would it not be a species of murder, when the same persons, properly attended, might have recovered? For I believe no physician will give it as his opinion, that any person in a very high and dangerous fever can be removed and carried two miles even on a litter,

ter, much less be jolted on a cart that distance, without exposing him to almost certain death. Did not the year 1793 furnish many mournful instances of this? And of eight persons who are said to have died of it now, at the hospital, were not four in the very article of death, by the time they had reached it? But at present the fever is said to be so mild, so much in the power of medicine, that fourteen out of fifteen recover. Why then have recourse to a measure which does not save more than eleven in fifteen?

If then those who are so ill that it can be determined to be infection, with a contagious fever, are improper objects of removal, to say nothing of the danger of spreading contagion by carrying them through the city, who are they whose particular case admits of removal? Surely not those who are so slightly indisposed that they can be removed with safety; they cannot possibly come within the meaning of the article, for their being suffered to remain, if properly attended to, cannot endanger the city; the danger is from those who cannot be removed. Admitting that at first, when there were not perhaps more than half a dozen persons sick, such a measure had been adopted, though the individuals might have suffered, the city might have been preserved: but it seems now too late.

One effect this part of the proclamation has produced—it has carried terror and destruction into very many families; and driven them from their home, where in all probability they would have been safe; but the terror of having their relatives torn from them by force in case of sickness, and the penalty annexed to their endeavouring to prevent such a dreadful step, have overbalanced all the inconveniences of what is perhaps to many a ruinous flight.

I do not know who advised this measure, but it is now a law, and I do not wish to oppose the laws, but  
would

would earnestly beg of those who have power to reconsider the matter, and make such alteration as their judgment and experience may point out.

A CITIZEN.

*Perilous Gout.*—A gentleman in the south part of the city, who was taken ill a few days since, had his case pronounced the *yellow fever*.—It turns out to be the gout, and nothing else\*.

*Humility of Spain.*—In the different presidencies of Africa there are French prisoners, who were sent thither on account of a *pretended revolt excited at Barcelona* during the war. Citizen Perignon having collected the facts, and being assured that the revolt at Barcelona was merely a falsehood, circulated by the emigrants as an excuse for their having massacred 125 disarmed Frenchmen, *has circulated a general note, demanding the release of all the French confined in the presidencies*, and the discharge of those who have been forced to enter into the service of Spain †.

SATURDAY,

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\* Now if this gentleman had been seized, according to the arbitrary proclamation, and hoisted off to a place where, if the fever be contagious at all, he must have caught it, who would have been answerable for his death?—At the present moment, “pronouncing” sentence of yellow fever on a man, is nearly as bad as pronouncing him guilty of murder.

The fear of this sentence, and its consequent transportation to the Wigwam, are driving poor women and children, labourers and journeymen, out of the city in scores. A poor fellow went off to the distance of twelve miles yesterday, with his family at his heels, driving his chattels upon a wheelbarrow; and this for fear, not of the yellow fever, but of being accused of it. If the object was to *thin* the city, the *wise* Governor’s proclamation was exceedingly well contrived.

† These are so many examples to Americans. If the French impose their terms on us, can it be hoped that they will not “*demand the release*” of all their friends who may be in jail here? No: but they will not stop at that. They will “*demand*” the punishment

SATURDAY, 26<sup>th</sup> AUGUST.

*Remarks on Mifflin's Proclamation.*—YELLOW FEVER.—We have not been able to learn that a single death from this disorder has taken place since yesterday.—The number of deaths in the city for the last fortnight, have been much fewer than those during the same season for several years past.—Where, then, shall we look for the cause of such an alarm as has prevailed for some days past ?

The Governor's proclamation will cut a considerable figure in the records of *liberty and equality*. Matched I am certain it cannot be by the decrees or edicts of any despots on earth, excepting only those of *republican* France. Were a member of the British Parliament to propose any thing resembling it, his brains would be knocked out before he got a hundred yards from the House——What ! forcibly enter my house, and drag from thence my wife or my child, for no other offence than that of being sick ! and if I dare to defend my "castle," or insist upon protecting those who are all that is dear to me, to *fine* me and *transport* me to State Island ! O ye gods of republicanism, we beseech you to shelter us !—Pray, good Mr. Thomas Mifflin, do tell us what *tyranny* is, if you please ; for very many of us really begin to fear that it is fast growing upon us. You may probably muster up force enough to drive me

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nishment of their enemies, and the disgrace of all who have, though but passively, been a bar to the operation of their detestable plans. Should they obtain the hold they are reaching after, let the ministers of the gospel, let the federal government, let every honest man tremble. Let not those who have "*done nothing*," imagine that that silly plea will protect their property and their lives. When the blood-hounds of Carriere were dragging an old man to the guillotine of Nantz : "What am I to be punished for ?" said he ; "*I have done nothing*."—"That's the very thing," said they, "that you are to be *shaved* for."

out

out into the fields, or trundle me along against my will to a stinking and infected hospital; but you shall never make me say that this is *liberty*. You may toast and boast about your *republican liberty* as long as you please; but suffer me to tell you, that the bubble will very soon burst.—The candle is now lighted, and, if it please the Almighty to preserve me from the clutches of the heroes of the yellow flag, it shall not be kept under a bushel.

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*Republican Malignity.*—"Three ships of Lord Bridport's fleet had returned to Spithead about five days subsequent to the EXECUTION of PARKER, the delegate, in a state of mutiny, one of which was the Marlborough, of 74 guns, Captain Easton; the remainder of the fleet was in sight, and *expected all in, in the same state.*"

When our readers pronounce "*expected all in, in the same state,*" they will recollect that the above extracts are from a New-York paper, and will make considerable allowance for the *impartiality* of the channel through which the news comes. We are so apt to *expect* what we *wish*, that our expectations are seldom well founded. There is every reason to hope, that the universal indignation expressed by the country at the disgraceful conduct of the mutineers, and particularly the example that has been made of the infamous ringleaders, will have a good effect on the fleet in general. Should it not, there is no way left but to coax them under the batteries, and blow them up.

An expression, or a single word, will sometimes furnish a criterion of the credit to be given to a paper. That paper, from which the above news is taken, says, that Parker, the mutinous scoundrel (I beg pardon, perhaps I may be prosecuted by the *commonwealth of Pennsylvania* for libelling the memory of this *great man*): the paper says, that this infamous

chief of the "floating commonwealth" behaved at his execution with *manly fortitude*." This was a way of praising the villain as far as the public would bear to hear him praised; and from this circumstance we may judge of the rest of the intelligence contained in the same paper.

Private letters from Hull speak of "the situation of affairs in Great Britain, as having changed much for the better;" which they most certainly would not have done, if Lord Bridport's fleet had been thought to be in a state of mutiny.

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MONDAY, 28<sup>th</sup> AUGUST.

*Jefferson's Letter to his British Creditor.*—The following curious piece was, it seems, read in evidence at the last federal court at Richmond. It is by me taken from the South Carolina Gazette, where it was inserted with the professed intention (whether ironical or not I do not pretend to say) of clearing Mr. JEFFERSON of the charge of having opposed the British treaty, because it obliged him to pay his just debts.

*Extract of a Letter, dated Paris, January 5, 1787, written by Thomas Jefferson, to a British Creditor of Mr. Wayles, whose Daughter Mr. Jefferson married.*

After expressing his anxiety to begin the payment of the debt on the part of Mr. Wayles, he proceeds:

"I am desirous of arranging with you such just and practicable conditions as will ascertain to you the terms at which you will receive my part of your debt, and give me the satisfaction of knowing that you are contented. What the laws of Virginia are, or may be, will in no wise influence my conduct. Substantial justice is my object, as decided by reason, and not by authority or compulsion.

“ The first question which arises, is as to the article of interest. For all the time preceding the war, and all subsequent to it, I think it reasonable that interest should be paid ; but equally unreasonable during the war. Interest is a compensation for the use of money. Your money in my hands is in the form of lands and negroes. From these, during the war, no use in profits could be derived. Tobacco is the article they produce ; that can only be turned into money at a foreign market.

“ But the moment it went out of our ports for that purpose, it was captured either by the King’s ships, or those of individuals. The consequence was, that tobacco worth from twenty to thirty shillings the hundred, sold generally in Virginia, during the war, for five shillings. This price, it is known, will not maintain the labourer, and pay his taxes. There was no surplus of profit then to pay an interest ; in the mean while we stood enforcers of the lives of the labourers, and of the ultimate issue of the war.

“ He who attempted during the war to remit either his principal or interest, must have expected to remit three times to make one payment ; because it is supposed that two out of three parts of the shipments were taken. It was not possible then for the debtor to derive any profit from the money which might enable him to pay an interest, nor yet to get rid of the principal by remitting it to his creditor. With respect to the creditors in Great Britain, they mostly turned their attention to privateering, and, arming the vessels they had before employed in trading with us, they captured on the seas, not only the produce of the farms of debtors, but of those of the whole state—they thus paid themselves by capture more than the annual interest, and we lost more. Some merchants indeed did not engage in privateering ; these lost their interest, but we did not gain it :

it fell into the hands of their countrymen. It cannot therefore be demanded of us ; as between these merchants and their debtors it is the case where a loss being incurred, each party may justifiably endeavour to shift it from himself ; each has an equal right to avoid it : one party can never expect the other to yield a thing to which he has as good a right as the demander. We even think he has a better right than the demander in the present instance : this loss has been occasioned by the fault of the nation which was creditor. Our right to avoid it then stands on less exceptionable ground than theirs ; but it will be said that each party thought the other the aggressor. In these disputes there is but one umpire, and that has decided the question where the world in general thought the right laid.

“ Besides these reasons in favour of the general mass of debtors, I have some peculiar to my own case. In the year 1776, before a shilling of paper money was understood, I sold lands to the amount of 4,200*l.* in order to pay these two debts. I offered the bonds to your agent, Mr. Evans, if he would acquit me, and accept of the purchasers as debtors, in my place : they were as sure as myself. Had he done it, these debtors being turned over to you, would have been saved to you by the treaty of peace : but he declined it. Great sums of paper money were afterwards issued thus depreciated, and payment was made me in this money when it was but a shadow. Our laws do not entitle their own citizens to require repayment in these cases, though the treaty authorizes the British creditors to do it : here then I lost the principal and interest once. Again, Lord Cornwallis encamped ten days on an estate of mine, at Elk Island, having his head-quarters in my house ; he burnt all the tobacco-houses and barns on the farm, with the produce of the former year in them. He burnt all the enclosures, and wasted the  
fields



fields in which the crop of that year was growing (it was the month of June); he killed or carried off every living animal, cutting the throats of those which were too young for service: of the slaves he carried off thirty. The useless and barbarous injury he did me in that instance, was more than would have paid your debt, principal and interest: thus I lost it a second time: still I will lay my shoulder assiduously to the payment of it a third time. In doing this, however, I think yourself will be of opinion I am authorized in justice to clear it of every article not demandable upon strict right: of this nature I consider interest during the war.

“ Another question is as to the paper money I deposited in the treasury of Virginia towards the discharge of this debt. I before observed, that I had sold lands to the amount of 4,200*l.* before a shilling of paper money was emitted, with a view to pay the debt: I received this money in depreciated paper. The State was then calling on those who owed money to British subjects to bring it into the treasury, where it was applied, as all money of the same description was, to the support of the war. Subsequent events have been such, that the State cannot, and ought not, to pay the same nominal sum in gold or silver, which they received in paper; nor is it certain what they will do: my intention being, and having always been, that, whatever the State decides, you shall receive my part of your debt fully. I am ready to remove all difficulty arising from this deposit, to take back to myself the demand against the State, and to consider the deposit as originally made for myself, and not for you.

“ These two articles of interest and paper money being thus settled, I would propose to divide the clear proceeds of the estate (in which there are from 80 to 100 labouring slaves) between yourself and Kepper and Co. two thirds to you, and one third to

them : and that the crops of this present year, 1787, shall constitute the first payment. That crop cannot be got to the warehouse completely, till May of the next year ; and I suppose that three months more will be little enough to send it to Europe, or to send it to Virginia and remit the money : so that I could not safely answer for placing the proceeds in your hands till the month of August, and so annually every August afterwards, till the debt shall be paid. It will be always both my interest and my wish to get it to you as much sooner as possible, and probably a part of it may always be paid some months sooner. If the assigning of the profits, in general terms, may seem to you too vague, I am willing to fix the annual payment at a sum certain. But that I may not fall short of my engagement, I shall name it somewhat less than I supposed may be counted on. I shall fix your part at four hundred pounds sterling annually ; and, as you know our crops of tobacco to be uncertain, I should reserve a right, if they fall short one year, to make it up the ensuing one, without being supposed to have failed in my engagement ; but every other year, at least, all arrearages shall be fully paid up.

“ My part of this debt of Mr. Wayles’ estate being one third, I should require that in proportion, if I pay my third, I shall stand discharged as to the other two thirds, so that the payment of every three hundred pounds shall discharge me as to three hundred pounds of the undivided debt. The other gentlemen have equal means of paying, equal desires, and more skill in affairs. Their parts of the debt therefore are at least as sure as mine ; and my great object is, in case of any accident to myself, to leave my family uninvolved with any matters whatever.

“ I do not know what the balance of this debt is. The last account current I saw was before the war, making the whole balance, principal and interest, somewhere

somewhere about nine thousand pounds, and after this there were upwards of 400 hogsheads of tobacco, and some payments in money, to be credited. However, this settlement can admit of no difficulty; and in the mean time the payments may proceed without affecting the right of either party to have a just settlement.

“ Upon the whole then I propose, that, on your part, you relinquish the claim to interest during the war, say from the commencement of hostilities April 19, 1783, being exactly eight years; and that in proportion as I pay my third I shall be acquitted as to the other two thirds. On my part I take on myself the loss of the paper money deposited in the treasury; I agree to pay interest previous and subsequent to the war, and oblige myself to remit to you for that and the principal four hundred pounds sterling annually, till my third of the whole debt shall be fully paid; and I will begin these payments in August of next year.

“ If you think proper to accede to these propositions, be so good as to say so at the foot of a copy of this letter. On my receipt of that, I will send you an acknowledgment of it, which will render this present letter obligatory on me: in which case you may count on my faithful execution of this undertaking.

“ I have the honour to be, with great respect, Sir, your most obedient and humble servant,

“ THOMAS JEFFERSON.”

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*Impartiality of American Papers.*—On Saturday I published, from the “*Daily Advertiser*” of New-York, the following paragraph:

“ Three ships of Lord Bridport’s fleet had returned to Spithead about five days subsequent to the EXECUTION of PARKER, the delegate, in a state of mutiny, one of which was the Marlborough,  
“ of

“ of 74 guns, Captain Easton: the remainder of  
 “ the fleet was in fight, and *expected all in, in the*  
 “ *same state.*”

I cautioned my readers against giving credit to the closing part of this paragraph, and I now find I did right; for, after having carefully perused this “*Daily Advertiser*” of the succeeding day, which contains the *detail* of what the previous paper professed to give us the substance, I find not any thing to warrant the editor’s saying, that all the fleet *was expected to be in a state of mutiny.*

Now, I call upon *Mr. Robbins* to tell the public whence he derived his information; and how he came not to repeat it in his *detail*.—Instead of all the fleet being in a state of mutiny, it appears, that the crew on board of one of the mutinous ships had voluntarily returned to their duty, and there was not the least apprehension entertained respecting the other two ships. It appears from every circumstance, that Government has got the rebellious villains completely under its thumb; and it is probable that this gives *Mr. Robbins* some little uneasiness.

#### AGAIN.

The *Claypooles* have this day published an article from *Halifax, Nova Scotia*, dated 10th August. Pray how comes it their watchful correspondent has not sent them an account of the progress of “*the spirit of liberty, with which the air of the country seems impregnated?*”—How comes he not to repeat his story about the *dearness of provisions*, and the certainty of *the place falling into the hands of the French*, if attacked by them? They must by this time have discovered that their correspondent is a liar, and a spiteful slanderer: why then do they not contradict his falsehoods, which they have given circulation to? They leave that for me to do, I suppose, and, indeed, as it happens, I can do it most effectually; but no thanks to them.

TUESDAY, 29<sup>th</sup> AUGUST.

*The Jail a School of Patriotism.*—Often has it been remarked, that all the *patriots* of the present *enlightened age* have studied, and brought their minds to maturity, in a *jail*. Among those of the higher class were *Wilkes*, *Mirabeau*, *Trenk*, *Tooke*, &c. and among those of the lower, *Paine*, *Hardy*, *Gray's razor-man*, and a multitude of others. Such animals as *Lloyd*, *Lee*, &c. are hardly worth naming. Bankruptcy seems as necessary to prepare a man for patriotism, as gutting is to prepare a rabbit for the spit. By the following account it will be seen that Parker, the famous mutineer, was a scoundrel, who first cheated his creditors, and then purchased his freedom by an offer of his service in the navy.—Never let such men be trusted—the swindler ever stands prepared for the last degree of guilt.

“ Richard Parker, who has rendered himself so conspicuous among the mutineers of the fleet, is said to be descended from a respectable family at Exeter. He obtained a good education, was bred in the navy, and about the conclusion of the American war was an acting lieutenant in one of his Majesty's ships. He soon came into possession of a considerable sum of money, and shortly after he went to Scotland, and married a farmer's daughter in Aberdeenshire, with whom he received a decent patrimony. At this time, being without employment, he soon finished his fortune, and became involved in debt, on account of which he was cast into Edinburgh jail, where he was at the time the counties were raising seamen for the navy. He then entered as one of the volunteers for Perthshire, received the bounty, and was released from prison upon paying the incarcerating creditor a part of his bounty. He was put on board the tender then in Leith Roads, commanded by Captain Watson, who carried him, with many others,

others, to the Nore. On the passage, Captain Watson distinguished Parker both by his activity and polite address. That he is the same person known in the mutinous fleet by the appellation of Admiral Parker, is proved by Captain Watson himself, who, before he last sailed from the Nore for Leith, was ordered by the crew of the Sandwich to come on board, which he did, and was then introduced to and interrogated by Parker, whom he knew at first sight."

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*Patriotic American Captain.*—The sloop General Green of this port, bound to the Cape, was taken on her passage by an English cruiser, sent into the Mole, forced to sell 200 bls. of pork of her cargo, and allowed to depart, which she did; and, in pursuing her destination, was taken by a French privateer, carried into the Cape, and there cleared by the interest of Captain Buschman, when, *through the villany of the Captain*, one Lewis, she would have been condemned, he having voluntarily signed a declaration that the General Green was bound to the Mole\*.

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*Effects of Mifflin's tyrannical Proclamation.*—I yesterday informed my readers, that, in consequence of the *inhuman proclamation*, none of the physicians would any longer make reports to the Board of Health, and that therefore all information from

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\* This ought to be a caution to merchants how they employ fans-culotte captains. It is a thing that they are apt to pay too little attention to; and which inattention has cost them many a vessel. A fans-culotte that is ready to sell his country, that can patiently bear to see it robbed and despised, will such a wretch, think you, scruple to give up the property of an employer for whose welfare he does not care two straws? A Jacobin is absolutely unfit for any post of trust, except that of a plundering commissary, or purveyor for the guillotine.

that

that quarter respecting the number of new cases or deaths, was at an end.

Another evil of the proclamation is, the relations and friends of diseased persons take special care to conceal their malady from their neighbours, and, in many instances, even from the physicians. The consequence of which is, infection in its most deadly degree is deposited in a neighbourhood before any one is aware of it; and physicians are not called in till the moment that their aid is useless. Two awful instances of this nature are mentioned in Brown's paper of last evening by *Doctor Caldwell*; and it is now well known, that from No. 13, Chesnut-street, a person was last night carried to the grave in secret, who died with the yellow fever; though the people of the house had constantly denied that the disorder was there. Thus, unless the dreadful proclamation be *immediately revoked*, and that in the most public and unequivocal manner, will the contagion spread over every quarter of the city. Who, does Thomas Mifflin think, will run to his inquisitors and denounce their parents or their children, when they are sure that will be immediately followed by their transportation to an infected hospital, where all communication will be instantly cut off between them and the physician they have called in to save their lives, and in whom alone, perhaps, they can have any confidence? The shocking, the cruel example of *Mr. Fleetwood*, has spread consternation among all those who cannot rely upon the discretion or *courage* of the persons by whom they are surrounded. The fear occasioned by the proclamation extends its fatal influence to every other disease also. If a man is taken with a bilious fever, or any other disorder, however dangerous delay may be, he, not knowing the nature of it, puts off the sending for a physician, *for fear of being hauled off to the infected hospital*. Let Thomas Mifflin beware what he is about. I am  
certain

certain his proclamation is *unconstitutional*; and if satisfaction cannot be obtained for any act of force that may be committed in obedience to it, the constitution of Pennsylvania is a farce. Were I the heir or successor of Mr. Fleetwood I would bring an action immediately against those who forced him from his lodgings. It is said that he remonstrated with all the eloquence of dread and distress. With the full assurance that he never should survive the cruel removal, he offered *five hundred guineas* to be suffered to remain in his own chamber, from which no one, no not even the proprietor of the house, could *lawfully* remove him.—Poor man! he very probably, like myself, came to Pennsylvania *to seek liberty!!*

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*Great Consternation in Philadelphia.*—There is now no getting any thing like a correct statement of the progress of the fever, or of the deaths it occasions; but the returns collected from the sextons prove that the deaths *are not more numerous now than they were last year at the same season*. Thousands of persons are, however, flying from the city. Upwards of one hundred loads of trunks and other goods were met yesterday morning between the city and Shoemaker-town; that is, in the space of *nine miles*: and I myself, on Sunday morning, met about a dozen families between the middle ferry and the upper end of Market-street. The *Clergy*, who certainly ought never to stir while there is a soul to be saved, or a mind to be soothed by their ministry, are, I am afraid, preparing to join in the flight.

Admitting (which I am far from doing) that nothing is so valuable as *life*; and that it is right for all who can afford it to fly; what are the *poor* to do?—They cannot remove; and they will expire in their beds one by one, rather than expose themselves to the dangers of the cart and the hospital. Why does  
not



not the proclamation *invite* them to remove *while well*, and *promise* them *support* in the tents on the commons? When this is neglected, let us hear no more about “*the prosperous state of our finances.*” If the *treasury* be full, as it is said to be, let it be emptied instantly, that the poor may have the same chance of living as the rich. This would be something like *equality*.

*Private* acts of *inhumanity* are already spoken of. I hope they will be rare: but I take this opportunity of declaring my fixed resolution of holding all those who are guilty of them up to the abhorrence of mankind.

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WEDNESDAY, 30<sup>th</sup> AUGUST.

*Haley*.—The following letter, from this piratical miscreant, exhibits a very fair specimen of the sentiments of a great majority of those who imbibed their moral and political principles during the American revolution.

*Copy of a Letter from Captain Haley to I. Clafon, Esq.—Dieppe, 30th April, 1797.*

DEAR SIR,

I take the liberty to inform you of my present situation. When I left you in London, last January, for France, my determination was to obtain a French commission, in hopes to get revenge from my infernal enemies; and my good friends in this country granted my request. When I returned to London, my intention was, to cut some vessel out of the Downs; but, by good luck, you had not left London when I returned, and you was good enough to offer me the command of the *Hare*, which I thought would be a good opportunity for me, as I well knew the principal part of the cargo belonged to my detested enemies, to say the English, and all the cargo ensured in London among the rest of the robbers.

bers. All this business I kept to myself, and after my leaving the infernal Tory-land by the virtue of my commission, I found a safe port in France called Dieppe; my intention was, to have the cargo condemned, but had no idea of the ship sharing the same fate; however, that is the case, and if I were to suffer shipwreck, you, nor no other republican, should suffer on my account; but at present it is out of my power. I expect the damned Tory party would cut my throat if in their power; however, as long as I live, it will be my only study to annoy them, and if the war continues, they may think themselves lucky if they don't get another bite from me. I hope you will excuse me for taking this liberty with your ship, and hope you may get her restored to you. I wish you would send a copy of this to London, as I am afraid they have forgot me; but they may rest assured that I have not forgot the Old Jersey, and the damned violations committed on me in London, and other parts of their infernal dominions. Although the cargo of the Hare does not fall into my hands, it falls into the hands of the republicans, which is the people that I delights in.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

N. HALEY \*.

*Legislature*

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\* This is very pretty. The villain goes to France, gets a commission as a privateer captain, then goes to England (under the character of an *American*) with the intention of stealing a vessel in the river; but, happening to meet with an American merchant in London who offered him the command of a merchant-ship, he takes the said ship (that being less dangerous than *cutting one out of the Thames*), and, instead of conducting her to America, conducts her into Dieppe in France, where vessel and cargo are condemned upon his evidence! It would be ridiculous to imitate the New-York Gazette, and comment on the *baseness* and *perfidy* of this man's conduct; but it may not be amiss to observe what has been overlooked by the editor of that paper, to wit, that this conduct of  
 Haley

*Legislature of Pennsylvania.*—The Legislature met on the 28th of this month, and adjourned, after having passed a bill appropriating 10,000 dollars to the Committee of Health, to be by them applied to the relief of sick and indigent persons labouring under malignant or other diseases in the city and liberties of Philadelphia, which passed the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania yesterday afternoon.

*Remonstrance against Mifflin's Proclamation.*—To Thomas Mifflin, Esq. Governor of Pennsylvania.—SIR, As a common citizen, affected by your different orders and proclamations, permit me to ask you a few questions, in which I conceive, not only my own interest is concerned, but that of the citizens of Philadelphia generally.

In your proclamation of the last week you have commanded that on the appearance of the symptoms of the present contagion, the persons so affected shall (if in a situation that will possibly admit of removal) be immediately removed to a place provided for their reception without the city, and if not in a state to be removed, that a *yellow flag* should be displayed from the house, thereby preventing any intercourse between the patient and his or her friends. Permit me

Haley is another instance to be added to the thousands that we have witnessed of the congeniality between whiggism and every species of wickedness. Other men may detest Haley, but surely the *Whigs* of the revolution ought to excuse him for the sake of his republican principles, and his inextinguishable hatred of Great Britain. These virtues ought to cover a multitude of sins. He should, indeed, in his rage against Great Britain, take care not to seize *American* property; that is a dreadful mistake; particularly when the property belongs to some good old revolutionary *Whig*, as appears to have been the case in the present instance; but, even in that case, the patriotic Haley furnishes the loser with a consolation: "Your cargo does not fall into my hands," says he, "but it falls into the hands of *REPUBLICANS*, which is the people that I delights in."

to ask you, Sir, if you were seized with this disease, whether you would peaceably submit to have a negro forcibly *drag* you from your house into a common *cart*, from thence conveyed to the place which you term the *hospital*, but which I and the world more justly term a *slaughter-house*; there to live perhaps a week in the most exquisite torture for want of proper attendance, and at length die for a draught of water? It is easy for you to issue proclamations, but 'tis hard for us to comply with them when life itself is at stake. Would you suffer the darling objects of your *honourable* and *innocent* love to be dragged from before your eyes, and conveyed to this filthy rendezvous, which you have seen proper to prepare for the reception of the *swinish multitude*? Would you suffer a *yellow flag* to be suspended from your house, preventing your friends (if you had any) from approaching you? You may answer these questions in the affirmative, but it remains for us to judge how far you will speak the *truth*.

Why have you not rather prepared a place for the reception of those people (not yet attacked with the fatal malady) whose circumstances or finances will not admit them to leave the city during its prevalence? Because you have judged it less expensive to the public to transport them to the hospital, and from thence to Potter's Field, the severe destiny of almost all who enter it.

You may conceive, Sir, that this unequalled proclamation, this despotic command, will be obeyed; but you may be mistaken. I have an aged parent, brothers and sisters, dear to me as my life; and should Providence see fit to extend its judgment to them or me, you may, perhaps, find in that humble mansion which we at present inhabit, the means of defence against any of your *humane* drivers, should they dare to enter it, even in compliance with your orders.

Reflect

Reflect on your proceedings in this business, and consider how far you have complied with that old and good precept: "*Do unto others, as you would that others should do unto you.*"

A POOR CITIZEN.

THURSDAY, 31<sup>st</sup> AUGUST.

*Barney.*—Extract of a letter from *Commodore Barney*, to his friend in this town, dated Medusa, at sea, August 21<sup>st</sup>, 1797.—“After seven months blockade by the enemy, I have at length escaped their vigilance. The moment they reduced the number of their ships to watch my movements (from *twelve*, eight, six, and until these few days, five ships to *two*; that is, one ship of the line and a frigate), I was determined to push out with my two frigates, which I did yesterday, although I saw them both to the southward of me. The winds were high, but we lost sight of them in the night. So ends a blockade which has cost the enemy upwards of 800,000 dollars, and has been of no real injury to France. I hope soon to give a good account of ourselves; and was I on equal terms with them in point of force, they should have little to boast of\*.”

*Dangers to be apprehended from France, in case a Peace between her and Great Britain takes place.*—The last European news informs us, that Lord Malmf-

\* Yes, Commodore, if you should fall in with an American merchantman or two, they will, indeed, have little to boast of. I suppose the noble Commander is on the look-out for Indiamen. The fine prizes his brother Carmagnoles have lately made in and near the Delaware, may possibly tempt him to come up to this city: if he were to do it, I have no doubt that he would meet with another very cordial reception; another *civic festival*. O God! what is the world come to, when a man who abandons his country, goes into the service of its enemy, and returns with the express and avowed intention of plundering it—what is the world come to, when such a man is publicly applauded, feasted, and toasted!!!

bury is about to open another negotiation with the regicides of Paris ; and it appears at the same time, that the Directory and Councils are seeing which shall cut the others throats. They are glaring, casting their baleful eyes at one another, like Milton's Death and the Devil at the gates of Hell. They are preparing to strike. Strike away, in the name of all that's just. Strike both at once, and may the arms of both be successful !

I wish to see a new revolution in France, if it be only to prevent England from making peace ; for if they make peace, before we are readmitted into the infernal graces of the Carmagnoles, we shall be treated just like a conquered country. They will Geneva us, they will Venice us, till we have not a shilling in our pockets or a shirt on our backs.

It is vainly imagined by those who cry in the very same accent, and without intermission, Peace, peace, peace, peace ! it is vainly imagined by these *guinea-fowl* politicians, as Burke calls them, that when France has made peace with all the rest of the world, her tyrants will forbear to rob and domineer over the United States ! Ill-founded hope ! silly expectation ! Look at their conduct towards other weak states. To the formidable powers, though their most bitter enemies, they grant honourable terms. Prussia and the Emperor have made as good a peace with them as they could wish ; but how have they treated Holland, Geneva, Venice, Genoa, and the small states of Italy ? and how are they going to treat Switzerland ? What is most curious is, that all those states which have shown any friendship for them ; all those who have aided them, either by their strength, or by a sinister *neutrality*, have fallen a sacrifice to them. The *Duke of Tuscany's neutrality* opened a passage for them into the heart of Italy ; Genoa fed and protected their armies in spite of the menaces of a British fleet ; *Holland* opened its gates  
to

to them; *Venice* resisted every offer of the coalesced powers, and obstinately persevered in its friendship and partiality to France; nay, the French armies were suffered, without resistance, to traverse part of the Venetian territories to attack the Emperor with more advantage; as a recompense for which, the French have since given the Emperor those very territories!

Switzerland has remained *neuter* in the new-fashioned way; that is to say, its territory has been the barrier for France against its enemies, and, at the same time, a sort of ambush for the French armies. This *neutral* country has been a recruiting rendezvous for the Carmagnoles, just as this country was becoming in the year 1793. Upwards of 30,000 Swiss, to speak within compass, have been fighting all this war in the service of the murderers of their brave countrymen, the King of France's guards! This *neutral* country has constantly been the place of residence of one of the rulers of France. Here were planned and organized the conspiracies that have revolutionized Europe; here the different agents assembled: it was the very focus of rebellion. This *Switzerland* is now become useless. It has rendered the service for which it was hired, and its term is come: it is now to be squeezed dry; its neutral plunder is to be disgorged, and it is to be reduced to that nothing from which it arose. Part of one of the Cantons has already *petitioned* Bonaparte to be joined on to the new republic, and we shall soon hear of others following the *patriotic* example. This is the way the French always work. They take possession of a country *at the request of the people*; but the same request will not get them out of it.

After all these examples, is there, can there be any human being so stupid, so besotted, as to imagine that they will act with moderation and justice towards us? They rob us, spit in our faces, and *thumb-screw*

us now, even when they know there is a *potent enemy* whom we could join, to their destruction ; and can it then be supposed, that they will become all mildness and justice the moment they have, by a peace with the enemy, cut off the possibility of our obtaining any mortal aid ? No ; the instant they have made peace with England, ware hawk, America ! They will soon tell us what their pleasure is, and what it is not. For my part, I should not wonder if their faction had already a *petition* drawn up, requesting the *Republique, one and indivisible*, to take us under her *protection*. Look sharp, neighbours ! hide your pence !

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*“ Warmest Sensibility,” excited by the yellow Fever.—*  
 From the Boston Price Current.—“ The malignant  
 “ fever, now prevalent in Philadelphia, excites the  
 “ *warmest sensibility* of the citizens \*.”

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*Mr. Liston's Conduct in Blount's Affair defended.—*  
 The editor of the Aurora, in his answer to the queries of Aristides, like other quibbling advocates of falsehood, states one half of the evidence, and leaves out the other. He says that there is evidence of Mr. Liston having received propositions, but he forgets the evidence that Mr. Liston declined giving any encouragement to those propositions, merely referring them, with his objections, to his Government, by which they were expressly rejected ; and yet all those

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\* Thus, you see, the Bostonians think we feel just the same resentment at the depredations of the yellow fever, as the House of Representatives did at those of the French. It excites our “ warmest sensibility,” they think. Ridiculous jargon ! What does it mean ? Say it excites fear, dread, consternation, and confusion, and you may be understood ; but who can divine your meaning when you say, that a malignant and contagious disease excites our “ warmest sensibility ?” It is one of those new-fangled terms, where ignorance or insincerity shelters itself under the garb of nonsense.



facts are proved by the same testimony; namely, Mr. Liston's own notes to the Secretary of State.

This editor has always found out that Mr. Genet's project was less criminal than that of Liston, and for two reasons; 1st, Because there was no law of the United States at that period, which forbid our citizens from engaging within our territory, in expeditions against nations with whom we are at peace; and 2dly, Because the expedition of Mr. Genet was not to be carried on through or from the United States, while that of Mr. Liston was.

I will not insist on the impudent absurdity of calling that Mr. Liston's project, which he merely heard and referred to his Government, and which his Government rejected. I will suppose that he, like Genet, had actually formed this project, and engaged warmly in the execution of it; I will suppose that he, like Genet, had granted military commissions to a number of our citizens, within our own territory, and had attempted regular enlistments of troops, of neither of which there is the slightest evidence, or even pretence; and still I will contend, and it must be evident from the slightest attention to the testimony, that the two projects would, even in that case, be exactly alike. Genet gave commissions and enlisted men in the country; though, as he declared, they were to rendezvous on the Spanish territory. This, however, the editor of the Aurora says, was not to carry on an expedition against Spain, through or from the United States. Commissions are given, and men are enlisted within the United States, for the express purpose of assembling on the Spanish territory, and there forming an army for the reduction of that territory; and this is not to carry on an expedition against Spain *from* or *through* the United States. So says the editor of the Aurora; and be it so. But what was Blount's or Chisholm's project, which this editor calls Mr. Liston's? According to the

letter of the Minister himself, who has furnished all the evidence on the subject, it was *to raise the King's standard on the Spanish territory, and take measures here for inducing a number of Americans to join it*. No logician, who has not been educated in the school of the Aurora, can find a difference between these two cases.

The editor of the Aurora indeed asserts, in his answer to the first query, that there is evidence of Mr. Liston's *having taken Chisholm into his employ*. This, however, is a direct falsehood, not in the editor, but in the person who gave him the information contained in this answer. That information cannot be found in any thing before the public, and it must relate to evidence, the particulars whereof it was the intention and resolution of the body which took it to keep secret. How it came into the Aurora, must be left to conjecture: but the writer of this article takes on himself to declare, that the above particular is perfectly false, and that there exists no such testimony as that "Mr. Liston took Captain Chisholm into his employ."

As to the other point, that the laws of the United States did not, in Genet's time, forbid our citizens from entering into foreign service for the purpose of committing hostilities against nations at peace with us, there are several observations to be made.

In the first place, the offence charged against our citizens was not, as this editor alleges, the having expatriated themselves and then entered into such service; but the having agreed to enter into such service while in this country, and then left it for that express purpose. This was always contrary to the laws of the United States, and was declared to be so by all the courts. A jury, indeed, acquitted a man who was charged with this offence, and even with having enlisted in foreign service in this country; but it is the courts, not the juries, to whom we are to look  
for

for a declaration of the law, it being their province to declare the law generally, while that of the jury is confined solely to the question whether the individual before them has been guilty of breaking the law? They do indeed sometimes acquit persons, whom, according to law, they ought to find guilty; but nobody, beside the editor of the Aurora, ever imagined that such acquittals were to be considered as declarations of law. The act of June 3, 1794, to which the editor of the Aurora alludes as having first declared this conduct to be criminal, was only in affirmance of what the courts had before declared to be law; and its object was to remove doubts, by giving a solemn legislative sanction to this decision of the courts, and to regulate the extent and nature of the punishment.

This editor, in support of his doctrine, asserts, that by the laws of neutrality, one power may recruit in the territories of another. If this were true, it would be nothing to the purpose; because, if the laws of neutrality would permit it, still the municipal laws of the neutral state might forbid it; but it is not true. Such enlistments are never made except in pursuance of treaties existing previous to the war; and in those treaties the manner and extent of the enlistments are exactly prescribed. To suffer them without such treaties, would be an act of hostility.

The people of neutral states do indeed go into foreign countries which are at war, and there enter into the service of those countries; and this we never forbade or complained of: but what we forbade, and Mr. Genet attempted, was to come into our country, and there engage our citizens to assemble on the territories of a nation at peace with us, in order to attack it.

Thus it appears that Mr. Genet attempted exactly the same thing which was proposed to Mr. Lister;

and that on both occasions it was equally contrary to law ; and yet the editor of the Aurora, in his patriotism, finds reason for upholding one while he abuses the other. The great and essential difference between the two cases, namely, that Genet contrived one project, and attempted its execution with the full approbation of his Government, while the other was contrived by people in this country, who having proposed it to the British Government, met with its disapprobation.

This is of a piece with his lamentations over the fate of M'Lean, who being a citizen of the United States, was employed here by the French Minister, to go into Canada and excite insurrection, for the purpose of aiding an invasion by the French. These lamentations breathe through the self-same columns which fulminate imprecations against the British Minister, for having merely heard propositions about an invasion of Florida, and transmitted them to his Government, fraught with his own disapprobation ! But M'Lean was employed by the French in breaking our neutrality. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ !*

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REPLY to Mr. B. F. Bache's Answer to the Queries put to him by Aristides.

The question (it will be remembered) is, whether the British Minister merely heard and transmitted to his constituents the project proposed to him for an attack upon some part of the Spanish territories adjoining to the United States ; or if, on the contrary, *there is evidence before the public*, that he approved, encouraged, and recommended it.

“ There is evidence (says B. F. Bache) that Mr. Liston took into his pay Captain Chisholm.”

Now in what does this evidence consist ?

Mr. Liston communicated to the British Ministry the plans of certain adventurers residing in the United States.

He did this (as it appears) by letter, towards the beginning of the present year, and accompanied his communication with his remarks.

Receiving no answer to his dispatches, and importuned by some of the speculators in question (who had become impatient to learn the fate of their propositions), the Minister sent a duplicate of the communication in the month of April; and he did this by one of the persons concerned, whom he furnished with a letter of introduction, that he might learn and bring back the decision of the English cabinet.

Having authorized this man to proceed to Europe, Mr. Liston thought it right to defray the expenses of his passage (which he did by making a bargain with the owner of the ship); a transaction that would not surely, in common language, be termed *taking Captain Chisholm into his employ*.

B. F. Bache told us, it is true, in a late number of the *Aurora*, that Mr. Chisholm was to serve the British as a guide up the Mississippi. If so, he must no doubt be paid for his services, and this might more properly be denominated *taking him into his employ*: but what evidence is there that such an idea was ever entertained? None but the assertion of B. F. Bache—his naked, unsupported, we may venture to add, groundless assertion.

“ There is evidence (continues Bache), that *after* Chisholm was intrusted with the dispatches, circumstances turned up, that made Mr. Liston doubt whether Mr. Chisholm was a safe man; and that he then thought it prudent, in a *last* letter to Mr. Hammond, to caution the Government against acting, until they heard from him by the next packet; from which caution we think it very plainly deducible that the plan was laid in the first dispatches, and that owing to the after-doubts which had arisen about Chisholm,

Chisholm, Mr. Liston conceived it advisable to stay the *execution*."

What is the proof produced in support of this charge?

From the particulars laid before the Committee of the House of Representatives, it appears, that after the departure of the vessel in which Chisholm was to embark for Europe, the British Minister learned with some surprise that he was still loitering in Philadelphia; but the delay was, on inquiry, found to be owing to the ship-master, or to causes on which Captain Chisholm could have no influence: so that if this trifling incident gave rise to *doubts*, they must have been of short duration.

But the proceedings of the Committee have brought to light another and a more important circumstance.

It seems that Chisholm had talked to some of his acquaintance of his projected voyage to England, and had hinted the purpose of his mission, and his hopes of success.

He cannot, it may be observed, have entered into much detail on the subject; for nothing is yet known of the nature of the enterprise, except what the British Minister had been frank, some people would say weak enough to impart, of his own accord, to the Secretary of State.

These conversations, however, are supposed to have made the Minister *doubt whether Chisholm was a safe man*.

But it is evident, that if Mr. Liston actually entertained suspicions on the subject, they were not extremely violent; for he would in that case have taken back the dispatches intrusted to Chisholm, and put a stop to his voyage, whereas he allowed him to proceed without molestation.

Yes; but (it is added) *the British Minister wrote a LAST letter to Mr. Hammond.*

Why,

Why, this may be. It is not an unnatural thing that Ministers, or indeed merchants, when the sailing of a vessel is delayed beyond expectation, should take the opportunity of writing a *LAST letter* to their correspondents abroad.

Aye—but we are acquainted with the contents of Mr. Liston's letter. He wrote *to caution the British Government against ACTING*.

How do you know that, Mr. B. F. Bache? Have you seen the letter? Have you talked to any one that has? Was the person to whom the packet was intrusted scoundrel enough to break it open, in order to give you this information?

“No, but I affirm it.”

Why, my good friend, if that is all, I affirm the contrary. I maintain that the confidential letter written by the British Minister to Mr. Hammond runs thus :

“DEAR HAMMOND,

“The bearer of my dispatches, forwarded by this opportunity (*the brig John Henderson*), is a well-meaning man ; and you may derive useful information from him. I have, however, reason to think him indiscreet ; therefore, get out of him all you can, but be cautious what you say to him in your turn : squeeze the lemon, as *old Frederick* said, and throw away the skin.

“Ever yours,

“R. L.”

But as you are perhaps conceited enough to prefer your edition of the letter to mine, I am ready to grant, for argument's sake, that the Minister actually requested that the British Government would abstain from *acting* until they heard from him again ; but what would this prove ?

It might perhaps show, that Mr. Liston conceived that there was a *possibility* that the English Ministry might, *contrary to his opinion*, be prevailed

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ed with to take certain steps in the prosecution of the business alluded to.

But what the English Minister might, or might not do, is not the proposition to be demonstrated. B. F. Bache was to prove, *from the evidence before the public*, that the plan was *laid* by the Minister here; that he had recommended it to his Government at home, and that his recommendations had had the desired effect. Now the writing of the supposed letter (admitting its authenticity) does not afford the slightest proof of the charge.

Fortunately however for Mr. Liston—if indeed he had any anxiety upon the subject—his opinion of the plan laid before him by our adventurers, the tenour of the report which he made concerning it to his Court, the tendency of the advice which he ventured to give his superiors, is not left to be investigated by casuistical reasoning, to be guessed at by flimsy conjecture, or to be distorted into criminality by the effrontery of assertion. There exist authentic documents to show that his correspondence stated strong objections to the extravagant project; “that his Court considered these very objections as sufficient to overbalance any advantages that could be drawn from the success of the plan; and, therefore, determined not to afford any assistance towards carrying it into effect.”

An official dispatch to this purpose (if not in the same words), written by the British Minister for foreign affairs (Lord Grenville), was confidentially communicated some time ago by Mr. Liston to the Secretary of State of the United States, and the original letter is perhaps at this moment in the hands of Mr. Pickering.

I must not omit to add a word or two on the subject of the comparison instituted by Bache between the British Minister, and a late apostle of sedition, Genet.

“ Mr.



“ Mr. Genet’s plan (says the editor of the *Aurora*) was to induce the citizens of the United States to emigrate, and rally round the standard of the French *without* the territory of the United States.”

That this was Mr. Genet’s plan is positively denied. It is known *with certainty* that he *granted commissions to General Clarke* and other officers, and attempted to raise troops *within* the jurisdiction of the United States.

But allowing Bache’s statement to be as true as it is false, and that the American citizens were to have emigrated before they received their commissions, or took up arms in favour of France, who has informed Mr. B. F. Bache that the proposals made to the British Minister were in any respect different? There is, on the contrary, reason to believe, that the very same modification of the infringement of neutrality was propounded to Mr. Liston. But the salvo, which according to Mr. Bache was sufficient to quiet the conscience of Citizen Genet, does not seem to have removed the scruples of Mr. Liston; for, mark the different conduct of the two Ministers.

Mr. Genet, of his own accord, *proposed, urged,* and, as far as depended on him, *executed* a plan for raising an army within the United States, for the invasion of the Spanish territories.

Mr. Liston *receives a similar proposal with coldness—makes a communication of it* to his employers *from a mere sense of duty*, and accompanies it with such *representations* as determine his Court to *reject the idea*.

Yet B. F. Bache has the hardihood to draw a parallel between these men.

Driven from every subterfuge, we perceive that he is likely to catch at the sheet anchor, which has been cast in despair by the Spanish Envoy.

“ The British Minister (Bache says) contemplated a violation of the territory of the United States by the  
passage

passage of troops and Indians in hostile array *through it.*"

He no doubt alludes to the fable of a projected expedition *from Canada to Upper Louisiana*, and if so, *there is no evidence before the public* on the subject, except the absurd assertion of an ill-informed young man. It may, on the contrary, be boldly maintained, that neither the British Government, nor the Governor of Canada, nor the English Minister to the United States, ever entertained a thought of any such project; that no such idea was ever suggested by the Blounts, the Chisholms, the Romaynes, or the other wrong-headed speculators, who may on this occasion have obtruded their ill-digested machinations on the notice of simple men: and it may be safely added, that no such balderdash would have been vamped up by the Chevalier de Yrujo, had he known in time that such specious pretexts, such sempiternal reasons for detaining the posts (as the uncertainty of the friendship of the Indians), had already been provided by the ingenious invention of Don Manuel Gayoso de Lemos.

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#### FRIDAY, 1<sup>st</sup> SEPTEMBER.

*Marfillac, the French Quaker.*—From the Salem Gazette.—There is now at Newport, Rhode Island, a *French preacher*, among the Friends, who is much admired and followed. He was an officer in the French cavalry until converted to quakerism. His life and manners are irreproachable, his doctrines simple, and strictly conformable to the purity and spirituality of that respectable sect.

This military convert, this modern Cornelius, does not attempt to dazzle his hearers by that glow of oratory so natural to his countrymen, but speaks with all that deliberation and mildness so remarkable among the Friends. He preaches but seldom, and  
when

when he does, he frequently pauses more than half a minute between his sentences. The purity of the heart, the worshipping in the spirit, the futility of ceremonies, and the joys of the New Jerusalem, are the faultless themes which fall from his deliberate tongue. Although he is so perfect a Friend in his doctrines and manner of public speaking, yet his drab-coloured plain clothes cannot conceal the genteel movements of the Frenchman, nor his broad beaver wholly veil that sagacious physiognomy and eye of fire which ever distinguishes the sons of old Gaul. The Friends esteem him a remarkable and very valuable convert, raised up by the great Head of the Church for some good and glorious purpose, while some of the wicked and uncharitable hesitate not to whisper their suspicions that he is an artful man, who means to become the *father confessor* of the whole flock. He may be what he seems, a well-meaning, conscientious man; yet it cannot be deemed illiberal, if so extraordinary a character should be followed by the eye of suspicion, seeing he comes from a nation who have systematized intrigue, even before Ignatius Loyola founded that influential order *the Society of Jesus*; who, by their machinations, were at one time in a fair way of governing all Europe.

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*Old Franklin's Charity.*—The late Doctor Franklin, in the more early part of his life, belonged to a debating society in Philadelphia. At one of their meetings it was the Doctor's turn to propose two questions, which were as follow: Who of all people in the world have the best memories? Second—Who of all people in the world have the worst memories? This occasioned much learned disquisition among the members. One argued, that people of the best memories are those blessed with health and strength, strong nerves, vigorous apprehensions, and in the prime of life.—Others pretended, that as me-

memory, like all other human faculties, is improvable, those have the best memories that, during a long course of education, had been obliged to learn much by heart, and thus became adepts in the art of remembering.—Multitudes of arguments were brought according to every one's fancy; but on the other question it was universally agreed that very old people must have the worst memories of any, as in the declining stage of human nature the nerves become weak, and the organization of the brain so far calloused as to retain but weakly the impression of past events. There was no end to the learned theories broached on the occasion: at last Franklin got up, and with *the gravest face in the world* informed the society, that of all men living, *creditors* had the best memories, and *debtors* the worst\*.

*Boston*

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\* Yes, he had the *gravest face in the world*, sure enough; and on the question here agitated he was the best qualified to speak, perhaps, of any man living. He was himself a complete instance of the truth he asserted. As a *creditor* he had the best, and as a *debtor* the worst, *memory* of any human being; witness his *legacy to the Pennsylvania Hospital*.

In that history of craft and meanness, called the "*Life of Doctor Franklin*," there is a Last Will and Testament, and in that Last Will and Testament there is a legacy to that most charitable and well-managed institution, the Pennsylvania Hospital. It consists, not of mortgages, bonds, and bank bills, but of the Doctor's *outstanding debts*: the aggregate sum was however great, and of course the world thought it descriptive of the donor's charitable disposition; but, unfortunately for the poor, the Doctor tacked on a *condition* to the legacy. The trustees of the Hospital were not to receive the debts due to the Doctor, but upon condition that they would take upon them to pay all those that he owed at the time of his death.—The *ledger* was delivered to them, but they soon found that they were bit. They went to several persons of indisputable character, and instead of having money to receive, they had *money to pay*.—To be short, (for who can bear to dwell on such a subject?) they sealed up the *ledger*, the *charitable ledger*, and returned it to the Doctor's executors, with the thanks and the blessings of the poor, the halt, the lame, and the blind.—Well might the Doctor say,

*Boston Humility. Spanish Minister.*—From a Boston paper.—Beware, citizens, of offering injury to the Spanish Minister, who is expected to be in town this week. Although it should be true, that he has insulted your national Government, and impeached the integrity of your constituted authorities at the bar of the people in his late publication; though it is believed he has conspired with French emissaries and American traitors to involve our country in a war with Great Britain, to separate our Western from the Atlantic States, and to engage our citizens in foreign service, to attempt the conquest of Canada, to gratify our friendly allies: though all this and more be believed to excite your indignation, you ought not to violate the laws of nations, nor outrage the rules of decorum, to gratify your resentment. You should recollect, that he is but an instrument in the hands of French missionaries, and that he has neither said nor done any thing injurious to our country, but what he has probably been compelled to by their imperious mandates. Besides, as a diplomatic character, it belongs only to our national Executive to punish him for his official misconduct. The citizens can with propriety do no more than to show their feelings by treating him with neglect. AN AMERICAN.

*Remarks.*—This American must be a very patient broad-backed creature: a sort of pack-horse patriot, I take it! He allows that the Spanish Minister has insulted the national Government, impeached the integrity of the constituted authorities at the bar of the

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say, that of all men living CREDITORS had the *best memories*, and DEBTORS the *worst*.

As the people of Britain have long been the dupes of this old man's hypocrisy, the publisher of the next London edition of his life will do well to subjoin this paragraph to the WILL by way of note.

people, conspired with French emissaries and American traitors to involve the country in war, and to separate the Western from the Eastern States : all this the gentle American allows ; but yet the *citizens* (as he cantingly terms the people), the *citizens* are *not to express their resentment* ; they are to do no more than *show their feelings* (it is a wonder it had not been their *warmest sensibility*) by treating him with *neglect* ! That is to say, they are to *show* their feelings by *disguising* them ! And why all this delicateness towards a strutting Spaniard, pray ? Because, forsooth, we are told “ he is but an instrument [*alias* tool] in the “ hands of the French missionaries ;” and because “ it belongs only to our national Executive to punish him for his official misconduct.”—Humph ! —Let’s see : I think I can recollect, when the *citizens* (as they are called) took the liberty to express their resentment, by something else besides *neglect*, towards the ministers and agents of another nation. The *citizens* burnt the British treaty before Mr. Hammond’s door, and insulted him (who had never insulted either them or the government), both as he was riding along the street, and in his own house ; and one *citizen* in particular, whom I could name, was in the year 1794, with much difficulty, prevented from coming to Philadelphia to *shoot him*. The good *citizens* of Norfolk (with the then Mayor at their head) marched in mob array to attack the house of the British Consul ; and did actually, like a Paris *canaille* of cut-throats, demand a victim to their wrath to be delivered up to them. The *victim* appeared well armed, and drove them off in disgrace. —The *citizens* of Charleston burnt Mr. Pitt in effigy ; and the *citizens* of Boston, and the Boston Centinel, did absolutely hold their tongues, and say not a word against such proceedings : they never advised them in those days to “ *show their feelings by neglect*.”

There

There is one material difference indeed : the British Ministers and Consuls had not the honour to be “instruments of the French missionaries,” which seems to be the only thing that sanctions the Don’s claim to an extraordinary degree of favour and politeness !—“ Love me, love my dog,” says the old precept ; and the kind and delicate *American* seems to think, that as it is our duty to love our dear sister republic, so we ought to love her “ instrument” also.

After all, I am not sure that the *American* does not wish to be understood as treating the subject ironically : I should have been certain that such was his intention, were I not daily and hourly witness of such till now unheard of and inconceivable traits of humiliation and dastardliness.

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*Mr. Liston defended against the Attacks of Bache.—To the Editor of the Aurora.—In Answer to the Queries proposed, and the Observations made by B. F. BACHE, respecting the Conduct of the British Minister.*

Query. “ Did not *Mr. Liston* draw up the plan of the expedition against the Louisianas and the Floridas ?”

No. *Mr. Liston* never drew up, or suggested, any plan of any expedition whatever.

He listened indeed to the projects of American speculators : he doubtless put into writing what they suggested in conversation ; and if he acted with prudence, he exhibited to the parties concerned a copy of what he had put upon paper, that he might judge whether he had fairly and fully stated their meaning.

But this is surely different from *drawing up the plan* of an expedition : as well might it be alleged of you, Mr. B. F. B. that when you print an account of the debates in the House of Representatives from the notes which you scribble in the Congress Hall, you

compose the harangues of the members. Now, though you may attempt to improve and embellish the declamations of the *patriots*, and though you mutilate and misrepresent the sentiments of honest men, it would not be true to say that you actually *drew up* their speeches.

The plan thus proposed to the British Minister, put in writing by him, and communicated to his superiors (as he made no difficulty in acknowledging), regarded the *Floridas, not Louisiana*. The project of an *attack from Canada* was never thought of till it was *drawn up* by the ingenious Knight of the distinguished order.

Q. "Did not Mr. LISTON *take into employ* Captain CHISHOLM and others, *citizens of the United States*, for the purpose of carrying into effect the said plan?"

No. *Mr. Liston* never took, never thought himself authorized to take any step, of any nature, for the purpose of carrying the plan into effect. He merely communicated the project to his Government.

Q. "Did he not pay the passage of *Chisholm* to England?"

Yes. Having charged *Mr. Chisholm* with dispatches to which he was to bring back the answer, *Mr. Liston* paid his passage out, and no doubt will pay his passage home if it is demanded\*.

Q. "Did not he (*Mr. Liston*) recommend *Mr. Chisholm* to his Government?"

No. And the Committee are in possession of papers which we believe tend to prove, that, had such a

\* It is even probable that the Minister may think it right to defray *Chisholm's* expenses while in England. But if so, when we consider the difficulties and delays that occur in the transaction of public business in old and corrupted countries, and the consequent probable protraction of his stay in London, we trust that the poor man's allowance will be more liberal than *Mr. B. F. Bache* seems inclined to suppose it (*twenty pounds*).



recommendation been asked, it would not have been granted.

Q. "Were not commissions promised to others, *citizens of the United States?*"

No. None were promised either to citizens or aliens. What hopes may have been entertained by sanguine projectors, or what loose conversation may have taken place among them in their moments of confidential intercourse, is a different question. None of the number, it is believed, would have the assurance to say that they ever imparted their golden dreams to the British Minister; and there would be injustice in rendering him responsible for their extravagance.

Q. "And were not overtures made in behalf of *Mr. Liston* to one person, if not more, *actually in the pay of the United States?*"

Most assuredly not—not by Mr. Liston's authority or with his knowledge. If Mr. Bache would mention particulars, and specify names, confutation would be easy. In the mean time the thing appears to approach to a moral impossibility. The promoters of the scheme for attack on the Spanish territory, as proposed to the British Minister, seem to have been of the number of those who call themselves the friends of liberty, the assertors of the rights of man, the only genuine lovers of their country; and of course, you know, the worst enemies of British connexions. Is it to be supposed then, that a British Minister *newly arrived* (for Mr. Liston had not been eight months in the country when this business commenced) would have dared to *make overtures* to men of this description, and those too *actually in the pay of the United States?* You might as soon make me believe that Mr. Liston has the custom of thrusting his fist into every hornet's nest he comes near, or that he bounces uninvited into the

meetings of the Democratic Society of Philadelphia.

No, my good man! if any overtures were made *on that occasion*, they were made to Mr. Liston, not by him. Now, indeed, that he has acquired a competent knowledge of the principles and characters of the faction, it would not be surprising if he assumed more courage and trod more boldly. For my own part I should not stare if I heard that he had made successful advances to the most renowned of their champions, the immaculate *Benjamin Franklin Bache* himself.

Q. "Were not overtures made in behalf of Mr. Liston to persons influential among the Indians?"

Never with his consent or knowledge.

Q. "And were not the Savages to be employed in the expedition?"

This was proposed, and objected to.

Q. "Was not *Chisholm* the bearer of *Mr. Liston's* plan?"

No. *Chisholm* was the bearer of his own plan and that of his associates.

Q. "And did *Mr. Liston* express in his dispatches to his superiors, any doubts of the propriety of carrying it into effect *out of respect to the United States*, or from motives of *humanity*?"

Yes. He stated these very motives, and expressed his doubts so strongly as to induce his superiors to throw aside the plan. This appears from the answer he received from them.

Q. "Were not his doubts entirely confined to the degree of confidence proper to be reposed in *Chisholm*, whom he began to distrust *just before* his departure?"

No. A slight comparison of dates will show that this could not possibly be the case.—*Mr. Liston's* dispatches, containing the doubts which damned the project, were forwarded in January; whereas *Mr.*

*Chisholm's*

Chisholm's departure (and of course the doubts supposed to have arisen *just before* it) did not take place till the latter end of March, or the beginning of April.

Q. "When called upon by our Government to declare whether he knew any thing of such an expedition, did not he (Mr. Liston) at first unequivocally *deny* it, then assert that though some such plan had been *proposed to him*, he had *discouraged it*?"

Here it is essential to make a distinction which Mr. Bache is anxious to confound.

Our Government mentioned to Mr. Liston, that the Spanish Envoy pretended "an expedition was *preparing on the Lakes* for an attack on the *Spanish posts in Upper Louisiana*."

The British Minister made answer, that *he knew of no such preparations, and did not believe they existed*.

He said true, no such preparations were ever made; no such expedition was ever thought of.

At a certain distance of time he is asked to say whether some other expedition had not been in agitation. He answers, that another had indeed been proposed (meaning the projected attack on Florida), but that the idea had not been approved of.

There is in all this nothing of contradiction or inconsistency. It is the plain and simple truth.

And every part of your premises being thus shown to be groundless or irrelevant, your conclusions, of course, must fall to the ground.

Your indecent accusation of the Secretary of State, resting, as it does, on the same baseless fabric, is involved in the equal ruin.

"Mr. Pickering (you say) was *early* acquainted with Mr. Liston's plan. He WELL KNEW its existence before he made any inquiry of the British Minister."

Now

Now it is impossible the Secretary could have any knowledge of a projected expedition *from Canada against Upper Louisiana*, for the plain reason that no such plan ever existed.

And he had no knowledge of the proposed attack on the Floridas till the discovery of Blount's letter; immediately after which, he made the inquiry of Mr. Liston, which produced an avowal of the fact under the Minister's own hand.

In all this there is nothing but what is proper, and indeed meritorious. But I feel that I must offend Colonel Pickering by stooping to defend him against your calumny.

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SATURDAY, 2<sup>d</sup> SEPTEMBER.

*Monroe's Baggage—For Porcupine's Gazette, Philadelphia, 30th August, 1797.*—The Irish democrat to whom the following letter was addressed, will not, I hope, be offended at my handing it to you for publication, seeing that I have erased all the names of private characters; and, as it is not a letter of such great importance as required filing away, I hope he will excuse me for thus indulging my wishes to let the public see what were the sentiments of the people of Richmond, in Virginia, on the arrival of *Citizen Monroe*, alias "*le Duc de Chanteloup's*" baggage at that place. But, lest a clamour should be raised about a breach of private confidence; or exaggerated stories should be told about the manner in which the owner became deprived of the letter, I conceive myself bound, not only to say how it fell into my hands, but to assure the democrat that I will at any time make him satisfactory acknowledgments for the liberty that I have taken. Meeting the penny-post yesterday, on my way to the coffee-house, I took my letters, four in number, from him in the street, and proceeded to open them as I walked on. On opening the last, I discovered from the signature that I  
must

must have committed a mistake, and which, on examining the superscription, was immediately explained; my name and the democrat's being *precisely the same*, though our *professions* are as different as our *principles*. I turned instantly to pursue the post, in order to seal and return the letter, but he was not to be seen. Having, on turning over the pages of this, to me, entertaining epistle, seen the name of *Monroe*, with sundry marks of quotation, and knowing the writer to be a speculating Jacobin who had been missing some two or three weeks from the coffee-house, my curiosity to run it over after I got home became irresistible. Conceiving that the *baggage* part of it is fit for nothing but public animadversion, I feel no scruples about the propriety of sending the letter entire, and just as I opened it, to you. And it is to be hoped, that the democrats will have more modesty than to say any thing about it, since they know, that, with them, such an act would be highly applauded. E. F.

"DEAR SIR, *Richmond, 24th August, 1797.*

"I arrived here last evening, without spending a day in George-town, as intended when I left Philadelphia. Mr. S——, whom I wished most to see, having gone to Annapolis the day before my arrival, and having an agreeable party in the stage as far as Frederickburgh, I concluded, after a late hour, to come on, which must be my apology for not writing to you from thence. Spending a few days in and about Frederickburgh, I came on with Mr. ———, in his carriage. Understanding, on my arrival last evening, that ——— was at home, and that there has never been less water known in James River than at this moment, it struck me that no better opportunity could possibly offer to examine the situation of the property on the canal and its vicinity, which we have understood is to be disposed of by different persons. In consequence, I concluded, urgent as I know our business at Fayetteville is, before I go to Tennessee,

see, to spend the forenoon of this day in making the necessary examination. This, I am pleased to tell you, I have done to my entire satisfaction; no person in town having the least knowledge of me until this evening. On passing about the mills and distillery, I threw myself as a sauntering stranger and careless observer in the way of ———, whom, you know, I wished more than any other person to see at this place. I affected not to notice him; but presently asked, as if by chance, a question that I suspected would produce observations on the subjects about which I wished information. I was not disappointed. In the course of a conversation that was very desultory on my part, he was given to understand that I was from a different part of the United States, and of very different pursuits from what I am. More I need not say now, only that I shall endeavour to return, if possible, so as to fall in with him on his passage to Philadelphia; a journey that I found he intends to take about the meeting of Congress. He has much of the gentleman about him, with a great appearance of openness and candour; but I suspect that he is a man of very sanguine schemes. The property on the canal is, beyond all question, immensely valuable.

“The forenoon being spent in this way, and having no other business here, I mixed in the course of the afternoon with different classes of the citizens of the town and country, as they were conversing freely in small parties on the shady side of the street; as well as at two or three billiard-tables. I was not a little surprised, you may be sure, to find every where the conversation to be on the subject of our friend Monroe’s baggage, which had arrived this morning, and, from the surprising quantity, had attracted the attention of the inhabitants. I must suppose, and therefore hope, that the accounts in circulation on this subject have been greatly exaggerated, though

though they were precisely the same in all companies, viz. "That there are now stored seventy-six packages, " and that it is not near all which he brought in with " him." For it would give me great concern to find this current report to be strictly true; not that I think that any appearance of the increased wealth of this *manly, independent, and virtuous* citizen, ought to lessen that *unbounded* confidence which the true *patriots* of America have in him; but, because it will give the *Anglo-monarchico-aristocratic* party a fine handle to *calumniate* and *satirize* this *faithful patriotic servant*, who has deserved so well of *France* and the *uncorrupted* part of *America*. If that horrible bespatterer of honest *patriotic fame*, *Porcupine*, should hear of this affair, what nuts will it be for him! I dread to see the *picture* that *he* would draw of it. For really, if the whole of the packages now stored in one of the largest warehouses in town, are filled with nothing but the baggage and furniture of Citizen Monroe and his family, it will very ill comport with the humility of a republican character. I therefore most sincerely wish, for consistency's sake, that it had been sent by different vessels, and in smaller cargoes, and to different merchants:—for would you believe that seventy-six packages were actually counted by one of the aristocrats, a merchant, this morning? At least this is the report; and some of them are so enormously large, that I saw myself a gentleman upon an elegant curiously marked horse (and who appeared to be a good horseman) nearly thrown in the streets; so frightened was his horse at the appearance of some of the packages as passing along upon drays. But what irritated me more than any thing else was, the many very ill-natured remarks which I heard. One said that "it was only the " *van* of this very *humble democrat's* baggage:" and it is affirmed with confidence, that it is but a small proportion of what he brought to Philadelphia. Others " wondered

“wondered if Mr. Monroe was found a vessel by  
 “Government, as it appeared that he must have had  
 “one to himself.”—“The freight,” said some mer-  
 chants, “upon the seventy-six packages now here,  
 “would, according to the common rule of charging  
 “amount to at least 4000 dollars—Is it reasonable  
 “that such a cargo should have been brought for  
 “any individual at the public expense?”—“’Tis a  
 “much greater sum,” said another, “than ever Mr.  
 “Monroe was worth, or could have commanded at  
 “any one time of his life before he went to  
 “France.”—“All I know,” said a fourth, “is, that it  
 “is a d—d deal more than he took with him.”—  
 “Would you have had him to have declined pur-  
 “chasing the furniture of some of the nobility who  
 “had lost their heads, because he might have been  
 “permitted to get it for *little or nothing*?” replied a  
 fifth. “Or,” rejoined a sixth, “would you have  
 “had him to have been so uncivil as to refuse a compli-  
 “ment, if offered, from his friends *Barras* and Co.  
 “at parting?” In short, Sir, I heard so many severe,  
 illiberal, and ill-natured things said, that, but for my  
 resolution not to discover myself, I should have en-  
 tered warmly into a justification of our *patriot* friend’s  
 conduct and principles. And I was extremely dis-  
 gusted to find, that not one of the very few republicans  
 in this place had the resolution to say any thing in  
 his favour: on the contrary, the two or three whom  
 I saw, sneaked out of every company, on hearing  
 the laugh set up, with a—“There’s your *marks of*  
 “*democracy* for you! there’s your *modest democratic*  
 “*republican*, with a little ship-load of baggage and  
 “furniture, while that *aristocrat*, General Marshall,  
 “is gone out in a vessel, the cabin of which is so  
 “crammed with cargo-goods, that the passengers can  
 “scarcely pass and repass each other, and with only  
 “one chest of baggage.”—“But,” interrupted ano-  
 ther *sneerer*, “to be sure great allowances ought to  
 “be



“ be made for the increased wealth of a Minister  
“ returning from a nation celebrated for their bounty  
“ *on certain occasions*, and to whom he had rendered  
“ himself so *deservedly dear*, that they could not con-  
“ ceal their chagrin and resentment at his recall.—  
“ What harm then, if he should have accepted of a  
“ few articles on taking leave of his dear Barras  
“ and Co. just by way of *keep-fakes?*” To repeat all  
that I heard on this trifling and truly unimportant  
circumstance, would swell this address, already be-  
yond the usual bounds of a letter, to an unreason-  
able length. I will therefore only add, that I intend  
going to Petersburg in the morning; our friend, the  
only person to whom I have made myself known,  
having this evening kindly offered to give me a seat  
in his single-horse chaise. From thence I must hire  
a horse to Fayetteville, &c.; for Mr. —, by whom  
I expected to have been accommodated, as he pro-  
mised when in Philadelphia last winter, has gone,  
I understand, some distance in the Upper Country  
upon some law business.

“ You will, no doubt, shew this to Citizen  
Swanwick, who will as certainly communicate to  
Citizen Monroe that part which relates to him—and  
if the residue of his baggage has not already been  
shipped for this place, I think he will see the pro-  
priety of forwarding it to Frederickburgh, where he  
has more friends, and from whence, I am told, the  
distance to Charlotteville is very little more than  
from this place. I would recommend your not say-  
ing any thing to Mr. ——— about purchasing his  
property on the canal until my return. But you  
may continue to advance with *apparent* reluctance,  
from time to time, as his necessities will require, at  
*least* to the amount which we concluded upon before  
we parted.

“ I am, &c.”

MONDAY,

MONDAY, 4<sup>th</sup> SEPTEMBER.

*The revolutionized Dutch.*—Most of the Batavian troops destined for the Batavian expedition, have reached the Helder and Texel, where to-morrow morning a beginning will be made to embark them on board the transports which are ready for sea. General Daendels has not yet returned from Zwoll, whither he is gone to inquire into the circumstances which have induced the troops quartered in that town, *to oppose their intended embarkation*; two companies of the troops at Delft have likewise *refused to go on board the transports*.

The provincial administration of Holland has published a reply to the letter of the Convention, wherein the province of Holland *was threatened with military execution*, in case the arrears of contribution were not immediately discharged by that province.

*Remarks.*—Now what honest heart does not rejoice at this treatment of the Dutch?—*Military execution!* that's right, that's good, that's just! These are muddy-headed, cowardly, ungrateful villains, who opened their gates to the savages of Gaul, and who basely attempted the life of the descendant of those who had made them a nation, and who had ever been their shield and buckler. Squeeze them, good Carmagnoles; I pray you squeeze them, till you have got the very marrow of their bones. Bleed them, good guillotineers, till, like the patients of our famous Sangrado, they are fit for nothing but a coffin. Leave not a drop in their veins! leave not a single drop, for the love of *liberty!* shave them an inch beneath the skin: rasp down their blubber cheeks till they are shapen like your own monkey jowls. You are all brethren now, and you should all look alike, lest strangers should suspect there are bastards in the family. If they are too thick and short, hang them up an hour or two to stretch.

Venice

*Venice and Parma.*—We learn with astonishment, that besides the heavy contributions which we are forced to pay the French, they have yet added claims upon the productions of the arts. The lions in bronze at the arsenal, the horses of the same metal, which we took in 1300 from Constantinople, forty paintings at their own discretion, besides manuscripts and other antiquities, must be ready at the shortest notice for the fleet going to Toulon, a fleet which we once called our own. The Duke of Modena seems very tranquil, though he has been taken by his former vassals for debt. The Duke of Parma is the only one who escapes for the present, in consequence of the alliance between Spain and the French republic.

*Remark.*—This is wrong. The Duke of Parma should not have *escaped*; they all deserve to be treated alike. Only think of their laying their dear fingers on the lions in bronze, that the poor Venetians were so proud of! It was, however, a charity to take away every thing that served to remind them of their former glory. I wish it never may be a charity to efface from the minds of Americans the recollection of their courage and fortitude during the revolutionary war.

*Lyons.*—From the complexion of several of the Paris journals, it appears that France is in considerable agitation; the cause is said to be the return of swarms of emigrant priests, who have been preaching up the necessity of restoring the old government, and have in some places incited the people to *open rebellion against the Directory*. At Lyons, and in the neighbouring departments, many persons have lost their lives; but the constituted authorities are uniting to suppress these licentious proceedings.

*Remarks.*—Thus it appears that poor Lyons is again to be devastated. Its streets ran with blood in 1794; but this was not enough. It is again to be

dragooned, under the pretext of suppressing its *rebellious spirit*. Rebellion, against whom? The miscreants of this infernal age have changed the meaning of words. Slavery is become liberty, treason is become patriotism, and loyalty rebellion.

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*Embassy to Lille.*—*London, July 13.* One of the Paris journals, speaking of the negotiation, says, “The British Cabinet has had the courage to send back Lord Malmesbury to treat with the Republic.—Lord M. has had the courage to accept this mission; and the Directory, esteemed, respected, and feared throughout Europe, has had the courage, owing to its love of peace, not to treat with the contempt it merits, this *want of respect* on the part of an enemy who sues for peace, who is in want of it, but who demands it with *insolence*.”

*Remarks.*—Want of respect! Insolence! what! to Regicides? The mushroom tyrants are stung to see that England cannot, like the rest of their enemies, be brought on her knees.—No; England will make, will command an honourable peace, or she will make none; and all that our fell scoundrel Bache says respecting her deserting of Portugal, is as false as his hireling heart.

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*Adet and Talleyrand.*—*Paris, July 14.* We are assured that the Directory has just made a change in the Ministers, and has named for foreign affairs *M. Talleyrand Perigord*, formerly Bishop of Autun; for the marine, *M. de Hoc*, Ex-minister of France at the Court of Berlin; and Minister of Justice, *M. Desmuniers*, Ex-constituent. It is added that the Directory will keep *Ramel* as Minister of Finance.

*M. Adet*, our Ambassador at Philadelphia, appears not to have brought with him the friendship of our *sisters*, the *Republics* of the United States; but to make up for this, he is arrived at Paris, accompanied with

with different rare animals, such as a ———, a black snake, and three rattlesnakes. Thus, if he has not the consolation to enrich our diplomatic cabinet with a treaty of friendship between us and the Americans, he has at least that of peopling our menagerie with some *mischievous reptiles*. There is nothing like a *Republic*; it knows how to make the most of every thing.

*Remarks.*—Now, Reader, don't set this back stroke at *republicanism* down to my account. It is extracted from a Boston paper, for which it was translated from the French. The Parisians, you see, begin to talk a little cavalierly upon the tender subject; and I would have you prepare your mind for further impertinencies of the same nature; for republicanism is certainly on the decline at Paris, and the word will ere long be banished by the French to the regions of burlesque.

*Talleyrand Perigord* is now Minister of *Foreign Affairs*. Citizen Adet did not expect this when he used to make the poor apostate Bishop kick his lame heel in his entry at Philadelphia. Now Perigord's turn is come; the citizen must blow his fingers at the apostate's door, and may very probably become his shoeblack.

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*Genoa.*—While the French Government journal would persuade us that General Bonaparte and the French Republic have not operated the revolutionary movements of Genoa, the *provisional* government of that *provisional democracy* thank General Bonaparte, and the French Republic, for having *efficaciously co-operated in the regeneration of the country*.

*Remarks.*—That's right. Robbing you is not enough; they should insult you besides, and they will do it too. The silly Genoese would not believe Admiral Hervey, when he told them that the *fansculottes* would make a prey of them sooner or later.

They looked bluff then, prated about their *neutrality*, and boasted of their *independence* and their *batteries*. Now where are all these fine things? I would hold the fate of this little pitiful *republic* up as an example to this country, but I am afraid it would be useless. The fraternizing scoundrels will have their arms round us, in spite of all that can be said or done, if JOHN BULL makes peace with them.

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*Spanish Prize.*—London, July 11. Saturday, Captain Paget, of the navy, arrived at the Admiralty-office with dispatches from the Earl of St. Vincent, containing an account of several captures made by the English. The Officer also brought advice, that the Raven brig, commanded by Captain James, had taken a Spanish galleon worth 300,000*l.* sterling!

*Remarks.*—That's a good haul, says *John Bull*. Put it in your pouch, John, there's a good fellow, and don't squander it away upon a nest of German, and Dutch, and Italian rascals. Stop till markets are low, John, and then buy Brest, or Toulon, or Dunkirk, with it. But get sure possession before you pay.

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*French Gull-trap.*—JOSEPH ANTHONY IDLINGER, Civil Ordonnator of the Northern Department in the Island of St. Domingo, to Citizen Mozard, Consul of the French Republic at Boston.

CITIZEN,

I seize the opportunity offered me by Citizen ———, who returns to America, to desire you to encourage the merchants residing in the different ports within your consular precinct, to send here salted provisions, that article being very scarce now.

Our cultivation has been much improved of late, and such merchants as would speculate on this object may depend on a real benefit.

*Republican*

*Republican virtue* and close application to agriculture are the order of the day among the French of Hispaniola, and the value of colonial produce during the fifth year has been tenfold to what it was during the course of the fourth. This is the true situation of the department intrusted to my care.

Greeting and friendship.

(Signed)

IDLINGER.

*Remarks.*—Yes, yes, Citizen, all this is very fine; but we have tasted rather too severely of your “*republican virtue*” to be caught in your trap again.—So you want more “*salted provision*,” do you? And you think that a vulgar canting scrawl, with *liberty* at the top of it, will inveigle our merchants into your ports? No, no, poor devil, you may starve for them. Your *liberty* has no longer any charms. It is become a most detestable thing, since we have lost twenty millions of dollars by it. The shop-windows in Philadelphia are no longer filled with tri-coloured cockades.

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TUESDAY, 5<sup>th</sup> SEPTEMBER.

*Barney's Cowardice.*—Extract of a letter from Norfolk, 24<sup>th</sup> August.—“You will, without doubt, have ere this seen in the newspapers, the vaunting letter of Commodore Blockade. He tells his friend that he has escaped the *vigilance* of the British, which is well enough to amuse the silly and yet duped populace of some of our seaport towns; but *you* should be informed of the real state of the case. The fact is, the Commodore and his crews, or rather his *gangs*, grew tired of a port where shame and contempt attended them at every step; and in order to deliver them from this uneasy and disgraceful durance, a mode more *safe* than that of fighting their way out, was fallen upon.

“In some chapter (God knows which) of the

law of nations it is written, that the vessels of one belligerent power shall not use the waters of a neutral state to block up the vessels of another belligerent power. With this, for us, fortunate provision in hand, the French Consul here applied to the federal Government to clear the mouth of our harbour. This application produced a letter from the British Minister, requesting Commodore Mowat to retire from within the waters of the United States (that is to say, *nine miles* from the shore), and let the *scum* swim out.

“ The Commodore complied ; and this it was that gave the red-headed blunderer an opportunity of getting off, and not either his address or his courage. The British vessels were reduced to *two* a fortnight before he sailed, and of those *two* neither was a *ship of the line*, as he falsely asserts. Commodore Mowat’s ship is a fifty gun, and the other a frigate of less force than either of the vaunting Gallico-Americans ; and the *number of men on board* were not nearly equal to that of his crews : so that his force was, for the last fifteen days, at least, *actually superior to that of the enemy* by whom he *basely suffered himself to be blockaded*, and whose vigilance he even *boasts having escaped*.

“ So much for Barney’s *bravery*. He is brave, my dear Sir, when he meets a defenceless merchantman, or when a poor negro, who has the dreadful misfortune of being his slave, is crouching beneath his lash ; but that kind of bravery that manfully meets its match, and scorns to yield unwounded even to superior force, he knows no more than a hog knows of cleanliness, or a republican Frenchman of freedom and humanity.”

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*French and Spanish Fraternity.*—Extract of a letter from the Havanna, dated the 14th ult.—“ The ship Asia has been recaptured a few days ago in the Old Straits, by a Providence privateer, who sent her for that port, where no doubt she must be safe arrived.



rived. The privateer that took her arrived two days before the prize-master of the ship, who was put on board an American schooner by the English. The French are *almost distracted on account of the loss of that ship*. The privateers that were here (except one) are gone to cruise on your coast for the fall ships from England. A few days ago *seven American vessels from Jamaica were sent in here by one privateer*; they are *immediately sold* under security of their *condemnation* being *procured from the Cape*, which is a thing of course\*."

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*The Death of Burke.*—The DEATH of the Right Hon. EDMUND BURKE has been some days announced to the public through the channel of other papers. The news having been taken from a fanculotte paper of Newcastle, I was in hopes it was false; but with the sincerest sorrow am compelled, from papers that I have since seen, to believe it but too true.

The exit of this great man, the most eloquent of orators, and the profoundest of statesmen; the ornament of his country, and the prop of sinking liberty, morality, and religion: this cruel stroke of the ruthless destroyer has, as might be expected, called forth the exulting malice of the still more ruthless sons of *liberty* and *equality*. When the eagle falls from his lofty perch, birds of ignoble

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\* I dare say this will be produced as a proof of the "returning spirit of *moderation* and *justice* in our allies." I dare say it will, not only by Bache and Greenleaf, the confessed hirelings of France, but also by all that numerous and equivocal species of newsmongers falsely styled *impartial*. The pigeon livered gentry are fighting for nothing but a *reconciliation* with our dear displeased sister; they stand watching for a moment's cessation of her blows to rush into her arms, to hang sobbing on her neck, and beseech her to forgive our transgressions. My dear whining gentlemen, when you put up your petitions for the nations in general, don't include me, I pray you. I will never knuckle to the plundering, stabbing strumpet.

flight insultingly flutter from their hidden roofs; the owl hoots, and the buzzard croaks for joy.

The literary buzzard, through whose foul vehicle Mr. Burke's death was first communicated to the public, takes the following malicious peck at his memory: "*Our obituary of this week,*" says he, "*announces the exit of Edmund Burke, the great, but eccentric orator and author, at one time the redoubted champion of public liberty, and in the evening of his life* ITS VENAL AND DETERMINED FOE."

Most certainly the memory of Edmund Burke stands in need of no defence; yet, gratitude for the pleasure and instruction I have derived from his Herculean, invaluable, and immortal labours, impels me, and will ever impel me, as long as I have the means, to give publicity to whatever may tend to the shame and confusion of his base and remorseless calumniators.

With this motive it is, that I shall here subjoin a defence of Mr. Burke's *consistency*, from the letters of *Thomas Townsend, Esq.* It may not be amiss to observe previously, that the charge of *inconsistency* is the only one which his vile slanderers ever think of bringing against him.

This is the old worn-out monotone string on which they are everlastingly harping. It has for years past been the *Alpha* and *Omega* of all the seditious paragraphs, pamphlets, and harangues of the scribbling and spouting Jacobins of Britain.

"But," says Mr. Townsend, "in all he said and did respecting America, there was not a single sentiment, impliedly or directly, favouring of the savage eccentricities which are broached with so much rage by modern theorists. There were no allusions to visionary doctrines of government; no abstract imaginary rights; no wanderings through infinite space, to jostle upon new expedients in legislation. In no one page of his writings at that period, can

be found any chimerical designations for the perfection of human nature ; in none of his volumes can you discover man unfledged, and plucked of all his habitudes, modes of mind, and disposition of heart—standing an abstract *crop*, a rifled metaphysical thing, to be forged and hammered into any fantastic shape to which the decree of a Convention may doom him. Till Mr. Burke can be convicted of slumbering in his mind, and having his dreams disturbed with the *incubus* of theory, and his fancy swarming with all sorts of monstrous phantoms of government, I must defy you, or any man, be he who he will, to prove his dereliction of his principles.

“ I proceed now to inquire in what degree this gentleman’s conduct, immediately since the French revolution, accords or disagrees with that which has distinguished his political life. It is unnecessary for me to premise those throes of languishing authority which preceded that extraordinary occurrence ; they are well known to the world. The ancient and venerable column of French royalty, *covered with the hoar of innumerable ages*, was thrown from its base.

“ Push’d by a wild race

“ From off its base,

“ Rome, like a giant statue, fell.

“ Its mighty fall crumbled its ancient buttresses, the nobility and the clergy, in the dust ; and the noise of its ruin thundered awfully in the ears of Europe.

“ This astonishing ruin was no sooner effected, without any provident regard to supply the want of its old control being taken, when all the *pacts and sects that ebb and flow by the moon*, opened each his stock in trade ; and theories and systems of government were, as Falstaff says, to be bought as cheap as stinking fish. Some of the readiest handicraft legislators proposed the re-election of the slump of the

old column, chipped and mutilated as it was. Accordingly it was set up, and a most lugubrious caricature of monarchy it was. Englishmen, too saturnine in their nature to work levities themselves, have ever trusted to France, the European warehouse of follies, for what they did not care to invent; and hardly had this scene been performed in Paris, when congratulations and addressees were uttered without number from some philosophical politicians in London, to those of the same sect in France. These adventurers in gratulation, these unshorn volunteers in panegyric, did not wait to see what was compounding by the chemical politicians in Paris: the caldron was smoking; and how it was heated, or what its contents were, it was not worth the labour of those generous gentlemen to inquire: they had praise enough to bestow; and they knew there was no commodity in which they were so rich, and could part with, with so magnanimous an indifference to the propriety of distribution. They saw every thing that was going on in France through the thick fog which surrounded it: all was undefined and vast in this haze; and so much greatness was considered as imitable, without allowing any thing for the vapoury medium, which exaggerated by false bulk the limits of what was beheld. While the legislators of France were thus—

“ ——— murdering impossibility to make

“ *What could not be slight work;*

new doctrines were broached in this country, and the pulpit of Christian Peace, and the board of political feasts and revelling, were incongruously affixed as places meet for the promulgation of such opinions.

“ That the election of our Kings, cashiering them when the people are out of humour with them, and framing a government for themselves, were sanctioned

by the British constitution, was confidently maintained. Notions so flagrantly false were thus instilling into the public mind, while the great mass of the nation was passively slumbering in a muffled, lethargic indifference to the public danger: so deleterious a poison called for a rapid and efficient antidote: the period was interesting, alarming, and astounding. In France every thing was overcast, portentous, and uncertain: a doubtful shade of confusion obfuscated the times, and through the gloom the dogs of havock were heard to howl—*que canes ululare per umbram*. In England his Majesty's right to the hereditary throne of his ancestors was a commonplace discussion among the clubs of the day. Summoned by such a terrifying necessity, Mr. Burke opposed himself to those flagitious discussions, which would have been (if not combated at that juncture) the heralds of a revolution in this country. He was, if this use of Plato's term may be allowed, the one on this great occasion.

“ When tempests of commotion, like the south  
 “ Borne with black vapour, do begin to melt,  
 “ And drop upon our bare unarmed heads,

such a man is an host: he unrolled the scroll of the British constitution, explained the simple explicit compact between all the orders and members of the community, and expounded the true constitutional import of each august period, which has secured with additional ramparts the invaluable treasure of British liberty. He looked into the very essence of government, considered as it should be as a *practical science*; showed the wonderful complexity in that great compound of protection and duty, the two correlative hinges upon which the happiness of man in society must ever turn; and exposed the jejune, bald, starveling projects of every pert, addle-brained theorist, who, rejecting the experience of ages, and too  
 proud

proud of his flatulent conceits to consider the nature of associated *covenanted* man, would make the crudities of his own head the standard of mortal happiness and wisdom.

“ In rendering this vast service to his country, where is his inconsistency to be found ? During the American war, his love of his country urged him to condemn a conflict in violation of liberty—of British liberty and justice, which threatened a momentous loss to the State. Since the French revolution, the same motive, a love of his country, and her freedom, determined him to stand forward in their defence, against all the terrors which (yawning wide) threatened to engulf that constitution which gives this empire its ascendancy among the nations of the world : against all the disastrous frenzies which have rocked to its base almost every State in Europe, against all that has been poured from the foul jaws of every blatant bellower of sedition, this great man has stood unmoved. He has stood forward to oppose the death-flood of French madness, to raise a mound against its current, which may make it retrocede to its polluted sources ; and that he has done by arousing the *mind* of his country. In defending the laws and liberties of his country, he has shown that monarchy, religion, nobility, and freedom, are the well-twisted strands of the cable which hold the political bark : no one of them can sustain, in the mighty whirl of State tempests, the trust consigned to it ; it will yield like a cobweb ; but, whilst we keep them in the close-blended twist which the cautious zeal of our ancestors has given them, and have found hearts aboard, the winds may rise, and the waters roll in harmless sublimity.”

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*American Elections.*—From North-Carolina.—  
 “ Hey-day ! Mr. Printer, bad times are come about—  
 bad to us poor voters, that we must not eat roast  
 pigs,

pigs, lamb and chicken pies—that a man has not a right to do as he please. Fye upon it ! Mr. Printer ; this will never do.—A’nt we in a land of liberty ? A’nt we a free people ? What did we take Cornwallis’s army for, or obtain our independence, but that we should have *barbecues*, with plenty of grog, *without money and without price*, whenever Mr. R. and Mr. S. should offer for members of the Assembly ? And I would be glad to know, Mr. Printer, what other good our Assembly-men do us ?—A’nt they well able to afford it ? Don’t they vote their own way, and give themselves 25s. a day, besides their travelling expenses ? Ought we not therefore to have a share ? It is true, our sheriff, on opening the poll, reads a terrible oath he says they must take before they are admitted to their seats, about giving away any gifts, gratuity, or reward, either directly or indirectly ; but that is their own look-out, and no concern of ours ; we follow the good old apostle’s advice—“ Eating [and drinking] whatever is set before us, asking no question for conscience sake.”—Yes ! Mr. R. and Mr. S. are clever, generous fellows, and I will vote for them all my life, if I can get *barbecues*, and have plenty of grog, *without money and without price*—that’s the fun of it, Mr. Printer ; for who could ask it on easier terms than for a silly vote, which we must give to somebody, and it is little matter to us to whom ? But I fear bad times are now coming on—bad, indeed, for they would wish to prevent our candidates from showing their generosity, mixing with the common people, levelling all distinctions, and exercising the true inequality of the rights of man.—Curse on their aristocratical sentiments, I say. For my part, however, I am determined, let them say what they will, to vote for Mr. R. as long as he offers, and gives roast pig and brandy, *without money and without price.*”

Thus

Thus is observable the decline of virtue and independence in our country, from whence the most dreadful consequences must ensue. In many countries we find men, without character, and without parts, insidious in their attempts, giving barbecues and a little knavish cheer, thereby deluding the ignorant, and cajoling them out of their best privilege of freemen. Hence we too often see the same mean spirit of electioneering prevailing in the legislature, whereby the dignity and honour of the State is too frequently prostituted to the greatest sycophants and timeservers; and persons destitute of talents, virtue, or respectability, elected to the highest offices.—Not many years past it may be remembered that the legislature was composed of many men of the first talents and information, and possessed of true republican virtues; but now, alas! the business of electioneering has become so base in its name, that those characters are generally excluded, either for the want of knavery or a degenerate mind. What may we not expect from a situation like this, where sycophancy is too commonly the ladder of promotion? How often do we see men selling their liberty of choice for the lowest of all prices, a drink of grog? Worse than the patriarch of old, who sold his birth-right for a mess of porridge, may we not expect soon to become bondmen and servants to fools and knaves, worse masters than even Pharaoh?—*O tempora! O cives! O mores \*!*

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\* All this is bad enough, to be sure. It is shocking work to suffer a man to barbecue himself into Congress; but the North Carolinians never yet sent to Congress (or at least to my knowledge) a *bankrupt*, or a man that had made a *fraudulent transfer of his property*! To make such choices as these is the exclusive privilege of the State, which boasts of being an example to the rest of the Union.—A precious example truly!

Santhorax



*Santhonax firing American Towns.*—Extract of a letter from London, June 5.—“The Administration here has received a letter by a Mr. Morris, who says he was at St. Domingo, and in the confidence of Santhonax: that Santhonax hired a number of persons to go into the United States, and set fire to the populous towns: that some had returned, received their reward, and had gone thence again: the writer mentions their names: one of the Ministry has furnished Mr. King a copy of the letter †.”

WEDNESDAY,

† This, if fact, caps the climax, I think, of French *friendship*. This is “drawing closer the bonds which unite the two nations,” with a vengeance!

Some persons will say, that it is impossible the thing should be; and, seven years ago, I would have said so too; but we have now the book of experience open before us, and if in our reasoning we proceed like the mathematicians, from the known to the unknown, I fancy it will not require a communication from Mr. King, or any body else, to convince us of the existence of this most hellish plan of destruction.

What is the deed, however base and horrible its nature, from which the French have shrunk? Where is the instance of their having pardoned an offence against their pride? and what is the means of vengeance that they have left unemployed?

Can it be supposed that those who erected assassination into a virtue, by fixing the bust of the bloody Ankerstrom in their legislative chamber, and who promulgated their debates on the decree for raising a corps of 1200 assassins; can it be supposed that those who ordered a populous and superb city, the second in their country, and in some respects the first in the world, to be reduced to ashes; can it be supposed that such monsters would hesitate a moment to spread the horrors of conflagration through the towns of a people who had wounded their upstart pride by rejecting all their overtures of blasting fraternity? Such a supposition would be a direct contradiction to every principle of reason, and to all the lessons of experience.

And what is the moving cause; who is the master agent to whom the desolating expedition is imputed? *Santhonax—the philanthropic Santhonax!* the incendiary general, the fell destroyer of the finest island in the creation. Would he who could with raptures behold the volumes of flame ascending to the skies from the town of Cape François, and who could revel amidst its succeeding horrors; would  
such

WEDNESDAY, 6<sup>th</sup> SEPTEMBER.

*French Depredations.*—Extract of a letter from a very respectable mercantile house in London, to a gentleman in Boston, dated 5th July.—“ We think  
 “ it right to remark, for your information, that the  
 “ late accounts from your side, of your coast being  
 “ much infested by French privateers, and of several  
 “ American vessels having been captured by them ;  
 “ that insurance has risen to ten guineas per cent. and  
 “ we fear is not likely to be lower the present sea-  
 “ son, unless the negotiations, now going on at  
 “ Lisle, should end in an immediate peace (which  
 “ does not here seem to be much expected) ; in  
 “ which case, insurance will soon fall to the old pre-  
 “ mium. The critical situation of affairs, in this re-  
 “ spect, and the general apprehensions entertained  
 “ here, that a rupture between your country and  
 “ France is inevitable, will materially curtail the  
 “ shipments generally to America the present sea-  
 “ son.”

*Remarks.*—This extract has all the air of authenticity about it. The letter from which it is taken is of a date nearly as late as any received from Europe, and it contains a clear proof, that affairs with regard to America are not mended in the opinion of the mercantile people of Europe. Insurance has risen to *ten guineas*, a tax on America of *ten per cent.* upon every farthingworth of property that sails from Britain hither ; and, as almost all our necessary imports are from that country, the total loss to us is immense.

We are too apt to view these injuries in the gross, without examining how they affect us individually.

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such a wretch, think you, feel a moment's remorse at the destruction of every town in America ? As well might you think that the wolf would spare the lamb, merely on account of his being of a different flock from that he had been used to feed on.

The

The farmer is too apt to think that this additional burden on the commerce does not weigh on his shoulders ; but let him recollect, that he pays his share of this *ten per cent.* on the cloth, the linens, the cottons, the stockings ; in short, almost on every article of dress, and of great part of the furniture used in his family. If, then, he expends only ten pounds a year in this way, one pound of those ten he is robbed of by the rascally Carmagnoles, the *dear allies* of his country.

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*Kosciusko at Philadelphia* \*.—From Claypoole's paper of this morning.—“General Kosciusko, we learn, has left the city, on a visit to General White, of New-Brunswick. Before he left town, we understand, a gentleman in office presented him with a land-warrant, to which he was entitled by his services, and intimated there was a sum of money due to him for his services in the cause of this country. We understand that the General signified, that, *whilst fortune smiled upon him at home, he had no intention of receiving any pecuniary reward from the United States*, but that, in his present circumstances, *he should not decline the acceptance of what appeared to be his due*. We believe that, with principal and interest, his pay will not amount to less than 18 or 20,000 dollars, as the General entered into the service as a Colonel of Engineers, in October 1776, and remained till the end of the war. The land-warrant, we are told, the General presented to a Welsh farmer, of the

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\* Where he arrived on the 18th of August. On the 9th, Porcupine's Gazette contained the following article respecting him :

“The Polish General *Kosciusko* was yesterday dragged from the water-side to his lodgings by men. How far this redounds to his honour, will be guessed, when it is known, that LLOYD, who stood in the pillory in London, and who inhabited Newgate for years, was the leader of the team.”

name of Thomas, who was a passenger in the same ship, and of whom he had conceived a high opinion."

*Remark.*—I would lay fifty pounds that this high opinion man is a Jacobin. As to the General, whatever might be his views in crossing the Atlantic, it is certain that it has turned out no unprofitable voyage; no bad *spec*, in liberty and equality. I do not like these *after-claps*. If a man fights for the sheer love of liberty, let him have the honour of it; but let him not enjoy this honour with the wages of a *mercenary* in his pocket. What does this man want with 20,000 dollars? These fellows are all *Cincinnati*s, if you believe their canting professions; but, when you come to the trial, you soon find that a coach and pair suits them better than a *plough*. The *tract of land*, you see, which would have furnished our liberty hero with a charming opportunity of becoming a *Cincinnatus*, he gave away as unworthy of his attention.

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*Anecdote of Tarleton.*—*New-York, 18th August, 1797.*—MR. PORCUPINE, Observing in this day's Gazette, or rather your Gazette received this day, some anecdotes of General Tarleton, it brought to my mind a very just and severe observation I one day heard made to him by a lady then in this city; perhaps it may amuse; with that view I give it you.

One evening, during the late war in this country, his then intimate friend and hanger-on, the Honourable Major Hanger, and he, were in company with a number of ladies and gentlemen at the house of the lady above alluded to; for some time the whole conversation was taken up by those gentlemen, the principal part of which was founding their own praises, and telling what I believe they never did. Tarleton at the time had with him a remarkably large scimitar, which holding in his hand, he ex-claimed,

claimed, "With this sword I have made thousands run."—The lady, sitting nigh him, immediately remarked, "*Then, Colonel, you had not that sword*" with you at the Cowpens?" The Colonel then was silent, and the pair soon after left the room without being regretted.

I always thought him a braggadocio, and his behaviour to Lord Cornwallis, to whom only he owed his promotion, proves him to be most horribly ungrateful. From such a character nothing good or honourable can be expected.

Yours, most truly, W.

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*American Academy of Arts and Sciences' Address.*  
Mr. Adams.—At a meeting of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, August 23d, 1797, the senior counsellor presiding ;

Voted, That a Committee be appointed to present an Address to the President of the United States, in the name of the Academy.

Voted, That the Honourable Judge Lowell, the Reverend Doctor Thatcher, and Doctor John Warren, be a Committee for the above-mentioned purpose.

In pursuance of the foregoing votes, the following Address was presented :

*To John Adams, L.L.D. President of the United States of America.*

SIR,

The American Academy of Arts and Sciences, founded when their country was struggling for freedom and independence, which your exertions have so greatly tended to establish, ask leave to offer you their congratulations on your election to the office of first magistrate, in a nation where the rights of men are respected and truly supported.

They are led to pay this tribute to your virtue and merit, because you have for several years presided

over their institution with honour to yourself and advantage to them.

Their pursuits are literary ; they wish to add to the knowledge which their country already possesses, and to use their correspondence with foreigners engaged in the same pursuits, so as to answer this valuable purpose.

They cannot, however, be indifferent to the peace and happiness of the land in which they live, nor to the preservation of those invaluable constitutions of government which distinguish it from *all other nations* \*. They know that these constitutions will not answer the important purposes for which they were formed, unless they are well administered.

With pleasure they find their president, whom they have so long known, and so highly esteemed, called by the free suffrages of his fellow-citizens, to the arduous task of guiding the counsels, preserving the honour, and supporting the prosperity of the United States, in succession to the man whose distinguished integrity and disinterested patriotism his fellow-citizens have so universally attested. Their aid in accomplishing those desirable purposes cannot be greatly effective : but you may be assured, that their influence will always be exerted to promote the measures of a government founded on the basis of true liberty, and administered with wisdom and firmness. They feel high satisfaction when they find these virtues marked on the measures which you have hitherto adopted ; and they ardently pray that the infinite Source of light and of power may always direct you, and crown with success your efforts to promote the welfare of your country and the happiness of mankind.

A true extract from the records.

Attest. BENJAMIN DEARBORN, *Rec. Sec.*

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\* These academicians are not the most profound of politicians, nor are they the most *modest* of the human race.

*The PRESIDENT's Answer.**To the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.*

GENTLEMEN,

Meeting with you at a regular period established by law, I expected nothing more than those habitual expressions of your friendship, which I have constantly received, as one of your associates, upon all such occasions. This *elegant* address\*, therefore, as it was not foreseen, is the more acceptable.—Coming from gentlemen whose *fame for science and literature, as well as for every civil and political virtue, is not confined to a single state, nor to one quarter of the world*†, it does me great honour. Your congratulations on my election to the office of first magistrate, in a nation where the rights of men are respected and truly supported, deserve my best thanks.

The commands of the public have obliged me to reside in foreign countries and distant states, for almost the whole period of the existence of our academy; but no part of my time has ever been spent with more real satisfaction to myself than the few hours which the course of events has permitted me to pass in your society.

Your exertions at home, and extensive correspondences abroad, are every day adding to the knowledge of our country, and its improvement in useful arts; and I have only to regret that indispensable avocations have prevented me from assisting in

\* I should be glad to be taught *in what* its elegance consists.

† I would lay my life that the "*fame*" of these gentlemen has never travelled so far as the banks of the North River. What, in God's name, have they ever done to render them famous? They may be, for aught I know (and I hope they are), possessed of *every CIVIL and POLITICAL virtue*; but most assuredly their possession has not been *noised all over the world*!—In an answer to a complimentary address, a wise and modest man will always avoid hyperbolical eulogium. It is so much like the *scratch for scratch* of the vulgar.

your labours and endeavours to share in the glory of your success.

The unanimity with which the members of this academy, as well as of the university at Cambridge, and whole body of the clergy of this commonwealth (all so happily connected together), are attached to the union of our American states, their constitutions of government, and the federal administration, is the happiest omen of the future peace, liberty, safety, and prosperity of our country. The rising generations of Americans, the most promising, and, perhaps, the most *important youth* which the human species can boast, educated in such principles, and under such examples, cannot fail to answer the high expectations which *the world has formed* of their future *wisdoms, virtues, and energies* \*.

To succeed in the administration of the government of the United States, after a citizen, whose great talents, indefatigable exertions, and disinterested patriotism, had carried the gratitude of his country and the applause of the world to the highest pitch, was indeed an arduous enterprise. It was not without much diffidence, and many anxious apprehensions, that I engaged in the service; but it has been with inexpressible gratitude and pleasure, that I have every where found, in my fellow-citizens, an almost universal disposition to alleviate the burden, as much as possible, by the cheerful and generous support of their affectionate countenance and cordial approbation. Nothing of the kind has more tenderly touched me than the explicit sanction you have been pleased to express of the measures I have hitherto adopted. Permit me, Gentlemen, to join in your fervent prayers, that the incomprehensible Source of light and of power

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\* Bang! bang! bang! from the mouth of a forty-two pounder.  
may



may direct us all, and crown with success all our efforts to promote the welfare of our country and the happiness of mankind.

JOHN ADAMS.

*French Impertinence.*—Wherever the French get a footing in a foreign country, they immediately become most unbearably meddling and impertinent. They thrust their noses into every thing: they interfere in every public dispute or quarrel: they side with the government against the people, or with the people against the government, as best suits their views. I do not confine myself to their conduct of the present day: I speak of it as a trait of their national character: there is not a State in Europe but has been, at some time or other, agitated, if not convulsed, by their intrigues, their cabals, and their conspiracies.

A singular anecdote respecting the troublesome-ness of these meddling guests is to be found in the *History of the Court of King Charles I. of England.*—It is well known that his Queen was a Frenchwoman. When she went to England, she carried over with her a pretty considerable troop, male and female, of her country-people; but they behaved in a manner that soon induced the King to write the following letters to his Prime Minister, the Duke of Buckingham, which are copied from the originals in the British Museum.

LETTER I.

“ STEENIE,

“ I writ you by Ned Clarke, that I thought I  
 “ would here have cause anuse in shorte tyme to put  
 “ away the Monseers, either from their attempting  
 “ to steal away my wyfe, or *making plots among my*  
 “ *owen subjects.* I cannot say certainlie whether it  
 “ was intended, but I am sure it is hindered. For  
 “ other, though I have good grounds to belife it,  
 “ and am still hunting after it, yet seeing daillie the  
 “ malitiousness

“ malitiousness of the Monseers, by making and  
“ fomenting discontents in my wyfe, I could tarie  
“ no longer from adverticing you, that I mean to  
“ casier my Monseers, having for this purpose sent  
“ you this other letter, that you may advertice the  
“ Queen mother with my intention.

“ So I rest

“ Your faithfull constant loving frende  
“ C. R.”

The Duke, it would seem, did not immediately  
comply with his royal master’s request, but expostu-  
lated with him on the subject; but the conduct of  
the Monseers had got the better of the patience of  
the monarch, mild and placid as he was, and he  
wrote the Duke in the following peremptory style :

#### LETTER II.

“ STEENIE,

“ I have received your letter by Dic Greme: this  
“ is my answer—I command you to send all the  
“ French away to-morrow out of towne, if you  
“ can by fayre means (but stike not long disputing);  
“ etherwase force them away like so manie wyld  
“ beastes, untill ye have shipped them, *and so the*  
“ *devil goe with them.* Lett me heare no answer,  
“ but of the performance of my command.

“ So I rest

“ Your constant frende,  
“ C. R.”

Would to God our worthy President had some  
*Steenie*, to whom he could write in this manner; for,  
except his having the good fortune not to have a  
French wife, he has as much reason to hate the  
Monseer race as ever poor Charles had.

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THURSDAY, 7<sup>th</sup> SEPTEMBER.

*Mr. Fleetwood’s cruel Treatment.*—The day after  
this gentleman died, I made some remarks on the  
hard

hard and unmerciful treatment that had, to all appearance, brought him to an untimely grave. In consequence of these remarks, the severity of which was levelled at the Governor's arbitrary proclamation, and at those who acted under it in the removal of Mr. Fleetwood, a gentleman of the Committee of Health thought it worth his while to assure me, that *no force* had been used, by order of that Committee, in the removal of any person whatever; and that, in the particular case of Mr. Fleetwood, his being removed against his will was *entirely owing to the woman of the house where he lodged*, who, though she was offered a large sum of money to let him remain, declared to the health people, that, if they did not immediately remove him, she would *put him out into the street*.

Had the gentleman who gave me this information been at the removal himself, my confidence in his veracity would have prevented any further inquiry into the matter, on my part; but, as I knew he was not present, and as I also knew, that the Committee were liable to be deceived as well as disobeyed by those in their employ, I resolved to seek a little further. I did so, but in vain, till yesterday, when *Dr. Blayney* was so obliging as to furnish me with the following brief narrative, which he authorized me to publish in my Gazette.

“ Dr. Blayney attended the late Mr. Fleetwood,  
 “ at *Mrs. Bassett's*, below the Swedes Church,  
 “ from August 21st, 12 o'clock, until the Tuesday  
 “ evening following, of a bilious inflammatory fe-  
 “ ver, during which time he had no symptoms of  
 “ malignant fever, or any dangerous symptoms,  
 “ other than those commonly attendant on such a  
 “ complaint.

“ Early on Wednesday morning, Dr. B. finding  
 “ himself too unwell to visit Mr. Fleetwood, sent to  
 “ a friend of his to acquaint him of the circum-  
 “ stance.

“ flance. In the interim *Dr. Church* called, and  
“ informed *Dr. B.* that, agreeable to the instructions of the Board of Health, he had been to see  
“ *Mr. Fleetwood*, and that he had *no alarming or*  
“ *dangerous symptoms* : that, as far as regarded the  
“ prevailing contagious fever, it could only be reported as *a very doubtful case*, but that, at this  
“ time of general suspicion, it would be proper to  
“ remove *Mr. F.* to a more distant situation, and  
“ that he would forbear reporting to the health-officer, to give *Mr. Fleetwood’s* friends an opportunity of so doing. Yet after all this, *Dr. Church*  
“ *immediately went*, and reported *Mr. Fleetwood’s*  
“ case as *a malignant fever* ; and so far from giving  
“ his friends an opportunity to remove him, gave an  
“ order for a cart to convey him to the hospital.

“ The immediate execution of this order, altogether prevented his friends from making any dispositions, as intended ; and though *Mr. Fleetwood* himself offered *five hundred dollars* to be  
“ suffered to remain where he was, and further,  
“ though a *Captain Rice*, then upon the spot, proposed taking him to his house, till he could be  
“ better provided—all was in vain, and to the hospital he was dragged.

“ On my representing *Dr. Church’s* conduct, and  
“ the cruel manner in which *Mr. Fleetwood* had  
“ been treated, to the Board of Health, I was informed by the Chairman, that no order to treat  
“ him in that manner had been given by the Board,  
“ as *no compulsory measures were ever contemplated by*  
“ *them* ; but they could not be answerable for any  
“ ill conduct of those they employed.”

Now, admitting *Dr. Blayney’s* narrative to be correct, which we must do, till it be satisfactorily proved to be otherwise, there remains but one fact to be ascertained ; which is, whether, in the forcible and inhuman removal of this unfortunate gentleman, the  
woman

woman of the house had any hand or not : such people ought to be known and marked. As to Dr. Church's conduct, it needs no comment.

If the woman did threaten, as was stated by the health people, *to throw him out into the street*, her name ought to be held up to execration. Her house is less safe than the den of a tigress. I dare say she had very cheerfully and remorselessly pocketed the profits on his board and lodging ; and, though this might not be a sufficient reason for her venturing her life to save his, it gave him a right, both in equity and in *law*, to keep *possession of his chamber*. My God ! in what country in the world ; in what inhospitable clime, and under what despotic government, is a lodger forced from the chamber which he pays for, the moment he has the misfortune to be afflicted with a dangerous disease ?

*Mrs. Bassett* can easily do away this weighty charge against her humanity : my paper shall be open to any thing she, or any one for her, may think proper to publish on the subject ; but she ought to be reminded at the same time, that *silence* on her part will be construed into an acknowledgment of her cruelty.

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*Admiralty Court of Tobago.—A Decision respecting American Property captured from the French.*—The following is the decree of Judge Balfour, of the Admiralty Court of the island of Tobago, in the case of the schooner *Commerce*, captured by the French, and afterwards retaken by the English.

*Tobago, 15th July, 1797.*

“ I consider the case that was stated by the counsel for the claimant as very strong ; and it appears clear, from the decision against the ship *St. Jago de la Vega*, that the act of Parliament relative to salvage merely respects British subjects and their property, but in no respect neutrals or aliens.

“ The case stated from *Grotius* occasioned great doubts

doubts in my mind, whether the capture by the French privateer did not make the vessel and cargo their property, and consequently legal prize to the captors, as I did not think the court could have any means of legally coming at the cause of capture by the French, or the consequences.

“ But it being notorious that war does not exist between the Republic of France and the United States of America, I am inclined to consider the capture by the French privateer as an act of piracy, or an illegal capture, and I feel much gratified by finding it in my power, under that idea, of giving a decision that appears to me more conformable to justice and equity, than I could otherwise have done. By 27 Edward 3. chap. 13. sect. 193. it is laid down, that if a pirate takes goods on the sea, and even sells them, the property is altered no more than if a thief on the land had stolen and sold them.

“ By the *Lex Mercatoria*, 184, when goods were taken by a pirate, and afterwards the pirate making an attack upon another ship, is conquered and taken by the other, by the law of marine, the Admiral may make restitution of the goods to the owners, if they are fellow-subjects of the captors, or belong to any state in amity with his sovereign, on paying the costs and charges, and making the captor an equitable consideration for his service.

“ I consider the capture of the Commerce, by the French privateers, as piratical and illegal, and I therefore adjudge and determine, that there shall five per cent. of the value of the schooner Commerce and her cargo, valuing the same in gold and silver, be paid to the captors in lieu of all costs, charges, and rewards whatever. I further order, that in case the parties do not agree as to the value of the schooner and cargo, the same be referred to Messrs. King and Mehan, with liberty to call in an umpire.

(Signed) “ JOHN BALFOUR,

“ Judge of Vice-admiralty Court.”

Mr.

Mr. PIGOT, proctor for the captor, then moved his Honour for leave to appeal, which was granted, and the usual securities to be given by both parties.

*Certified by*

JNO. LEWIS,  
Deputy Register\*.

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*Spanish Fop.*—*Boston, September 1.* Don Knight of the *distinguished* order arrived here yesterday in the afternoon. His head looked as wild and frizzy as if

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\* Perhaps a more unjust decree than this was never made. I am not sorry that the American merchant recovered his property; I am not sorry to see persons in authority under the British Government friendly towards the United States; but I am sorry, and very sorry, to see the obvious meaning of the law of nations destroyed by a *pitiful quibble*. The Judge says that he looks upon the capture of the American ship as “illegal and *piratical*,” because “it is notorious, that war does not exist between the Republic of France and the United States.” How is this notorious? What is the sign of *war*? A *declaration*? If so, all captures made by any nation, previous to the issuing of a declaration of war, are “illegal and *piratical*;” and how many “*piratical*” captures has Great Britain then made? To determine whether the capture was “*piratical*” or not so, the question to be asked was not, whether the captor belonged to a nation which had, or had not, *declared war* against the nation of the captured; but, 1st, whether the captor was an *enemy* of the recaptor, and 2d, whether the said captor was *duly commissioned* to make the capture which he had made. If he was duly commissioned, he was *no pirate*, and if he was not a pirate, the capture was not “*piratical*,” though no *declaration* of war against the United States had been issued by his nation. An aggression authorized by a *whole nation*, or its *Government*, cannot be called *piracy*; it is *war*; and though the weakness or the cowardice of the nation attacked may prevent it from resenting, or considering such aggression as war, that circumstance certainly can be no good plea against the claims of the privateers or cruisers of the belligerent powers.

The affair of the *St. Jago* was unfortunately introduced by the Judge; for, if we compare the decree respecting that recapture with the present decree, we shall find that the *favours* of the British nation are reserved, not for her *allies*, not for those who are fighting by her side, but for those who, under the cold relationship of *amity*, are standing aloof from the contest, and submitting to every species of injury and insult, rather than take any step that may yield her the most trifling assistance!

decorated

decorated with *Porcupine's quills*. The amiable fair of New-England are not apt to be enchanted with "a sop," as the traitor M'Lean calls him, and, therefore, "we fear the Knight will not be *so happy* here as in Pennsylvania \*."

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*A Picture of the upstart Tyrants of France.*—The Directory appear of late to have roused the just indignation of the Council of Five Hundred, many of the most *virtuous members* of which have openly charged it with the greatest dilapidations of the public monies; with conniving at the glaring injustice and rapacity of four of the ministers appointed by them, with a shameful and criminal neglect in not making provision for the maintenance and support of the poor, the sick, and other objects of charity intrusted to their care and superintendence, who are daily dying for want of means of subsistence; with misapplying the appropriations of public money, made for the most necessary, just, and useful objects, to improper and useless purposes. The Directory, like all other usurpers in ancient times, and like all the factions who have got uppermost in France during their revolution, know the necessity of keeping the army on their side, which is easily done while they hold the purse; but who will forsake them as soon as a stronger party rises up and forcibly wrests it from them—which it invariably has done towards all the factions who have at different times got the purse into their hands by the destruction of those who had it in possession. It is an established fact, that before any of the numerous factions who have for eight years dominated in France, ventured to de-

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\* What the Boston editor means by the Knight's being "*happy*" in Pennsylvania I know not. Those who have any knowledge of his intended bride (*Sal M'Kean*) and her family, are apt to think that *miserable* would be an epithet better adapted to his adventures in Pennsylvania.



nounce the faction it wished to destroy, they previously had the prudence and wisdom to send agents to the armies, to secure by gifts and promises their support, which when attained, they dared to come boldly forward, denounce and condemn to death those who were in power.

Had the men in France who usurped and secured to themselves by force and blood the exercise of the powers of government under the present constitution, instead of taking two thirds of the *old butchering Convention* to make the new representation, left the citizens at large the freedom of an entire new election, Europe would two years ago have been at peace, France would have had less internal wounds to heal, and would not have been obliged to pay a forced loan of at least a third of what each man possessed, forcibly demanded with the bayonet at his breast; their young men torn from their friends to be butchered in extending a territory too large already; nor would the United States have suffered the incalculable losses which a simple unauthorized decree of the piratical lawless Directory has produced.

By the amazing extension of the territories of France at the expense of internal happiness and prosperity, her diabolical usurping rulers have sown the seeds of civil discord, or arbitrary despotic power, perhaps (which is not improbable) of a dismemberment of the southern and northern parts of the empire into two distinct independent sovereignties; and as we know the ambition of the "*five-headed monster*," it is very probable that each of them may have conceived the design, in increasing the impossibility of governing France by a republican system, from an overgrown territory and population, of consolidating the other four heads into ONE—HIS OWN.

FRIDAY,

FRIDAY, 8<sup>th</sup> SEPTEMBER.

*Old French Murders.*—In the beginning of the year 1690, a body of French and Indians, sent out by the Count de Frontenac, and led on by Mons. de Herville, surprised the village of Sheneectady, then on the frontiers of New-York, and *massacred all the inhabitants*, unless a very few that escaped naked to the woods. The ever faithful Mohawks, as soon as they received the news of this barbarous enterprise, sent out a hundred of their briskest young men, who pursued the French, fell upon their rear, killed a great many of them, and took several prisoners. In the mean time, the old men, or Sachems, hastened to Albany, to condole with the English on this melancholy occasion. Part of their speech was as follows :

“ BRETHREN,

“ We came from our wigwams with tears in our eyes, to bemoan the bloodshed at *Sheneectady*. The *French*, on this occasion, have not acted like brave men, but like thieves and robbers. What they have done cannot be called a victory, but only a farther proof that perfidy is in their hearts. Be not therefore discouraged ; we give you this belt to wipe away your tears.

“ BRETHREN,

“ While we bury your dead, basely murdered in cold blood at *Sheneectady*, we know not what may have befallen our own people, who are gone in pursuit of the enemy : the same thing that has happened to you, may perhaps have happened to us ; and, alas ! they may be dead also !

“ Great and sudden is the mischief that has fallen upon you, as if it had fallen from heaven upon ourselves. Our forefathers taught us to go with all speed, to lament with our brethren, when any disaster or misfortune happens to those who are leagued in the same chain with us. Take this bill of vigilance, brethren,

brethren, from us, that you may be more on your guard for the future. We also give you *eye-water*, that you may be more sharp-sighted.

“ We are now come to the house where we were wont to renew the covenant chain; but, alas! we find it polluted—polluted with blood. All the five nations have heard of the horrid deed, and we come to wipe away the blood and make clean the house. So long as a man of us remains, we will not desist, till we have drunk deep of revenge. We are of the race of the bear; and a bear, you know, never yields while one drop of blood is left.

“ Take heart then, brethren; this is an affliction which has fallen from Heaven, and we must bear it in common. The sun has been cloudy, and with malign aspect has shed this disaster upon our heads; but he will again shine forth with pleasing beams. Courage, then, lest we give heart to a dastardly enemy: courage, brethren, courage! courage!——”

*Remarks.*—When the hirelings are told, that the French would now very willingly cut our throats; and when their ancient cruelties to the people of this country are cited as instances of their hatred; when this is done, these patriotic hirelings tell you that they murdered Americans formerly, because they hated them as the descendants of Britons. Well, are they not still so? Shaking off the authority of King George has not changed their nature; so that we are, in that respect, full as hateful to them as our forefathers were, and, consequently, as much exposed to their coueteaux.

But it is said again, that the French butchered us because they did not then like the government we lived under. And do they like that which we now live under? do they not execrate it, and every one that participates in its administration? Have they not put in motion all the powers of darkness, all the demons of sedition, to destroy this government?

Why then should we imagine that they like us better than formerly on that account ?

As to religion, we are still more likely to displease them than ever. They were formerly Catholics and we Protestants ; but the difference between these is not so great as that between *Atheists* and *Christians*.

So then, on which ever side we view the subject, we shall find, that, should they get possession of Louisiana, of which there is no doubt, we shall be as much exposed to their bloody knives, as ever the old frontier inhabitants were, before they were driven in disgrace from Canada.

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SATURDAY, 9<sup>th</sup> SEPTEMBER.

*Flags of France and Turkey.*—My readers, or at least the greater part of them, must remember, what a solemn farce was exhibited in the hall of our Congress about two years ago, at the reception of that dear present from our *dearest allies*.

The letter from *Merlin & Co.* that accompanied the flag, set forth, that it was sent for the purpose of being kept by us, as a testimony of our attachment to *republican principles* ; and it was on that memorable occasion resolved by the House of Representatives, upon motion of that *true republican*, Mr. Giles, that “ the House had received the flag with  
“ the *most sincere and lively sensibility*, and that they  
“ deemed it a most honourable proof of the *sympathy*  
“ and *affection* of the *two republics*.”

Adet, too, bore his part in this humbug. He acquitted himself, he said, of a duty *dear to his heart*, in presenting this *symbol of liberty* ; and told us that it was intended to tighten the bands which united France to a *free people*.

Now, reader, was it not natural for the people of America to understand from all this, that France, their dear *sister republic*, received our flag with such  
joy,

joy, and sent us hers in return, merely on account of our being a *free people*? Could any one imagine at that time, at that enthusiastic season, when the sun of liberty bore with such violence on our skulls, as made us dance the whirligig, like ducks under the tropics; could any one at that time imagine that those mortal *enemies to tyranny*—the august, illuminated, and illuminating rulers of *republican France*—would, in less than two years, accept, admit, receive, nay, *solicit* a flag, as a token of the *friendship* of an *Emperor*, yea, and the *Emperor of Turkey* too! the *Sultan*, whose very title has for ages been synonymous with *despot* and *tyrant*!

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*Letter from the Captain Pacha to Citizen Verniac, Envoy Extraordinary from the French Republic at the Ottoman Porte.*

“ To the distinguished chiefs among the great  
 “ who profess the faith of Issa, the defenders of the  
 “ religion of the Messiah, the arbiters of the affairs  
 “ of the *Nazarene republic*, invested with marks of  
 “ honour and esteem, loaded with glory and dignity;  
 “ to our magnificent and much *honoured and sincere*  
 “ *friend, the French republic*, whose objects we pray  
 “ to terminate in real good! After having paid to  
 “ you the homage of our vows the most sincere, and  
 “ of our prayers the most fervent for your prosperity,  
 “ we notify to you *in the fulness of friendship*, that  
 “ Verniac, your Envoy Extraordinary, the bearer  
 “ of this letter, the token of kindness, having ob-  
 “ tained the Imperial permission to return to France,  
 “ at the moment of his departure intimated to the  
 “ Sublime Porte the satisfaction he should feel on  
 “ presenting to you an Ottoman flag, in order to be  
 “ placed with that honour and distinction which is  
 “ due to it, among the colours of other nations *in*  
 “ *amity* with the Republic in the hall of the Legisla-  
 “ tive Body; that the proposition of your Envoy

“ having been taken into consideration, a standard  
 “ was made corresponding in figure and dimensions  
 “ with that which is placed at the stern of the Imperial barge; and that this *pledge of friendship* was  
 “ deposited in the hands of your Envoy.

“ In transmitting the present dispatch, we have a  
 “ twofold object in view—first, to communicate the  
 “ result of the embassy, and next to make respectful inquiries *about your health*. At the reception  
 “ of Verniac, we hope that the amiable qualities  
 “ which he possesses, faithful interpreter of our sentiments, and his unwearied exertions to fulfil, as  
 “ he has done, to the satisfaction of the two powers, the *duties of friendship* and his office, will be considered by you, as they are by us, the ground of a  
 “ just claim to the first honours in the state. By  
 “ sending us good accounts of him, and corresponding with us on all occasions in the spirit of union  
 “ and friendship, which shall be the inexhaustible  
 “ subject, you will confer upon us inexpressible joy  
 “ and satisfaction. Such are the sentiments of your  
 “ cordial friend,

HUSSEIN PACHA,

“ *Admiral of the Ottoman Empire.*”

Now, you American Jacobins, you British renegadoes, you *pretended republicans* of every description; what do you now say against our “unnatural connexion” with Britain?—Your mock *Republique Française* makes treaties of *friendship* and *alliance* with the Prussian, the Spaniard, and the Turk! Is this connexion *natural*, and is our connexion with Britain *unnatural*?—Prevaricating, baffled, and confounded miscreants, allow for once, that we are the natural allies of the British, and I will allow you in return, that the regenerated sans-culottes are the *natural allies of the Spaniards and the Turks*.

What pain, what shame, must not a *really free republican* American feel on reflecting that the flag of  
 his

his country, the symbol of its independence, and the pledge of its honour, is at this moment, in the eyes of all Europe, blending its folds, fraternizing on the gibbet of *liberty*, with the abhorred standard of despotism and infidelity?

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*American Forbearance towards France.*—The ship Pacific, Kennedy, from this port to London, was detained sixteen hours by the French privateer ship Hydra. Captain Kennedy was *struck* and *abused* by the French officer, and was *plundered* of his yawl and a bale of cotton.

*Remarks.*—Struck by the French officer!—A blow!—A republican Captain, an American, receive a blow!—And from whom? From a Frenchman!—Oh, heavens! What would the brave men who drove this treacherous race from the Continent have said, had they been told, that the time would come when their children would form AN ALLIANCE with them? And what would the people have said when that alliance was formed, had they been told, that, before it should be dissolved, they would be plundered, beat, and tortured by these new allies, without daring to take or talk of vengeance, and even without daring to endeavour to defend themselves?

Such reflections are absolutely insupportable; but they will press forward; they will stare us in the face. It is vain to endeavour to avoid them. It is in vain that we smooth things over; that we palliate the insolence and injustice we suffer, in order to lessen our dishonour in suffering it. Misrepresentation will avail us nothing; for, though we should deceive ourselves, we may be assured that we cannot deceive the world.

There never was a nation on earth so unjustly and so contemptuously treated by another, as America has been by France. Nations have been invaded, laid under contribution, conquered, and enslaved; but this has been effected by force or by treachery: it has been the fortune of war, or the result of conspiracy. Never did we before hear of a nation at peace with all the world, and pretending to be in the full enjoyment of *independence*, suffering a millionth part of what we suffered from the French (even before a whisper of complaint escaped from our lips) without declaring war or making reprisals.

This tameness following so close upon the heels of that revolution, which, in its origin, its progress, and its conclusion, was so strongly marked with irascibility and stubbornness, will naturally excite astonishment in all those who shall read the American history. When they are told of the innumerable and inexpressible injuries and indignities we have received from the French; that this despicable race of beings lorded it over our bays and our rivers; and, not content with plundering and chastising our mariners, made them put the seal to their degradation by exacting from them payment for the shot fired at them: when they are told this, and that we bore it all without even talking of revenge, will they not wonder what was become of the men of 1776, who, with the scroll of their imaginary rights in one hand, and the sword in the other, swore to preserve the full enjoyment of the former, or to perish by the latter? And what will be their astonishment when they are told that the greater part of those very men were still living, and were still the rulers of the land?

Were the bold, the undaunted, the haughty language of the first Congress, in their public remonstrances and addresses, compared with the faltering, the timid, the tame, the humble, the whining tone  
of



of the answer to the President's firm and manly speech, what a contrast, great God! would it present!

Mr. Adams's speech seems to be the last gleam of the spirit of the old Whigs. It was his protest against the degradation of his country—as if he had said to the House of Representatives: “I see that you are resolved to blast your own reputation and that of America, but you shall not blast mine.”

*Cruelty the national Character of the French.*—At this time of public alarm and consternation the readers of newspapers are too apt to overlook any thing that does not relate to the calamity which immediately affects them. They are so engrossed with the fear of death from the fever, that an attention to every thing but what seems to tend to the preservation of life is entirely neglected. In such a situation of people's minds, few essays of any length can have the chance of a perusal; the following one, however, will, I hope, not only be perused, but be attended to, and remembered; be engrafted on the memory of every father and mother who reads it, and be related by them over and over, till their children learn it by heart.

MR. COBBETT, *Baltimore, Sept. 7th, 1797.*

To ascribe the sanguinary deeds committed of late years by the French entirely to the savage principles naturally engendered by wild notions of democracy, is an error into which almost all the writers on the French revolution have fallen, and among the rest yourself. No, Mr. Cobbett, they are not, nor were they ever, a *mild* and *humane* people. These qualities hang on their lips only: they are foreign from their hearts. They have always been a *cruel* race; a race delighting in cool, studied barbarity. They are, at once, the most lively and most ferocious nation on

earth; or, to make use of the words of Voltaire (who certainly knew his countrymen well), they have in their natures a “mixture of the *monkey* and the *tiger*.”

Not to leave these my assertions without proof, I enclose you an extract from the history of the barbarities exercised on the conscientious Huguenots, which, in my opinion, equals any thing to be found in the annals of their infamous revolution. I am sure it surpasses, by many degrees, the cruelties of the most cruel of the cannibal nations.

“ They turned the dining-rooms of the gentlemen into stables for their horses, and treated the owners of the houses where they quartered with the highest indignity and cruelty, lashing them about from one to another, day and night, without intermission, not suffering them to eat or drink; and when they began to sink under the fatigue and pains they had undergone, they laid them on a bed, and when they thought them somewhat recovered, made them rise, and repeated the same tortures. When they saw the blood and sweat run down their faces and other parts of their bodies, they sluiced them with water, and putting over their heads kettle-drums turned up-side down, they made a continual din upon them *till these unhappy creatures lost their senses*. When one party of these tormentors were weary, they were relieved by another, who practised the same cruelties with fresh vigour.

“ At Negreplisse, a town near Montauban, they hung up Isaac Favin, a citizen of that place, by his arm-pits, and tormented him a whole night, by pinching and *tearing off his flesh with pincers*. They made a great fire round a boy of about twelve years old, who, with hands and eyes lifted up to Heaven, cried out, ‘My God, help me!’ and when they found the youth resolved to die rather than renounce  
his

his religion, they snatched him from the fire just as he was on the point of being burnt.

“ In several places the soldiers applied red-hot irons to the hands and feet of men, and *breasts of women*.

“ At Nantes they hung up several women and maids by their feet, and others by their arm-pits, and thus *exposed them to public view stark naked*.

“ Some they bound before a great fire, and being half roasted let them go ; a punishment worse than death.

“ Amidst a thousand hideous cries, and a thousand blasphemies, they *hung up men and women by the hair*, and some by their feet, *on hooks in chimnies*, and smoked them with wisps of wet hay till they were suffocated.

“ They tied some under the arms with ropes, and plunged them again and again into wells ; they bound others like criminals, put them to the torture, *and with a funnel filled them with wine*, till the fumes of it took away their reason. They stripped them naked, and, after a thousand indignities, *stuck them with pins and needles from head to foot*. They cut and slashed them with knives, and sometimes with red-hot pincers took hold of them by the nose, and other parts of the body, and dragged them about the rooms.

“ In some places they tied fathers and husbands to their bed-posts, and *before their eyes ravished their wives and daughters with impunity*. They blew up men and women with bellows till they burst them. If any, to escape these barbarities, endeavoured to save themselves by flight, they pursued them into the fields and woods, where they shot at them like wild beasts, and prohibited them from departing the kingdom (a cruelty never practised by Nero or Dioclesian), upon the pain of confiscation of effects, the  
galleys,

galleys, the lash, and perpetual imprisonment ; in-  
somuch that the prisons of the sea-port towns were  
crammed with men, women, and children, who en-  
deavoured to save themselves by flight from their  
dreadful persecutions.

“ A young woman, being brought before the  
Council, upon refusing to abjure her religion, was  
ordered to prison. There they shaved her head,  
singed off the hair from other parts of her body, and  
having stripped her stark naked, led her through the  
streets of the city, where many a blow was given  
her, and stones flung at her : then they set her up to  
the neck in a tub full of water, where after she had  
been for a while, they took her out and put on a  
shift dipped in wine, which, as it dried, and stuck  
to her sore and bruised body, they snatched off again,  
and then had another ready dipped in wine to clap  
to her. This they repeated six times, hereby making  
her body exceeding raw and sore. When all these  
cruelties could not shake her constancy, they fastened  
her by her feet in a kind of gibbet, and let her hang  
in that posture with her head downward till she ex-  
pired.

“ A man, in whose house were quartered some of  
these missionary dragoons, one day having drank  
plentifully of his wine, and broken their glasses at  
every health, they filled the floor with fragments, and,  
by often walking over them, reduced them to very  
small pieces. This done, in the insolence of their  
mirth, they resolved on a dance, and told their Pro-  
testant host that he must be one of their company ;  
but as he would not be of their religion he must  
dance quite barefoot ; and thus, barefoot, they drove  
him about the room, treading upon the sharp points  
of the broken glasses. When he was no longer able  
to stand, they laid him on a bed, and in a short  
time stripped him stark naked, and rolled him from  
one

one end of the room to the other, till every part of his body was full of the fragments of glass. After this they dragged him to his bed, and, having sent for a surgeon, obliged him to cut out the pieces of glass with his instruments, thereby putting him to the most exquisite and horrible pains that can possibly be conceived.

“ They bound mothers that gave suck, to posts, and let their sucking infants lie languishing in their sight for several days and nights, crying, mourning, and gasping for life.”

Such, Mr. Cobbett, was the *humanity* of the gay, airy French in the reign of their *grand monarque*; in what has been, and is yet called the *Augustan age* of France. I think you will find them just the same people in the *Augustan age* as in the *age of liberty and equality*. Yes, Sir, whether royalists or republicans, whether Catholics or Protestants, Christians or Atheists, still they are Frenchmen.

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*Crimes of the French Revolution.*—The following horrid picture is set before the eyes of the French nation, by the elegant author of “ The Crimes of the French Revolution,” vol. i. page 72, a work just published at Paris, translated for this Gazette.

“ Ah ! behold the horrid picture which discloses itself to our view ! see this land firewed over with bloody carcases—torn to pieces, mutilated, beheaded ; these heaps of bones, of limbs, of heads—ghastly barrier, which our crimes have raised between nature and us. Hear the doleful cries of the ghosts of our victims re-echo in the woods, in the fields, in the cities ; rise up from the bottom of the seas, from the bosom of rivers, from the bowels of the earth, and with their mournful and revengeful accents implore the too dilatory thunder to fall on  
our

our criminal heads. See the dead bodies of those children reanimated, rise on the breasts of their drowned mothers, and stretching out their arms to us, flaming exclaim, ‘ It is through you that we ‘ are orphans.’ See them follow us, and in their broken skulls present to our burning lips the innocent blood we have shed. See those bodies deprived of heads, press towards us, cling round us with their arms, like so many serpents, pull us down, roll us in the bloody mire where our horrid impiety abandoned them without the rites of sepulture and decency. There, a head, stripped from the rest of the body, rolls before us, bites at us, muttering these words : ‘ Butchering legislators, what have ‘ you done with my body and limbs ? Why have you ‘ thus mangled and separated us ? If you were dry, ‘ could blood only quench your thirst ?’ Farther, some arms, shot off by our orders, cling round us, and by their menacing gestures excite the furies to torment us. Still farther, the Genius of Remorse, with a torch in his hand, writes in letters of blood on the sand : ‘ *France, in naming the Convention, has ‘ produced a monster which makes Nature shudder.*’ Ah ! which of us will give a mortal stab to those people who continually hover about us, and are for ever before our eyes ? They make the earth appear barren and comfortless to us, they rob us of the light of heaven, they cover the high roads, they darken and render more gloomy even the forests ; they are round about us, they are near us, they are far from us. Let us appeal to facts.

“ Will posterity believe that France should have had a Senate, which, during three years, sanctioned all sorts of crimes ? a Senate, which, during eighteen months, saw coldly cart-loads of victims roll towards the scaffolds ? Will our descendants believe that it was deaf to all the cries of innocence, that  
some

some of these senators went from choice to dine in view of the places of punishment? that the disgusting aspect of revolutionary murders was the prelude to the pleasures of the table? that the fall of the assassin's cleaver was the signal for beginning their orgies? that some of those conscript fathers saw their brothers in the hands of the executioners, and never took a single step to save them? others who signalled themselves by denouncing them? others, in fine, who delivered them up to death with their own hands? that gambling and plays finished the day? that their bosom companions were the judges and jury of the tribunals of blood, robbers, spies, and the sans-culotte Sultans of the revolutionary committees? and to carry our national shame to the highest pitch, the members of the commune were vile enough to be the horrid engines of the most horrid Senate that ever disgraced the annals of humanity?

“ Will posterity believe, that these Proconsuls, those angels of death, whom senatorial Tartarus vomited on France, were sent to rob, violate, guillotine, drown, egorge, shoot, demolish? Yet this was their mission. The destruction of the human race did not even satisfy their rage; when men were not to be found, they destroyed works of art, the noblest monuments of human ingenuity. Towns disappeared under the stroke of the axe—flames effaced cities. O posterity! you will withhold your belief of it? listen then, and tremble!

“ The names of some of those Proconsuls you will find in the history we shall leave you: your astonished eyes will there see pieces, the authentic witnesses of facts which we shall only hint at here. Some of those Proconsuls killed with their own hands the prisoners who made any complaints; some, covered with the dress of Representatives of the People, mounted the scaffolds to harangue the unfortunate

fortunate victims about to die ; some cruelly dragged out women to be spectators of the unjust massacre of their husbands ; some threatened to punish health officers, for having afforded medical assistance to unhappy prisoners.

“ Others caused citizens to be dragged before tribunals or popular commissioners, and said to the judges, ‘ Condemn them, or the scaffold awaits you.’ Three judges, and one jurate (or juryman) of the revolutionary tribunal of Paris, of the first organization, were torn to pieces, for wishing to acquit some accused persons.

“ Others stopped men and women in the streets, whose looks displeased them ; caused them to be brought before the tribunals, where men hired by them for the purpose as witnesses, appeared against them : the judges were forced to pass sentence.

“ Another wrote to the authority of the department of the Somme, where he was in mission, as well as to the Committee of General Safety of the Convention : ‘ I have spread my large NET to take ‘ all my GUILLOTINE GAME—I have finished loading ‘ *forty-four cart-loads.*’

“ This Proconsul issued mandates of arrestation against young women and girls, and kept them in his apartment.

“ Others placed themselves at the windows in sight of the scaffold, demolished the buildings which might intercept the prospect, and there calmly tasted the horrid pleasure of seeing rivers of innocent blood spilt.

“ A woman dared to ask one of those monsters the liberation of her husband—‘ To-morrow,’ answered he, ‘ you will see his head on one side of the guillotine, and his body on the other.’ He was as good as his word.

“ Another obliged a young and beautiful woman, who solicited the liberty of her husband, to grant



grant him some favours. The great affection she had for her husband, determined her to the sacrifice of her honour; she instantly flew to the prison to acquaint him that he was no more a prisoner, telling him in confidence of the sacrifice she had made to obtain his liberty. Some days after, this Proconsul guillotined the husband, and even the wife.

“ Another saw a girl in tears, imploring at his feet the suspension of the judgment of her father; tears and prayers are of no avail; the Proconsul kicks her from him, and tears her petition. Distracted by grief, some expressions escape her; he had her arrested, and dragged before the Revolutionary Tribunal of Paris; she was seven months pregnant, when guillotined.

“ Another, at the issue of an orgie, wished to see a show; the judges were at the feast; four priests and four nuns were drawn out of the dungeons; they appeared, were condemned, and perished; after which the guests put themselves at table again.

“ Another parodying the saying of Titus, said, ‘ Liberty has lost a day, no one has been guillotined.’

“ Another arrested, brought up, and guillotined an old man of 80 years, father of twelve children, under a pretext of his having monopolized the offices of Mayor, and of Judge of the Peace: the true motive was an old personal resentment.

“ There is not wheat enough in France for all the population, said another; it is necessary to sacrifice half to nourish the remainder. Above all, we ought to destroy the women; they breed too fast.

“ Another burnt whole communes, and guillotined part of the inhabitants.

“ These, escorted by cannon, raised contributions to pay the debauches they were guilty of with the Pretorian guards, and granted only two hours to furnish the sum demanded.

“ These

“ These took to themselves the most beautiful palaces in the cities where they staid, affecting the pomp and ease of Kings ; and while the people overrun the court-yards of their palaces to wait their presence and bread, they indolently reclined on sofas in the interior of their seraglios, slowly occupying themselves with the important business of getting their likenesses taken :—the fact took place at Bourdeaux.

“ *Our colleagues* Freron, Barras, Sallicetti, Gasparin, Robespierre the younger, and General Marquis Delapèype, brother-in-law of Freron, have charged themselves to attend to the shooting of 800 inhabitants of Toulon, to guillotine all the Federalists of Marseilles, as well as to demolish the most elegant monuments of art in this city, and to deluge with blood all the South of France.”

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#### MONDAY, 11<sup>th</sup> SEPTEMBER.

*Republican Magistrates.*—Several daring robberies, and a great number of trifling thefts, have been committed within these few days past. A fellow had the impudence, the day before yesterday, to take a piece of check from a shop-door, in the middle of the day. He was perceived by a man in the street, and made to give up his prey ; but was suffered to *go about his business* ; that is, to go and rob somebody else.

Instances of this sort will grow more and more frequent every day, unless some measures (*effective measures I mean*) are taken to prevent them. But our magistrates are gone—I do not believe there are a tenth part of the constables left in town.

No man whose office it is to administer justice, or watch over the peace and safety of the city, should have deserted it in this time of public calamity and danger. I believe the overseers of the poor are gone, to a man ; and thus is the temptation to rob increased,

creased, by the difficulty of obtaining relief in a lawful way, at the same time that property is left unprotected by its owners.

It is said, that magistrates, and other public officers, *may* lose their lives by staying to perform their duty in guarding the city. Just as well might a sentinel quit his post, because it is possible the enemy may shoot him!—*They may die!*—very well: when they are dead, we will get others; but while they are alive, and *think their offices worth holding*, to them we have a right to look for the performance of their duty. We have a right to quit our homes, and leave them under their guardianship.

We are in the situation described by Dryden, when he exclaims:

“ What should the people do when left alone ?

“ The *Governor* and Government are gone !”

I remember that Moncreef, the Governor of the island of St. John, suffered no one to cross the ice at the setting in of winter, till he himself had tried its strength, which he used to do in a day or two after the river was frozen over, with a long pole in his hand, and with no other company than a Newfoundland dog. How different this Governor's conduct from that of ours! but Moncreef never *wore a bloody liberty cap*, or spent his time in *boozing with French sans-culottes!*

Magistrates ought, in times of public danger and calamity, to be an example to others in endeavouring to render the people tranquil, and to provide for the security of their persons and property. They ought to be the *grenadiers* of the community, the first to advance, and the last to retreat. But ours is, alas! no grenadier, except it be at a Carmagnole *civic fête*, where the enemy is attacked glass in hand, and where vaunting toasts, belched from the black-vomit lungs of drunkenness, form the distinguished and heroic deeds of the day.

There he is, indeed, a hero. From such a combat he never flies, while there is a cork undrawn, or a bottle undrained.

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*French Brutality.*—FRIEND PORCUPINE, As I have not seen the enclosed specimen of *democratic brutality* published in any of our papers, I take the liberty of sending it thee for that purpose, as in my opinion, if proof were yet wanting of the depravity of manners introduced by the French revolution, this single instance would be sufficient.

Yours,

A FRIEND.

*Penzance, March 28.*—The following event has been the subject of much conversation in this town and neighbourhood :

One Miss —, of the islands of Scilly, being engaged to a young man now in London, he wrote to her about a fortnight ago, to request that she would come to town, and that the marriage ceremony might take place there, as he could not possibly come to her. He desired her to come by land ; but as there was a small vessel about to sail from Scilly for London, she and her mother, and a young woman of the same island, went on board, with a view of saving time and expense ; but the very next day they were taken by a French privateer. It is a pride to an Englishman to reflect on the glorious conduct of his countrymen on such occasions as this, a thousand instances of which might be adduced, though only one shall now be mentioned, which ought to be fresh in the memory of every Frenchman. When the captain of one of our frigates, who is highly esteemed both as an officer and a gentleman, lately took a large frigate on the coast of France, which had many ladies on board, he immediately hastened to quiet their alarms, assured them of their perfect safety,

safety, and after treating them with the utmost attention and politeness, sent them on shore with all their property. Hear now the conduct of these pupils of the new philosophy ! They no sooner boarded the Scilly vessel, than, actuated by a motive which exposes the highest infamy of human nature, they sent all the sailors and the old lady on shore, but refused to part with the young ones. In vain did they fall on their knees, and with streaming eyes and dishevelled hair pour out the most fervent supplications to be sent back to their friends. As soon might the cries of innocent lambs deliver them from the gripe of ferocious wolves as the prayers and tears of these unfortunate girls excite compassion in their adamantine hearts. The beautiful petitioners, for beautiful they were in the extreme, were rudely seized, and forcibly dragged on board the privateer, amidst such shrieks of female and parental agony as no language can express. Divine Providence did not suffer these monsters to reach their own coasts, for they were taken by one of our frigates a few days after ; but Miss ——— had been treated so brutally, that she died as soon as she was brought on shore, and her unhappy companion, it is thought, cannot long survive.

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TUESDAY, 12<sup>th</sup> SEPTEMBER.

*Virginia Church Lands.*

*Instructions given by the Citizens of the first Battalion of Rockbridge County, August, 3, 1797, to their Delegates in the ensuing Session of the Assembly.*

That the instructions of the citizens of Rockbridge to their Delegates in the ensuing session of the Assembly might not be the sentiments of a junto, but of the freemen generally, each company of militia of the first battalion chose two men in their

bounds, and sent them to meet at Lexington on the third day of August, for that express purpose; when and where the Commissioners, upon deliberation, gave the following:

GENTLEMEN,

Whereas we reckon it unjust and dissonant to republican government, that *any number of citizens* should be obliged to spend their time, and risk their lives, and pay their money, and yet be deprived of a voice in the legislature; we, in the most unequivocal terms, instruct you to insist that the members of the Convention shall be chosen by all the freemen who have a visible attachment to the Commonwealth, and are by law obliged to support it.

With respect to the other objects referred to our consideration, viz. the manses, churches, and glebes; as we see no reason why any description of men should hold so much property of the people at large, and as little reason to take that property from one description and give it to another, our sentiment is, that the manses, churches, glebes, and other property bestowed on the church of England, once in this State established by law, should be sold for as much money as they can bring, and the money put into the State Treasury, and applied as other public money, to the support of the Commonwealth, excepting such property as it shall be made clearly to appear, were donations of private individuals; in which case we are of opinion, that it should continue to the use and benefit of the episcopalian denomination, where they have churches occupied; but where they are not, or there is no strong evidence they will be occupied, that it should revert to the original donors or their heirs; or, in the event of their not being found, that it should be assumed by the State as escheated.

Resolved, that whereas the other battalion in this county by some means or other have not met with

us as we hoped, we are ready, upon notice being given to us, to meet with them, and to submit these instructions to the consideration of the whole county Commissioners, when met; but that these instructions shall, in the mean time, be published in the Winchester and Richmond newspapers.

(Signed)

JOSEPH RODGER,  
Chairman\*.

*Priestley's Letter to Gough, of Savannah.—Clapton, Aug. 21st, 1793.* "SIR, I was highly gratified by the account you were so good as to transmit to me of the favourable manner in which the news of the revolution in France was received in America, especially as at that time there were doubts entertained on the subject. That many viewed it in an unfavourable light with you, I have no doubt, but that a revolution, in all the essentials so nearly resembling your own, should not be thought a joyful event by the Americans in general, I could not believe. Your

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\* There was, I thought, reason to hope, that the people of Virginia were nearly cured of that most malignant malady, the fever of LIBERTY and EQUALITY; but, if I am to judge from the above instructions, the disease rages with more violence than ever.

How long, in the devil's name, has it been the fashion for the CITIZENS to give their instructions by BATTALIONS?—I suppose it was done with FIXED BAYONETS too!

That a set of armed ruffians impregnated with the poison of French principles, should propose to lay their fraternal fingers on the property of the church of England, or of any other church, does not at all surprise me; but I am astonished that Mr. Ellice Price should have so little regard for the honour of his State as to give publicity to the vile and impious proposition.

I look upon these INSTRUCTIONS, as they are called, to be a sort of tampering with the people of Virginia; a feeling of their pulse to see how they will bear an INVASION of PROPERTY. Let these embodied rank-and-file fans-culottes fix their vile talons on the property of the church, and you will soon see them find out other property "belonging to the people at large." Their brethren of France have shown them a successful example, and they will not fail to profit from it if they are once suffered to commence their agrarian career.

letter made me quite easy on the subject, and enabled me to satisfy my friends. Since that time there have been more revolutions, as they may be called, in France; all, however, I am willing to think, favourable to liberty and happiness, though at the time I and all my friends were disposed to forebode ill, as our particular friends were the sufferers. The last constitution seems now to give almost universal satisfaction; the insurrection seems to be nearly suppressed; and as to their foreign enemies, they make light of them. Indeed they have only served to rouse and unite them.

“We have been alarmed with the apprehension of a war with America; but I hope there will be wisdom on your side of the water, though little, I fear, on ours, to prevent it. Both countries must be materially injured by such an event, and neither of them could be a gainer. This, indeed, is the case with respect to all wars, but more obviously so in this than in most others.

“I send this by my sons, who are going to find a settlement in your country. All I have (three) will be there, and then I shall expect to follow soon. I cannot give you an idea of the violence with which every friend of liberty is prosecuted in this country. Little of the liberty of the press on political subjects is now left, and the country in general goes heartily with the court into all their measures; so that nothing but general calamity, which I fear is approaching, will open their eyes. The source of all this evil is want of knowledge in the lower, and some not of the lower orders of the people. The French are wisely providing against this evil by a system of public instruction. Here even Sunday schools begin to be reprobated, as making the common people too knowing.

“With much gratitude for your communications,

“I am, Sir, yours sincerely,

“J. PRIESTLEY.”

*American*



*American Flag presented to the French Convention —*  
 “ *National Convention, Sept. 11th, 1794. Bernard of Saintes President.* The President.—A letter in English has just now been delivered to me; the translation which was subjoined, announces, that the Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of America sends a stand of colours, in order to be placed in the hall of the National Convention, on the side of the French colours. It is brought by an officer of the United States.

“ The Convention orders him to be admitted. The American officer enters the bar amidst universal shouts of applause: he carries a standard, the colours of which are the same as those of our standard of liberty, with the only difference that a blue field is interspersed with STARS.

“ He presented the two following pieces, which were read by a Secretary.

“ *The Minister of the United States of America to the President of the National Convention.*

“ Paris, 23d Fructidor (Sept. 11th), the 2d year of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

“ Citizen President, the Convention having decreed, that the colours of the American and French republics should be united, and stream together in the place of its sittings, as a testimony of the union and friendship which ought to subsist for ever among the two nations, I thought that I could not better manifest the deep impression which this decree has made on me, and express the thankful sensations of my constituents, than by procuring their colours to be carefully executed, and in offering them in the name of the American people to the Representatives of the French nation.

“ I have had them made in the form lately decreed by Congress, and have trusted them to Captain Barney, an officer of distinguished merit, who has rendered us great services by sea in the course of our  
 L 4 revolution.

revolution. He is charged to present and deposit them on the spot which you shall judge proper to appoint for them. Accept, Citizen President, this standard as a new pledge of the sensibility with which the American people always receive the interest and friendship which their good and brave allies give them; as also of the pleasure and ardour with which they seize every opportunity of cementing and consolidating the union and good understanding between the two nations." (Applauded.)

*Speech of Captain Barney, Bearer of the Colours.*

"CITIZENS DIRECTORS,

"Having been directed by the Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of America, to carry to the National Convention the flag demanded of him, the flag under the auspices of which I had the honour to fight against our common enemy during the war which has assured our liberty and independence; I discharge this honourable duty with the most lively satisfaction; and deliver it to you. Henceforth suspended on the side of that of the French Republic, it will become the symbol of the union which subsists between the two nations, and last, I hope, as long as the freedom which they have so bravely conquered, and so wisely consolidated."

"N——. The Citizen who has just spoke at the bar, is one of the most distinguished sea officers of America. He has rendered great services to the liberty of his country, and he could render the same to the liberty of France. I demand that this observation be referred to the examination of the Committee of Public Safety, and that the fraternal embrace be given to this brave officer." (Applauded.)

"Several voices. 'The fraternal embrace!'— (Decreed.)

"The officer went up with the flag to the chair of the President, and received the fraternal embrace amidst unanimous acclamations and applause.

“Mathieu.—One of our colleagues, in rendering homage to the talents and services of that officer, told you that he could be usefully employed by our Republic. I second the reference of his observation to the Committee of Public Safety.” (Decreed.)

*Monroe's first Speech to the National Convention.*

The following speech ought to be preserved as a specimen of republican baseness and insolence.

“Citizen President, and Representatives of  
the French People,

“My admission into this Assembly, and into the presence of the French nation (for all citizens of France are here represented), in order to be received as the Representative of the American Republic; affects my sensibility in a manner that I cannot explain. I consider it as a new proof of the friendship and esteem which the French nation has always testified towards its allies the United States of America.

“Republics ought to draw nearer towards each other. In many points of view, they have the same interests; but a maxim so generally true, is particularly so with respect to the French and American Commonwealth. Their Governments have much analogy to each other. They both cherish like principles, and repose on a similar basis, to wit, the unalienable and equal rights of man. The remembrance even of common dangers can but augment their harmony, and be the cement of this union. America has had her days of oppression, of difficulty, and war; but her sons were brave and virtuous, and the storm which so long obscured her political horizon, is dispersed, and hath left her in full enjoyment of peace, of liberty, and of independence.

“France, our ally and our friend, who assisted us in our struggle, is now launched into the same honourable career; and I am happy to be able to add, that whilst the perseverance, the magnanimity,  
and

and heroic valour of her troops command the admiration and applauses of an astonished world, the wisdom and the firmness of her councils equally promise the most fortunate success. America is not an insensible spectatrix of your efforts in the present crisis. I lay before you, in the declarations of each branch of our Government, declarations founded on the affections of our citizens, the most convincing proof of their sincere attachment for the liberty, prosperity, and happiness of the French Republic. Every member of Congress, according to the mode of deliberation established in that body, hath desired the President to inform you of these sentiments; and in fulfilling the desire of the two Houses, I am instructed by the President to add, that they also express his own feelings.

“ The powers confided to me being recognised by you, I promise myself the greatest satisfaction in the exercise of my functions, as I am ultimately persuaded, that, in obeying the impulses of my own heart, and in forming the warmest wishes for the liberty and happiness of the French nation, I shall best explain the wishes and sentiments of my own country; and in doing every thing in my power to preserve and perpetuate the good harmony so happily existing between the two Republics, I shall render the best service to them both.

“ Towards this object all my efforts shall be directed. If I am fortunate enough to merit the approbation of the two Republics, I shall regard it as the happiest event of my life, and I shall then retire with the conscious pleasure of having shared feelings with those whose intentions are upright, and who serve the cause of liberty.

The loud and universal applauses which had accompanied the Minister at his entrance, frequently interrupted his discourse.

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The Secretary then read his letter of credence ; whereupon the President of the National Convention made the following answer :

“ The French people have not forgotten that it is to the American people they owe their initiation into the cause of liberty ; it was in admiring the sublime insurrection of the American people against that Albion, once so haughty, but now so humbled ; it was in taking themselves arms to second your courageous efforts, and in cementing your independence by the blood of our brave warriors, that the French people learned in their turn to break the sceptre of tyranny, and to elevate the statue of Liberty on the wreck of a throne supported during fourteen centuries only by crimes and by corruption.

“ How then should it happen that we should not be friends ? Why should we not associate the mutual means of prosperity that our commerce and navigation offer to two people freed by each other ? But it is not merely a diplomatic alliance ; it is the sweetest fraternity, and the most frank at the same time, that must unite us ; this it is that, indeed, unites us ; and this union shall be for ever indissoluble, as it will be for ever the dread of tyrants, the safeguard of the liberty of the world, and the preserver of all the social and philanthropic virtues.

“ In bringing to us, citizens, the pledge of this union so dear to us, then could it not fail to be received with the liveliest emotions. It is now five years since an usurper of the sovereignty of the people would have received thee with the pride which belongs alone to vice ; and he had thought it much to have given to the Minister of a free people some tokens of an insolent protection. But to-day the sovereign people themselves, by the organ of their faithful Representatives, receive thee ; and thou seest the tenderness, the effusion of soul that accom-

panies

panies this simple and touching ceremony. I am impatient to crown thee with the fraternal embrace, which I am ordered to give thee in the name of the French people. Come and receive it in the name of the American people; and let this spectacle complete the annihilation of an impious coalition of tyrants."

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WEDNESDAY, 13<sup>th</sup> SEPTEMBER.

*Democratic Patriotism.*—An assassination took place yesterday in the interior of the *Louvre*. Madam Beruer, the widow of the sculptor of that name, was gone on that day to Versailles. She had left in her house alone, her cook, a young woman of between 20 and 22 years of age. On her return about ten in the evening, she found that she had been robbed. Her cook was in her shift, stretched on the kitchen pavement, with her throat cut, and several stabs of a knife in her body. The public officer was immediately applied to; he found in the house a jacket, in the pocket of which was a *certificate of patriotism*. He went to the place pointed out in the card, and found that the person was a journeyman tailor, who had disappeared, but in whose trunk the plate and clothes of Madam Beruer were found. From the circumstance of the jacket, and of the carcass being stripped to the shift, it is supposed that some connexion existed between the deceased and her murderer.

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*Democratic Economy.*—To those who, for the purpose of exciting discontent, have been in the habit of representing a republic as the *cheapest* form of government, the late reports of the committees of the French Councils will convey much useful information. It is now proved by their own confessions, that the abuses which formerly subsisted have

have been increased in an infinite degree; that the most scandalous fraud and profusion have prevailed in every branch of the government; that offices of all kinds have been excessively multiplied, and that *one hundred and seventeen* persons are now employed to transact business which was formerly managed by *seven*!

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*Democratic Temperance.*—*General Orders. Headquarters at Friedberg, Feb. 9.* “A Commander of Brigade (*whose name we are desirous of concealing*) has been put under an arrest, for having exacted from his host the following articles, *daily*, viz. eight pounds of beef, a sheep, a calf, a fowl, a goose, 24 eggs, 24 loaves of white bread, 3 loaves of brown bread, 3 pounds of sugar, 3 pounds of butter, 1 pound of coffee, 26 bottles of wine, 1 pound of sealing-wax, 1 bundle of pens, 1 pound of tobacco, a ream of paper, 12 pipes, and a whistle for quails.

(A true copy)

“Commander in Chief of the General Staff,  
(Signed) “CHERIN.”

This affair will, no doubt, engage the attention of the Directory, who will take measures to prevent the other Commanders of brigades from settling themselves at similar allowances. It will be sensible of the danger of suffering this sort of gluttons to multiply, who, like so many *Garagantuas*, will swallow up the new republics as fast as they are made.

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*Democratic Modesty.*—The *accouchement* (lying-in) of one of the wives of a French Director was announced at Paris by a *royal salute*!

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*Democratic Confidence.*—Bonaparte is generally attended by a troop of *guides*—they are, in fact, *guards* against *assassination*.

*French*

*French Memorial to the Prince of Peace.*

*Copy of a Memorial presented by the French Ambassador at Madrid, Citizen Perignon, to his Excellency the Prince of Peace.*

MY LORD,

The Executive Directory has heard with astonishment the unexpected result of the naval engagement between the fleet of his Catholic Majesty and the British. I have received an extraordinary packet, which has just come to my hands, ordering that I do at this moment make known to his Majesty the true causes that contributed to the malicious loss, which has evidently foiled the honour of the Spanish flag. I am well persuaded, my Lord, that a detestable policy will strive to cover so shameful an action with darkness; and, in order to obtain its ends with impunity, will hide the truth. But should his Majesty listen to the false excuses which in such cases the guilty will value themselves upon, I will comply with the confidence which my nation has placed in me, and will make liars, in presence of his Majesty, of all who pretend to contradict the veracity of what I advance. The Directory has ordered me to give you this information, that you may lay it before his Majesty.

The Spaniards have formerly given proofs of superior valour, talents, and military skill: but in late instances some have degenerated, and by reason of a different system in the order of things in all Europe, have lost that which they had in possession for so many ages. It is indispensable, in order to preserve the body politic, to destroy and cut off by the root this pernicious evil.

The navy, my Lord, has just given us a full proof of this indubitable truth, being in force sufficient to bring down the haughtiness of the British, which was just beginning to diminish and fall short of the high opinion conceived of their navy. But the event  
has



has so elevated their arrogance, that there is no example to equal it.

For this powerful reason, the commerce, which supports the Spanish monarchy, is about to be ruined by irreparable losses. The whole nation detests the tardy operations of the navy, and laments with fear the misfortune which is about to befall them. The fact is, the fleet would not, or did not go into action (let us cover this treason); the fleet has sold the honour of the nation.

It has been so represented to the Directory by documents which cannot be disputed: and as they always are led by sentiments which promote the honour of their allies, they cannot look with indifference at so vile an action, which will produce pernicious and terrible consequences.

I therefore request, in their name, that you will prevail on his Majesty to be inflexible in punishing with rigour those who have been guilty of crime. I wait your Lordship's answer for the information of the Directory.

PERIGNON.

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*Civic Feast.*—*Boston, 9th April, 1795.* On Tuesday last were celebrated in this town, the late glorious successes of France, and the restoration of the liberties of our allies the citizens of Holland. The day was ushered in with the ringing of bells, and the joy of the citizens was fully evidenced through the day, by the discharge of cannon, the display of the French and American flags in the Union, and the sound of martial music through the town.

At two o'clock a respectable company of French, American, and Dutch citizens, repaired to Faneuil Hall, where was provided by Citizen Julien an elegant and truly republican entertainment; the hall and tables were beautifully decorated on the occasion; the repast was highly gratifying to all present,

as the fraternity which enlivened every countenance reciprocated the most pleasing sensations.

The Governor, accompanied by the French Consul, entered the Hall about half past two, amidst the loudest applauses of his fellow-citizens. The gentlemen selectmen, a number of civil and military officers of the State, and a truly fraternal band of merchants, mechanics, and French and Dutch citizens were present on this joyful occasion; and the whole proceedings of the day were conducted with that order, decency, and sobriety, which ever characterize democratic republicans.

In the evening the steeple of the north church was illuminated.

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*Civic Feast.—Reading (Mass.), 10th April, 1795.* Yesterday a civic feast was observed in this place, to celebrate the glorious success of the French arms in the cause of freedom, in the following manner:

The day was ushered in by the ringing of the bells, and a salute of fifteen discharges from a field-piece. The American flag waved in the wind, and the flag of France over the British in an inverted order. At noon, a large number of respectable citizens assembled at Citizen Rayner's, and partook of an elegant entertainment. After dinner, Captain Emerson's military company, in uniform, assembled, and escorted the citizens to the Meeting-house, where an address, pertinent to the occasion, was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Prentiss, and united prayers and praises were offered up to God, and several hymns and anthems were well sung; after which they returned in procession to Citizen Rayner's, when three farmers, with their frocks and utensils, and with a tree on their shoulders, were escorted by the military company, formed into a hollow square, to the common, where the tree was planted in form as an emblem of freedom, and the Marseillois Hymn was

was sung by a choir within a circle round the tree. The whole body of citizens then returned to Citizen Rayner's in procession, where the following toasts were drank, with the discharge of cannon and platoons, and loud huzzas. Hilarity, joy, and order, were conspicuous through the whole.

Major Bordman, by request, superintended the business of the day, and directed the manœuvres.

*Toasts.*—1. The great family of mankind—may they be all united, and their united exertions produce universal benevolence.

2. America—may her salubrious air never be contaminated with the infectious breath of nobility.

3. The Government of France—may wisdom and patriotism direct its councils, and peace and order be conspicuous in all its proceedings.

4. May the kings and nobility of the earth be brought peaceably to resign their titles and honours to the equal rights of man.

5. May the patriots of Holland unite their forces with the enlightened Republic of France for the abolition of kings and tyrants from the earth.

6. May the sword of the French not return to its scabbard until the object is obtained for which it was drawn.

7. May crowns become footstools, and kingdoms republics, and all nations rejoin in liberty and peace.

8. May the tyrants of Britain be equally confounded with those of Holland, and equal rights be restored to its virtuous sons.

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THURSDAY, 14<sup>th</sup> SEPTEMBER.

“ *Muir* has lately written a letter to the French  
 “ Directory from Cadiz, where he is still detained by  
 “ the wounds he received in the engagement that  
 “ took place between the Spanish frigate, on board  
 “ of which he was, and an English ship. He *has*  
 VOL. VII. M “ *lost*

“ *lost an eye*, and one side of his face *is totally disfigured*. In other respects he is out of danger, and will soon set out for Paris.”

Soon set out for Paris! Yes, that is the traitor’s rendezvous; the assassin’s general home. If I remember well, this miscreant Muir, on his trial, pretended that he disapproved of the French principles, and that he was even persecuted at Paris. How comes the villain now to write to the Directory? Would he write to persons by whom he was disliked, and amongst whom he met with persecution, to inform them that he was about to take refuge under their wings?

The rascal has lost one eye. So far so good; but he should have lost two. However, to be continually tormented with the sight of his “*totally disfigured*” visage may, for aught I know, be a greater punishment than blindness itself; and if so, I am glad he has got one eye left.

He was a fine rosy-gilled fellow, when he stood, like an impudent villain as he was, and dared the Court of Session in Scotland. He has now got the marks of liberty and equality: an empty purse, lank sides, and a mutilated face. A thousand blessings on the ball that caused his wounds! May such never be wanting while there is a Jacobin traitor on earth!

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FRIDAY, 15<sup>th</sup> SEPTEMBER.

*French Barbarity.*—A peasant at Achicourt, a village near Arras, came to sell butter in the town. As she walked along the streets, she met a cart filled with victims who were going to execution. “Those people,” said the poor creature, “are put to death for a very trifle.” She was instantly seized, and led to the tribunal of Lebon. During her trial she held in her arms *her infant of three months old*, whom she suckled. When she heard her sentence of death,  
 “What!”

“What!” said she, “am I, for having said one single word, to be cut off from my poor little dear for ever?” When she received the fatal stroke, the milk issued rapidly from her bosom, and mingling with her blood, bathed her executioner.

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SATURDAY, 16<sup>th</sup> SEPTEMBER.

*French Piracy.*—“It is reported that the French privateer which was lately at Newcastle, is now lying eleven miles *below Reedy Island, waiting for outward-bound vessels*—that the Captain had been up to the city, and obtained an account of the number of vessels about sailing from this port, and in particular that he had mentioned the names of the schooners Hermione, King, and Minerva, Captain Andaulle, and several other vessels.”

I'll lay any one a hundred dollars, that the French will come and take the vessels from our wharfs before this day three months. This is no joke. I am fully persuaded they will do it, and am ready to back my opinion. Governor Mifflin had the cannon dragged down to these wharfs to salute the *sans-culotte* frigate in 1793; the French are now paying back the compliment. I wonder what our wise Governor will say to this: his *paternal* attention ought to be called forth now to protect us against the fangs of his dear friends the Carmagnoles.

When we turn our eyes back to the year '93 and '94, and recollect that the dry-good shop-windows were decorated with tri-coloured cockades; that the militia wore these vile things in their hats; that *Dansons la Carmagnole* and *Ca-ira* were chanted in every corner of the city; that it was looked upon as a sort of crime not to adore the French, and that to abuse, curse, and blaspheme every thing that was British was regarded as a duty—when we recollect all this, we can read accounts of *French insolence* with

with some degree of patience. “*As you make your bed,*” said the old woman to her daughter, “*so you must lie in it.*”

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MONDAY, 18<sup>th</sup> SEPTEMBER.

*Blood-letting.*--MR. PORCUPINE, The consequences of the prevailing sickness are felt by no class of men more than the respectable fraternity to which I have the honour to belong. The dreadful solitude I have of late experienced in my deserted bar-room, has enabled me to read, with some attention, the soporific essays with which our scribbling physicians and their hopeful pupils have so generously favoured the public. Their effect on my present hypochondriacal disposition has been great; and the many charming slumbers I have enjoyed, during the perusal of such dull essays, have given wonderful relief to my distressed imagination.

As by these dissertations I find the whole *materia medica* is beautifully reduced to the very simple system of copious blood-letting and comfortable evacuations, I have determined to desert a trade thus ruined by the fever, and commence a business which has that fever for its support; as I am clearly of opinion, that Providence is kindly increasing this scourge of our city, that the advocates of Doctor Sangrado may completely triumph over their enemies, by their greater success in the cure. I foresee vast emoluments arising to my view, sufficient to compensate the great loss I have sustained in my present trade; and as there appears a scarcity of physicians entirely devoted to the *noble system of blood-letting*, I earnestly recommend to my distressed brethren to form a College immediately, and take out their diploma in this new branch of business.

That the public may not suppose us without qualifications, I have to observe that our present trade

is analogous to our new profession. We have certainly been used to evacuations (as the purses of our guests can witness) ; we can furnish copious draughts, and are thoroughly acquainted with the whole system of dieting, and also mixing compounds. As to blood-letting, our hostlers will use their fleams with success, as we shall particularly limit them to take *no more* blood from the human body than they have hitherto drawn from their horses. As it is necessary to bleed our patients until they faint, we have always at hand the best cordials to revive them. Our carriages too will enable us to drive ourselves into practice ; and as we have heard that the barbers formerly exercised the noble art of phlebotomy, and were thence denominated Barber Surgeons, I see no objection to our taking the appellation of Vintner Physicians.

A TAVERN-KEEPER.

TUESDAY, 19<sup>th</sup> SEPTEMBER.

*The French at the Brandywine.*—Among the many laudable attempts that have been made to prove the excellence of a Government administered by a *sovereign people*, I do not recollect a more successful one than the following :

“ The schooner Flying Fish, Captain Maxwell, from Jamaica, now at the Fort, was brought to a few days since by *a gun from the French privateer at anchor off the Brandywine*. Captain Maxwell hailed, From Hampton Roads ; but this not satisfying the Frenchman, he sent his boat well manned to *overhaul the schooner's papers*. In the mean time Captain Maxwell suffered himself to drift astern of the privateer, and just as the boat was dropping alongside, he hoisted sail and made off. The privateer weighed anchor shortly after, but did not think proper to pursue Captain Maxwell.”

This, one would imagine, was the *ne plus ultra* of national disgrace, but it is not. I yesterday offered to lay a wager of a hundred dollars that the French come and cut out the vessels from our wharfs, in less than six months time, and I am certain they will do it.

Now, are we not in a pretty situation? everlastingly boasting and toasting about independence, our power, and our bravery; filling our newspapers with pompous accounts of the building and the launching of our frigates: while French privateers not only scour our coast from one end to the other, and lie in our roads with impunity, but sail up our rivers, advance to within thirty miles of the capital, and there *fire at our vessels*, bring them to, and *examine their papers*! Gracious God! if this be *independence*, if this be the lot of a *sovereign citizen*, make me, I pray thee, the *subject* of some *dependant* state.

The frigate of Philadelphia is, at this moment, lying not thirty miles from the spot where this abominable, unbearable insult was offered to the country! I do not know whether she be ready to sail or not; nor is it of any consequence: she ought to be towed down to the mouth of the river, to shelter us from such unheard-of disgrace.

And where were the noble Wilmingt on battalions—those citizen soldiers, those *centaurs of liberty*, that shine so bright in armour, and perform their innocent evolutions with such amazing dexterity and courage? We hear enough of these gallant youths on a *fourth of July*. On such-like occasions they stun the neighbouring hills with their volleys. Where were they then, I say, when Mounseer was blockading the Brandywine mills, and blazing away upon their brother citizen? There is something unaccountable in the conduct of these youths. When one of their own merchant-vessels was endeavouring to elude



clude the embargo in 1794, and get off with her cargo to a *British port*, then did their manly bosoms burn for *glory*. Like true citizen soldiers, out they scampered, rough and ready, and swore they would fight under the banners of the constable to the last drop of their blood. Even the *hickory Quakers* (with which Wilmington unfortunately abounds) rushed down through the swamps like so many swine, to stop the criminal fugitive. Is it not amazing that the very people who were so alert then, should be so torpid now, when all the difference in the two cases was, one vessel had *cannon on board*, the other *had none*?

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*Medical Puffing.*

“ The times are ominous indeed,

“ When quack to quack cries, *Purge and bleed.*”

Those who are in the habit of looking over the *Gazettes* which come in from the different parts of the country, must have observed, and with no small degree of indignation, the arts which our remorseless *bleeder* is making use of to puff off his preposterous practice. He has, unfortunately, his partisans in every quarter of the country. To these he writes letters, and in return gets letters from them : he extols their practice, and they extol his ; and there is scarcely a page of any newspaper that I see, which has the good fortune to escape the poison of their prescriptions. Blood, blood ! still they cry, More blood ! In every sentence they menace our poor veins. Their language is as frightful to the ears of the alarmed multitude, as is the raven’s croak to those of the sickly flock.

Among all these puffs I do not recollect a more shameless one than the following from *Dr. Tilton* :

*Extract of a letter from Dr. Tilton, of Wilmington, to Dr. Rush, dated September 12.*—“ We have had  
“ repeated instances of *your fever* at this place. The  
“ infection has generally been taken in Philadelphia.

“ I am not acquainted with any instances where the  
 “ contagion has been received at Wilmington, but  
 “ at Newcastle and Newport there are unequivocal  
 “ examples of the contagion being received from  
 “ those who brought it from the city.

“ In the treatment of the fever, we use *copious*  
 “ blood-letting in the beginning, and active *mercu-*  
 “ *rial purges*. I have conceived, however, that  
 “ mercury is useful, not merely as a cathartic, but  
 “ as a *specific against all kinds of contagion*. There is  
 “ no contagious disease in which its use is not ac-  
 “ knowledged; not only small-pox, measles, dysen-  
 “ tery, &c. but scarlatina and influenza yield to its  
 “ specific virtues. You probably remember as well  
 “ as I, that it was given with advantage in the hos-  
 “ pital and camp fever. In short, I have established  
 “ it as a maxim to give mercury as soon as I know a  
 “ disease to be contagious.”

This Dr. Tilton is a kind of Puritan; a sour, wry-  
 faced, incorrigible democrat. He has the pride of  
 Lucifer himself, and to me it is astonishing that he  
 should have condescended to become the trumpet,  
 the underling, the mere barber-surgeon of the  
 master bleeder.

The mercurial purges too, Dr. Tilton must break  
 forth in praise of! Mercury is good for every thing  
 that is contagious! Is it good for sans-culotism, Doc-  
 tor? if it be, in the name of goodness, take a double  
 dose of it twice a day, till it has wrought a cure.—  
 Dr. Rush, in that emphatical style which is peculiar  
 to himself, calls *mercury* “ the *Samson* of medicine.”  
 In his hands and in those of his partisans, it may,  
 indeed, be justly compared to *Samson*; for I verily  
 believe they have slain more Americans with it, than  
 ever Samson slew of the Philistines. The Israelite  
 slew his thousands, but the Rushites have slain their  
 tens of thousands.

*Priestleyan*

*Priestleyan Age.*—The following, extracted from the Philadelphia Aurora, is one of those puffs which the adherents of Priestley are continually plying us with.

“ You have now Priestley with you ; we do not  
 “ deserve him. Some centuries hence this age will  
 “ not be known so much by the despotism or wars  
 “ of kings, as by the *Priestleyan age*, as we speak  
 “ of the Augustan. Happy for the inhabitants of  
 “ the old world, their children, driven across the At-  
 “ lantic, wiser than their fathers, have justly estimated  
 “ the value and prerogatives of freedom ; and have  
 “ at length discovered, that the Deity is of no reli-  
 “ gion, but the common and beneficent Parent, as  
 “ well as the Creator of his children ; and that out  
 “ of the 3000 religions in the world, they are all  
 “ right whilst they cultivate the moral virtues in-  
 “ spired by his government and attributes. This is  
 “ *Christianity* ; but, alas ! it goeth not to courts \*.”

*Samuel Adams.*—The following article, which is taken from a Boston paper of the 17th of July, 1793, exhibits a striking instance of republican honesty, and of the very great *convenience* attending the situation of Governor.

“ A correspondent thinks too much praise cannot be given to our worthy Governor, for his vigilance in *issuing a proclamation for the meeting of the General Court* on the very day, and perhaps at the moment, when the Marshal of the district *served him with a writ*, legally issued from the Supreme Court of the United States. From his Excellency's well-known attachment to republican principles it cannot be sup-

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\* “ This is *Christianity* ! ” *Three thousand religions are all right, and all is Christianity !* “ But, alas ! it goeth not to courts : ” of which we are very glad indeed. If it did go there, every king would soon follow poor Louis XVI.

posed that this originated in the passion of the moment, in a wish to embarrass the proceedings of the Federal Government, or to fix an unnecessary degree of importance and official dignity to the servants of this Commonwealth. The whole tenour of his Excellency's life, especially since he has filled his present station, is a direct contradiction to any surmises injurious to the most disinterested patriotism \*."

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*Yazzoo Laws; or, the Virtues of republican Legislators fully exemplified.*—The Yazzoo law of Georgia was passed long before I commenced my labours as an anti-republican writer; but it is too striking an instance, too important and too well attested a proof of republican turpitude to be omitted in these volumes.

The State of Georgia, like most others of the United States of America, contained large districts of land which had never been granted to any individual or individuals, and which was, of course, still the property of the State, and at the disposal of the Governor and Legislature thereof. On the 7th of January, 1795, during the governorship of George Mathews, an act was passed by the two Houses of Legislature, and sanctioned by the Governor, for selling a vast tract of the ungranted land which lay in the western part of the State, and which was called the *Yazzoo Country*: hence the laws relative to this sale have been called the *Yazzoo Laws*.

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\* The English reader must be informed that this *General Court* is the two Houses of the Legislature, and that these two Houses were assembled, on this occasion, for the express purpose of sheltering "his Excellency" from the operation of the writ; that is, from being *put into gaol*. The laws of the State do not permit the Governor to be arrested during the session of the Legislature; and therefore it was, that the Governor called a session to keep him out of gaol, and his creditor out of his money !!!

Certain

Certain unprincipled members of the two Houses of the Legislature formed a plan for robbing their constituents of the Yazzoo lands, consisting of *several millions* of acres; and, shocking to relate! this infamous plan was concurred in by a *great majority* of both Houses. These "virtuous republicans" formed themselves into *Land Companies*, and passed a law, by which the lands were sold to *themselves and their associates* for about one half of the sum which they would have brought if sold to other persons. Indeed 800,000 dollars were offered for the very lands which these corrupt villains sold to themselves for 500,000.

The fraud of this transaction could not remain long undetected. Those who had not been admitted to a share in the plunder, complained that the law was fraudulently obtained. Meetings of the people were called; petitions and remonstrances were sent in from every quarter; the Grand Juries of the different counties presented the Yazzoo contract as a grievance; and, towards the meeting of the next Legislature, the clamour became almost universal\*.

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\* The following is an extract from the presentment of the Grand Jury of the county of Burke, in August, 1795.

"We the Grand Jury of the county of Burke present as the greatest grievance the State of Georgia experiences, the sale of the Western Territory, and recommend that the next Legislature take the subject into their mature deliberation; and also, that our fellow-citizens would be particular in scrutinizing the characters of the candidates for the representation, and reject those who are known or suspected to have interest therein. We are of opinion with a former Grand Jury, that it was a *fraudulent* one, and *effected by every species of corruption*. And furthermore we do earnestly recommend to our next Legislature, that the said fraudulent and corrupt sale be made null and void, and that the same territory be secured to the State in such manner as that the rights of the citizens thereof may not again be violated. We also recommend that his Excellency the Governor retain in his treasury the monies appropriated for the purpose of carrying into effect the impending treaty with the Creek nation until after the sitting of the next Legislature; as we conceive that appropriation was also made for the

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The Legislature of Georgia is chosen annually; but, as the members may be re-elected, many of those who had sold and bought the Yazzoo lands made a part of the new Legislature, by which the Yazzoo law was *annulled*; but not before the *first* purchasers had sold the lands to other persons, and shifted the loss from their own shoulders to those of thousands of honest unsuspecting persons.

The Committee appointed to examine into the Yazzoo purchase, made a report, from which the following extract is taken :

“ The Committee lament that they are compelled  
 “ to declare, that the *fraud, corruption, and collusion*,  
 “ by which the said *act* was obtained, and the un-  
 “ constitutionality of the same, evinces the utmost  
 “ depravity in the *majority* of the late Legislature.  
 “ It appears to your Committee, that public good  
 “ was placed entirely out of view, and private inter-  
 “ est alone consulted; that the rights of the pre-  
 “ sent *generation* were violated, and the rights of  
 “ posterity bartered by the said *act*; that by it  
 “ the mounds of equal right were broken down,  
 “ and the principles of aristocracy established  
 “ in their stead. The Committee, whilst they thus  
 “ with shame and confusion acknowledge, that such  
 “ a Legislature, intrusted with the rights of their  
 “ constituents, could have existed in Georgia, can-  
 “ not, however, forbear to congratulate the present

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the more fully carrying into effect and establishing the above fraudulent sale. We also present as a grievance, that the *greater part of those who are in public office have joined in the above corruption, and share in the public plunder*; such men are truly dangerous, and not deserving the least countenance; therefore recommend to the honourable Assembly that such characters, whether sharing by purchase or otherwise, be removed from office. This measure will have a tendency to prevent others, in like cases, offending. Public officers ought to consider that they are servants of the Republic, and her property they ought not to embezzle or waste.”

“ Legislature

“ Legislature and community at large, that there  
 “ are sufficient grounds, as well with respect to the  
 “ unconstitutionality of the *act*, as from the testi-  
 “ mony before the Committee, of the *fraud* prac-  
 “ tised to obtain it, to pronounce, that the same is  
 “ a nullity of itself, and not binding or obligatory  
 “ on the people of this State; and they flatter them-  
 “ selves that a declaration to that purport, by a le-  
 “ gislative act, will check the rapacious and avari-  
 “ cious spirit of speculation which has in this State  
 “ overleaped all decent bounds, and which, if it  
 “ were to continue, would totally annihilate mora-  
 “ lity and good faith from among the citizens of the  
 “ State. The Committee, for this purpose, beg  
 “ leave to report an act for declaring the said  
 “ usurped *act* void, and for expunging the same  
 “ from the face of the public records; and they  
 “ also herewith report, in part testimony before  
 “ them, *fifteen affidavits taken on the subject of the*  
 “ *fraud practised to obtain it.*”

Upon this report a law was framed and passed, in  
 January, 1796, to annul the contract. This law  
 is a most curious and valuable document. It is  
 worth millions of volumes written against republican  
 government; I shall therefore be very copious in  
 my extracts from it.

“ A Bill declaring null and void a certain usurped  
 act passed by the last Legislature of this State, at  
 Augusta, the 7th day of January, 1795, under the  
 pretended title of ‘ An act supplementary to an  
 ‘ act, entitled, An act for appropriating a part of  
 ‘ the unlocated territory of this State, for the pay-  
 ‘ ment of the late State troops, and for other purposes  
 ‘ therein mentioned; declaring the right of this  
 ‘ State to the unappropriated territory thereof, for  
 ‘ the protection of the frontiers, and for other pur-  
 ‘ poses;’ and for expunging from the public records  
 the said usurped act, and declaring the right of this  
 State

State to all lands lying within the boundaries therein mentioned.

“ Whereas the last Legislature of this State, not confining itself to the powers with which that body was constitutionally invested, did usurp a power to pass an act on the 7th day of January, 1795, entitled, ‘ An act supplementary to an act entitled, An act for appropriating a part of the unlocated territory of this State, for the payment of the late State troops, and for other purposes therein mentioned ; declaring the right of the State to the unappropriated territory thereof, for the protection of the frontiers, and for other purposes ;’ by which an enormous tract of unascertained millions of acres of the vacant territory of the State, was attempted to be disposed of to a few individuals, in fee simple ; and the same is not only unfounded, as being without express constitutional authority, but is repugnant to that authority, as well as to the principles and form of government the good citizens of the State have chosen for their rule, which is democratical, or a government founded on equality of rights ; and which is totally opposed to all proprietary grants, or monopolies in favour of a few, which tend to build up that destructive aristocracy in a new, which is tumbling in the old world ; and which, if permitted, must end in the annihilation of democracy and equal rights ; those rights and principles of government which our virtuous forefathers fought for, and established with their blood :

“ And whereas, divested of all fundamental and constitutional authority on which the said usurped act might be declared by its advocates, and those who claim under it, to be founded, fraud has been practised to obtain it, and the grant under it ; and it is a fundamental principle both of law and equity, that there cannot be a wrong without a remedy ; and the State and the citizens thereof have suffered a  
most



most grievous injury in the barter of their rights by the said usurped act and grants, and there is no court existing, if the dignity of the State would permit her entering one, for the trial of fraud and collusion of individuals, or to contest her sovereignty with them, whereby the remedy for so notorious an injury could be obtained; and it can no where better lie than with the Representatives of the People, chosen by them, after due promulgation by the Grand Juries of most of the counties of the State, of the means practised; and by the remonstrances of the people to the Convention held on the 10th day of May, 1795, setting forth the atrocious speculation, corruption, and collusion, by which the said usurped act and grants were obtained:

“ And whereas the said petition and remonstrances of the good people composing the State, on the 10th day of May, 1795, produced a resolution of that body in the following words: ‘ Resolved, that it is the opinion of this Convention, that from the numbers, respectability, and ground of complaint stated in the sundry petitions laid before them, that this is a subject of importance meriting legislative deliberation: Ordered, therefore, that such petitions be preserved by the Secretary, and laid before the next Legislature at their ensuing session:’ which resolution invests this Legislature with conventional powers, *quo ad hoc*, or, in common terms, for the purpose of investigating the same, and which gives additional validity to the legislative authority, were the powers of one Legislature over the acts of another to be attempted to be questioned:

“ And whereas it appears that sundry affidavits, and a variety of proofs satisfactory to this Legislature, as well as from the presentments of the Grand Juries on oath of a considerable majority of the counties of the State, and by the afore-recited petitions and remonstrances of the good people thereof

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to the Convention, and by numerous petitions to this present Legislature to the same purport, as also from the self-evident proof of fraud, arising from the rejection of eight hundred thousand dollars, and the acceptance of five hundred thousand dollars, as the consideration-money for which the said territory was sold, that fraud and corruption were practised to obtain the said act and grants, and that a majority of those members of the Legislature who voted in favour of the aforesaid act, were engaged in the purchase; and a majority of one vote only appeared in favour of the said usurped act in the Senate, and on which majority in that branch the same was passed; and corruption appears against more than one member of that body; which, exclusive of the many deceptions used, and the inadequacy of price for such an immense and valuable tract of country, would be sufficient in equity, reason, and law, to invalidate the contract, even supposing it to be constitutional, which this Legislature declares it is not:

“ Be it therefore enacted, that the said usurped act, passed on the 7th day of January, 1795, entitled, ‘ An act supplementary to an act, entitled, An act for appropriating a part of the unlocated territory of this State, for the payment of the late State troops, and for other purposes therein mentioned; declaring the right of this State to the unappropriated territory thereof, for the protection of the frontiers, and for other purposes;’ be, and the same is hereby declared null and void; and the grant or grants, right or rights, claim or claims, issuing, deduced, or derived therefrom, or from any other clause, letter, or spirit of the same, or any part of the same, is hereby also annulled, rendered void and of no effect; and as the same was made without constitutional authority, and fraudulently obtained, it is hereby declared of no binding

binding force or effect on this State or the people thereof, but is and are to be considered, both law and grant, as they ought to be, *ipso facto* of themselves void; and the territory therein mentioned is also hereby declared to be the sole property of the State, subject only to the right of treaty of the United States, to enable the State to purchase under its pre-emption right the Indian title to the same.

“ And be it further enacted, that within three days after the passing of this act, the different branches of the Legislature shall be assembled together; at which meeting the officer shall attend with the several records, documents, and deeds in the Secretary's, Surveyor-general's, and other public offices, and which records and documents shall then and there be expunged from the face and indexes of the books of record of the State; *and the enrolled law, or usurped act, shall then be publicly burnt*, in order that no trace of so unconstitutional, vile, and fraudulent a transaction, other than the infamy attached to it by this law, shall remain in the public offices thereof: and it is hereby declared the duty of the county officers of record, where any conveyance, bond, or other deed whatever, shall have been recorded relating to the sale of the said territory under the said usurped act, to produce the book wherein the said deed, bond, or conveyance, may be so recorded, to the superior court at the next session of the court after the passing this law, and which court is hereby directed to cause such clerk or keeper of records of the county to obliterate the same in their presence; and if such clerk or keeper of records neglect or refuse so to do, he shall be, and is hereby declared incapable of holding any office of trust or confidence in this State, and the superior court shall suspend him: and from and after the passing of this act, if any clerk of a county, notary public, or other officer keeping record, shall enter any transaction,

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agreement, conveyance, grant, law, or contract relative to the said purchase under the said usurped act on their books of record, whereby claim can be derived of authority of record, he or they shall be rendered incapable of holding any office of trust or profit within this State, and be liable to a penalty of one thousand dollars, to be recovered in any court within and under the jurisdiction of this State; one half whereof to be given for the benefit of the informer, and the other half to be lodged in the treasury for the use of the Commonwealth.

“And be it further enacted, that the said usurped law passed on the 7th of January, 1795, shall not, nor shall any grant or grants issued by virtue thereof, or any deed or conveyance, agreement or contract, script or paper relative thereto, be received as evidence in any court of law or equity of this State, so far as to establish a right to the said territory, or to any part thereof; provided that nothing herein contained shall be construed to prevent such deed or conveyance, agreement or contract between individuals, script issued by the pretended purchasers, or other paper, from being received as evidence in private actions for the recovery of any other monies or other interest given, paid, or exchanged, as the consideration for pretended sales by the original pretended purchasers, or persons claiming and selling by and under them.

“And be it further enacted, that his Excellency the Governor be, and he is hereby empowered and required to issue warrants on the treasurer, after the expiration of sixty days, in favour of such persons as may have *bona fide* deposited monies, bank stock, or stock in the funds of the United States, or warrants, in part or in whole payment of pretended shares of the said pretended purchased territory, provided the same shall be now therein, and not otherwise: and provided also, that the risk attending the

the keeping the sum or sums so paid in, be deemed, and is hereby declared to lie entirely with the persons who deposited them, and that any charge of guards or other expenses for the safe keeping thereof, be deducted; and in case of neglect of application to his Excellency therefor within eight months after the passing this act, the same shall be, and is hereby deemed property derelict and escheated to and for the use of this State.

“ And be it further enacted, that any pretended power assumed, usurped, or intended by the said act, or any clause or letter of the same, or which may or can be construed to that purpose by the said usurped act, grant or grants under it, or from the journals of the House of Senate or Representatives, to apply to the Government of the United States for the extinguishment of the Indian claims to the lands within the boundaries in the said usurped act mentioned, and the holding any treaty by the said general Government in consequence of any application therefor, by the company purchasers under the said usurped act, so far as may affect the rights of this State to the lands therein described, is and are hereby declared null and void: and the right of applying for, and the extinguishment of Indian claims to any lands within the boundaries of this State, as herein described, being a sovereign right, is hereby further declared to be vested in the people of this State, to whom the right of pre-emption to the same belongs, subject only to the controlling power of the United States to authorize any treaty or treaties for, and to superintend the same.

“ And be it further enacted, that in order to prevent future frauds on individuals, as far as the nature of the case will admit, his Excellency the Governor is hereby required, as soon as may be after the passing of this law, to promulgate the same throughout the United States.”

In pursuance of this act (which was passed on the 13th of February, 1796), the Yazzoo law and records were *burnt* on the 16th of the same month. The account of this novel and curious ceremony, taken from the Augusta paper of February the 18th, 1796, is too valuable to be omitted :

“ On Monday last the two Houses of the State Legislative moved in procession to the funeral pile prepared in front of the State House, preceded by their Committee, bearing in their arms the records of the Western sale. When arrived at the fatal spot, the Committee handed the records to the President of the Senate, the President handed them to the Speaker of the House, the Speaker to the Clerk, and he to the Door-keeper, who with coolness and firmness of mind, laid the devoted victims on the burning pile, where they were soon consumed to ashes, very little to the satisfaction of the by-standers : but 'tis feared, that, phoenix-like, from the ashes of those records will spring forth a record, that will render immortal the infamy and disgrace of this purgatorial transaction.

“ The reasons for these new proceedings are attempted to be assigned in the preamble to the act ; but these reasons are by many well-informed men said to be unsatisfactory, and it has been affirmed that the Legislature have attempted to exercise a power not warranted by reason, justice, or common sense, and totally repugnant to the principles of morality and government : and the repeal law, it is said, cannot produce the intended effect ; for the companies having obtained regular and legal grants for their lands, and the contract having being completely carried into effect by both parties, cannot be affected by the subsequent conduct of either ; and the repeal, could it have any effect, must have a retrospective operation, and come with-

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“ in the denomination of an *ex post facto* law, and  
“ consequently would be void in itself.

“ But the violence of this measure gives very  
“ considerable uneasiness; and many who were not  
“ in principle opposed to a repeal, view with horror  
“ those records which have hitherto been deemed  
“ sacred, mangled, defaced, and burnt, with school-  
“ boy inconsideration, and the heat and spirit of  
“ faction. And as this heat and violence only tends  
“ to set a very dangerous example, and cannot pos-  
“ sibly produce any good, it will occasion this law to  
“ become far more unpopular than the one which  
“ was the object of this unprecedented proceeding.  
“ If the law could operate at all, the operation  
“ would have been the same without as with the  
“ burning and mangling of records. If the burning  
“ a record by a law which recognises the instrument  
“ destroyed, could do away the effect of the recorded  
“ instrument, then the properties of individuals are  
“ totally insecure, and a predominant party might  
“ render all private possessions precarious; and if the  
“ Yazzoo law was unconstitutional, neither burning  
“ nor repealing were necessary, as the law in itself  
“ was wholly void. We hope and trust, that this  
“ direful example of the present Legislature will  
“ never again be imitated, but that it will meet the  
“ discountenance it merits from an enlightened peo-  
“ ple, and that our next Convention will, by a con-  
“ stitutional article, declare that all records shall be  
“ deemed sacred, and that no Legislature shall have  
“ power to deface or destroy them.”

I shall dismiss this article with pointing out a cir-  
cumstance, which, without my assistance, might es-  
cape the English reader. The Yazzoo lands were,  
*before the passing of the repeal law*, sold by the Com-  
panies to other purchasers. Large tracts of them  
were sold to persons in England and other countries,  
as well as to persons in different parts of the United

States; and the *loss* fell upon the *second* purchasers, who had already paid the money, or given securities to the Companies;—so that the transaction is simply this: the legislators, the *virtuous* legislators of the republic of Georgia, pass a law selling certain lands to themselves, and then sell these lands to others, and put the money in their pockets: having done this, they pass another law, declaring the first law infamous, annulling the sale made to themselves, resuming the lands in the name of the State, destroying the records by which the lands were held, and defrauding the hundreds and thousands of unsuspecting, secondary purchasers. One Englishman, now in the jail of New-York for debt, lost 60,000 dollars by this act of legislative swindling. If this be not “*more* fraudulent than forgery or coining,” it is because felony admits of no degrees of comparison. But if it be not more criminal in the eye of the *law*, it is in the eye of *morality*; if it be not more *fraudulent*, it is certainly more *infamous*. Such are *republican* legislators, such is *republican* virtue, and such is the government which a rebellion against George the Third has brought on the people of America.

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WEDNESDAY, 20<sup>th</sup> SEPTEMBER.

*Fining for Murder.*—*Augusta, September 7, 1797.*  
If Mr. M'Millan will give the following curious trial a place in his paper, it will much oblige

*A Friend and Subscriber.*

*Justices Court, — Term. — vs. —. Negro-*  
killing.

His Honour the Justice took his seat, after having impanelled and sworn the jury.

The plaintiff stated, that the defendant did, with the force of arms, unlawfully enter his plantation, and then and there kill, by shooting with a gun loaded with powder and lead, one negro man of the value



value of 45*l.* contrary to the laws of God and his country.

The defendant admitted killing the negro, but endeavoured to justify his conduct by saying *the negro was insolent, &c.*

His Honour the Justice then rose, and gave the jury a flowery and laboured charge, and desired them to withdraw and do justice to the parties: the jury withdrew, and in a few minutes brought in their verdict *Wilful murder*. His Honour told them they were wrong, and that they must go out again—they withdrew, and soon brought in their verdict *Negro slaughter*. The Justice, in a mighty rage, told them to go out again; that they were still wrong, that his object was money: they again withdrew, and brought in damages for plaintiff 45*l.* payable in plantation tools, and costs of suit. The defendant complied by giving his note for the debt, and paying up the cost, which his Honour received, *treated to half a pint*, and adjourned.

Thus the Justice extended his jurisdiction to 45*l.* from 7*l.* and made his a court of criminal jurisdiction\*.

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#### THURSDAY, 21<sup>st</sup> SEPTEMBER.

*Singular Punishment.*—*Alexandria, September 19.* Yesterday a negro man was tried before the county court for attempting to ravish a white woman, was found guilty, sentence, *Castration!*

This was very unjust. Why should this poor fel-

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\* Now, after this, I beg, for decency's sake, to hear no more about republican *law* and *justice* and *humanity*. The people among whom such enormities can be practised with impunity, ought to expect every scourge that earth or Heaven has in store. I defy any man living to bring me an instance of such an atrocious decision as this, except from the records of Robespierre's bloody tribunal.

low be thus served for wishing to enjoy the *Rights of Man*?

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FRIDAY, 22<sup>d</sup> SEPTEMBER.

*Switzerland.*—"Basle, July 25. We are assured that General Bonaparte has testified his discontent at the refusal of the Helvetic body, relative to the passage demanded through the Valais. It is even said, but that wants confirmation, that he has intimated a resolution to force this passage, if Switzerland shall not consent to grant it. We know not why this General is so much interested about this passage, which would not be very useful to his army, and why he teases the Swiss so much to obtain it; for we can hardly believe, as the friends of Mr. Wickham would insinuate, that the General is desirous of a pretence to intermeddle in the affairs of Switzerland, and to revolutionize some Cantons who are not very friendly to popular tumults. However that may be, the Swiss *confide in the promise of the Directory, and in the wisdom of Barthelemy.*"

They do?—Then I can tell them they confide in the very quintessence of hypocrisy and treachery. We (the Americans I mean) *confided in the Directory*; did we not? If I remember right, we were all intoxicated with joy, when the thing they call their *Constitution* had undergone the farce of being accepted by the people. Even General Washington congratulated them and us, on their having established an equitable and efficient government. How have we found it? And as to Barthelemy, a man that can condescend to drink out of the same cup with the *murderers of his brother*, must be a consummate hypocrite, or a most unnatural monster\*.

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\* Just as I foretold, so did it happen. I am not sorry for the fate of Switzerland. The Swiss are a base people, and ought to be slaves.

SATURDAY,

SATURDAY, 23<sup>d</sup> SEPTEMBER.

*Dr. Leib.*—It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good. One would think that the dreadful disease that afflicts the city at this time, and that has driven away one third of its inhabitants, could not possibly be a source of good to any one; yet, we see, it has raised Doctor Leib from the dirt into a one-horse chair!

I have several times, lately, met this *created* physician, driving about the neighbourhood of the city. I wondered how he came by a horse and chair, well knowing that such articles are not to be got for *certificates*; but now the mystery is unravelled.

This new-born son of Esculapius, when mounted in his Yellow Fever equipage, puts one in mind of *Racine's* description of Death:

“ —a horrid *grinning* monster,  
 “ With steed raw-bon'd and lash tremendous;  
 “ Driving his chariot-wheels o'er smiling Peace  
 “ And rosy Health, and spreading all around  
 “ Terror, anguish, and despair.”

No wonder the inhabitants of Germantown were alarmed. But, under the rose, these good people have no right to complain. The Doctor is their *Representative in the State Legislature*; and as he showed so much skill in *feeling their pulse* then, I suppose the Board of Health thought him the fittest person to take charge of their health now. I shall not take the trouble to inquire how many patients the Doctor ever had before his present appointment; those who fall under his hands may find that out, if they can. I am resolved he shall not doctor *me*, any thing contained in Thomas Mifflin's Proclamation to the contrary notwithstanding\*.

MONDAY,

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\* This Leib is one of the most infamous wretches that ever existed. He now stands charged with purloining the property of children,

MONDAY, 25<sup>th</sup> SEPTEMBER.

*Singular Adjudication.*—A cause was tried before Justice Resolve —, lately appointed for Luzerne county (but at present resides at or near Muncey). The action was brought for a calf sold by the plaintiff, at six weeks old, for twenty-five shillings: the defendant proved that he paid twelve shillings and sixpence in cash for the calf at the delivery, and promised the remainder in a short time. The plaintiff had not called upon the defendant until last spring for the balance, which was four years after purchase was made. Justice Resolve, after hearing the cause, gave judgment for the defendant to restore the calf, which is at this time a bullock, worth at least fifteen pounds, with costs of suit. The poor man was obliged to comply.

*French Cruelty to the Indians.*—MR. COBBETT, I send you an extract from the History of the Five Nations, which I am persuaded will convince you, that the cruelties exercised on the Indians by the bloody French far surpassed any thing contained in your Bloody Buoy, or in the history of the dragooning the poor Protestants.

“ They took an Indian, and first *broiled his feet*  
 “ between two red-hot stones; then they *put his*  
 “ *fingers into red-hot pipes*, and, though he had his  
 “ hands at liberty, he would not pull his fingers  
 “ out. They cut his joints, and taking *hold of the*  
 “ *sinews, twisted them round small bars of iron*. All  
 “ this while he kept singing, and recounting his  
 “ own brave actions against the French. At last  
 “ they flayed his scalp from his skull, *and poured*  
 “ *scalding hot sand upon it*; at which time the In-

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children, whose father he visited on his death-bed; yet this man is a member of Congress!

“ *tendant's*

“tendant’s lady obtained leave of the Governor to  
 “have the coup-de-grace given ; and I believe she  
 “thereby likewise obtained a favour to every reader,  
 “in delivering him from a further continuance of  
 “this account of *French cruelty* \*.”

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*American Trade with France.*—Nantz, June 16, 1797. SIR, I take this opportunity of informing you of our capture, viz. On the 25th of May, in lat.  $49^{\circ}24'$  N. long.  $12^{\circ}10'$  W. was brought to by the ship *Fawn*, a French privateer, mounting eighteen nine, and two twelve pounders, and men answerable. They took charge of us without looking at our papers, exchanged men and officers, and conveyed us into Nantz ; but if fortune had favoured us to have lost sight of her for one half hour, she had been our own again. The day after I arrived at this place, the ship *Briseis*, of New-York, bound to Amsterdam, was brought in ; and six days after, the ship *Confederacy*, from India, bound to Hamburgh, was brought in also ; and several ships from Philadelphia and Charleston, and other ports in America, are here ; and there is no prospect of either ships or cargoes being cleared, for as fast as they try them they condemn them. Their order is to take every American they fall in with, bound where they will, even if bound to France ; and let the Americans be furnished with all and every paper that is requisite relative either to ships or cargoes, it avails nothing : therefore you are very fortunate not to fall in with any of those infamous French robbers ; for so sure as you had, so sure *France would have been your fate* ; but fortune and the good winds have favoured you, which I hope will always follow you. All my pas-

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\* This infernal cruelty was inflicted under the orders of the *Count of Frontenac*.

sengers have got their passports, and set off this day for England, by way of St. Malocs. No doubt before this time you have heard of Captain Haley's being a commissioned officer in France, which is the news at this place. I conclude with wishing you your health and prosperity, and in the mean time subscribe myself

Your obedient,

To Captain Kemp, New-York  
Coffee-house, London.

D. SHERRY.

TUESDAY, 26<sup>th</sup> SEPTEMBER.

*Pure Liberty.*—Just arrived from Cape Mount, on the windward coast of Africa, the ship Agenoria, Edward Bois master, with a *prime cargo of assorted slaves*. The *sale* of which will commence on Monday, the 21<sup>st</sup> inst.—Conditions then made known. Savannah, 10<sup>th</sup> Aug. 1797. ROBERT WATTS.

*Republican Morality.*—New-York, September 22. At a circuit court held in the city of Albany, last week, the following persons were tried, found guilty of the crimes affixed to their names, and received sentence accordingly:

Isaac Robins, for passing a false receipt for money, to be imprisoned for life, in the state prison.

Simeon Brandt, for passing two counterfeit quarter dollars, knowing them to be false; imprisonment for life and hard labour.

Jacob, a negro man, slave to Mr. Oothoult—burglary; imprisonment for life and hard labour.

John Garrit—burglary; imprisonment for life and hard labour.

Isaac Van Dofen—horse-stealing; seven years at hard labour.

Benjamin

Benjamin Miller—grand larceny; seven years hard labour.

Samuel Sanders—grand larceny; breaking open the United States store, and stealing muskets and port fire; ten years at hard labour.

Daniel Watkins—grand larceny; breaking open the United States stores, &c.; ten years hard labour.

Daniel Suly—grand larceny; one year at hard labour.

Philip Mower—for picking pockets; four years hard labour.

Thomas Osborn—petit larceny; seven months hard labour.

Pomp, negro slave of David Longe—horse-stealing; nine months hard labour.

Michael Van Kaack—petit larceny; nine months hard labour.

Archibald Brewster—grand larceny; one year at hard labour.

Died, in this city yesterday, Mr. William Gilbert, a venerable and respectable citizen. He was about eighty years old, and held the office of Collector for the second ward when he died.

A Mr. Phillips, a deputy sheriff, in the county of Lincoln, Massachusetts, was assaulted at Twenty-five Mile Pond, and had a number of writs taken from him, which were in favour of persons holding claims under the Plymouth Company, by a banditti under the disguise of Indians\*.

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*Kentucky Innocence.*—One IMLAY (the paramour of the she-philosopher, Wolstonecraft) has written and published, in England, a land-jobbing book, intended to inveigle Europeans to carry their

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\* I have inserted this article as a proof on record, that the stories which have been told in Europe, about the *innocence* of the republicans of America, are mere deceptions.

persons and property to Kentucky, where he has great tracts of land. One recommendation, which this impudent fellow holds forth, is, the *innocence* of the people of that new country. For such a man to talk of *innocence* is, indeed, something curious; but, when my readers are informed of the *sort* of innocence that the Kentuckians are famous for, they will not be surpris'd at the eulogiums which Imlay has bestowed on it. I do not deal in loose assertions: *facts* are my delight, and the list of facts which I am now about to extract from *one, a very small Kentucky paper*, will give my readers a tolerable idea of the innocence of the shepherds and shepherdesses of that modern Arcadia.

*Undermining.*—Whereas I am informed a certain George Adams, a pretended hatter, of the town of Lexington, has taken his hats to the different court houses in this State, and sold them as my manufacturing; therefore, this is to notify the public, that I intend hereafter to put my name in each of my hats, to prevent the character of my shop being injured by any such person.

JOHN LOWRY.

*Shuffling.*—All persons are hereby forewarned against taking an assignment on a note, given by me to Nathaniel Logan, for eleven pounds ten shillings and eleven pence, which was to have been discharged *in corn and hay*, which I am at any time ready to do.

JERH. STRODE.

*Jockeying.*—Whereas a certain Robert Cunningham obtained a note on me for ten pounds in the swap of a horse: said Cunningham warranted the horse he gave to be sound, which he is not; I afterwards went to said Cunningham in order to rue bargain, which he refused to do. I therefore forewarn all persons from taking an assignment on said note, as I am determin'd not to pay it.

August 9, 1797.

JAMES CLAYTON.

*Cheating.*



*Cheating.*—Whereas Benjamin Harrifon, of Harrifon county, did execute his bond to me, for a title to three hundred acres of land, lying in faid county, on the waters of Licking, on a creek called Beaver Creek, bearing date, as near as I recollect, August, 1795, which bond I afterwards (to wit, on August 24th, 1796), assigned to Thomas Grigg: this is therefore to forewarn all persons from trading for, or taking an assignment on faid bond, as I am determined not to be bound by faid assignment, or relinquish my title to faid bond, as faid Grigg has acted fraudulently with me, and will not comply with his agreement.

*Hamilton County,* DANIEL RICHARDSON.

*N. W. River Ohio, July 26, 1797.*

*Bruising, Robbery, and, perhaps, Whoredom.*—Whereas my wife Christina has lately *craved surety of the peace against me*, on which account I am now confined in the gaol of this county; and as I understand (and have good reason to believe) that she takes the advantage of my confinement, *to dispose of my property, and run me in debt*: I do hereby forewarn any person from dealing with her, or receiving any of my property from her on any pretence, as I shall prosecute all such with the utmost rigour of the law.

TERRENCE SMITH.

*Bourbon County Gaol, August 9, 1797.*

*Liberty!!!*—This vile paper, which calls on the guillotine to chop off the heads of all *tyrants*, and foretells that then the flag of *freedom* shall be unfurled; this *liberty paper* contains no less than four advertisements, offering a reward for apprehending runaway *slaves*!!—The following one is a specimen.

Run away from the subscriber, on Sunday night the 13th instant, living near Niddle's Mill on Hinkston,

ston, a black man, named George, about five feet five inches high, well made, *an artful fellow*; it is supposed he has a pass, *in order to pass for a freeman*: had on when he went away, a light gray body coat, tow shirt and breeches, and an old wool hat. Any person apprehending the said fellow, and delivering him to the subscriber, shall receive the reward of five dollars paid by

HENRY TALBERT.

*Bourbon County, 15th August, '97.*

[Oh the "*artful*" wicked dog! to attempt "to pass for a free man!" Such, readers, is *New Paris*. It is in a fair way of surpassing the *old*\*.]

*Emigration.*—"The Chemical Museum of the College of New-York has been lately *enriched* with an extensive collection of *minerals*, the donation of Mr. Samuel Owens, late of *Belfast*, now of this city. Thus the *generosity of emigrants* from Europe tends to promote the *progress of arts and sciences in the United States.*"

And the *generosity of emigrants* from Europe tends to promote *picking of pockets* and *highway robbery* at New-York; as it tends also to promote poverty and misery all through the country, and particularly at Philadelphia.—Upwards of one third of the last importation of Irish are now begging. Many of them have helped to devour the now exhausted funds of this every way duped and unfortunate city. I believe there were at least thirty of this last importation upon the *charity list* mending the roads down to the country-seat of our *virtuous* lord and master, who can, by his simple proclamation, *transport* us to the regions

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\* Now, I think, this is a pretty little specimen of *republican purity*. Such is that state of innocence which silly Europeans believe to exist in America, where, most assuredly, the people are as cunning and as corrupted as in any part of the world, France excepted.

of pestilence. To return to my Irishmen : is an importation of *paupers* a thing to boast of, at the very moment when our streets are filled with native beggars? If the New-Yorkers are so fond of them, in the name of charity let them take them all to themselves. It is but fair that those who are “*enriched*” with the emigrated “*minerals*” should take the live stock into the bargain.

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*Rush and Tilton.*—*Wilmington (Del.), September 22.*  
 FRIEND PORCUPINE, In reading thy paper of the 19th inst. I took notice of a curious observation made on a certain wry-faced incorrigible democrat, one of the medical puffers. To complete the story, I will give thee a short sketch of a curious fact (which happened some time past in this place,) concerning this self-consequent mercurial ghost.

There was a woman travelling from the Head of Elk to Germantown, and on her way her carriage was turned over, she thrown out, and very much hurt. She has since returned from Germantown through Philadelphia, and made a stop at an inn in this borough; the woman, overcome with fatigue, and a cold she had taken, felt herself a little indisposed.

This crooked-face quack was called in. As soon as he saw her, he said he must take some BLOOD, and I suppose if he had not got frightened, a good dose of mercury would have ensued.

But, fortunate for the poor woman, he happened to push up her sleeve a little, and discovered a bruise on her arm, which she received in her fall from the carriage. Alarmed at the appearance of her arm, he asked her if she had been to Philadelphia: the reply was, Yes. He immediately pronounced her complaints to be the *yellow fever*, made his escape, and has not seen her since. The good woman has recovered, and proceeded on her way home. There now lies a

person, a small distance from the town, in a house (built for the reception of persons coming here with the contagion), whom he pronounced to have the yellow fever, but who, in fact, has nothing but the common ague.

Thine, &c.

A. B.

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*Another Puff.*—In Brown's paper of last evening appeared another of our "potent quack's" bare-faced *puffs*.—It was "A letter from Dr. *Rush* to a correspondent in Newbury Port," giving his old account of the yellow fever, and concluding with a *dragged-in* compliment to a Mr. *Coates*.—Upon the very first glance, it is evident that this letter was sent to Newbury Port on purpose to be published there, and then to be sent back here to make its appearance among us through the channel, or rather through the *sink*, of the quack-ridden Philadelphia Gazette! All this busle of letters, and addressees, and prescriptions, in the name of Dr. *Rush*, is intended to make the duped world believe, that he is the oracle at Philadelphia, and that all the other physicians are mere clyster-pipe Dicks under him.—It is a cheap mode of acquiring fame, which he learned from the crafty old hypocrite Franklin. I wonder what *Coates* it is that the Doctor has got in tow? Some well-meaning man, I dare engage, whom he *makes use of* as a *step in the ladder* of his ambition, at the same time that he expresses his contempt of his intellects by making his court to him in a strain of vulgar flattery.

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*Bleeding.*—MR. PORCUPINE. SIR, I find my rascally hostler has forgot the frequent injunctions I have given him to mind his business, and has deserted his currycomb and brush for the pen and ink.

John is a very good man in his way, and understands

stands his business well, particularly the art of bleeding horses. When I proposed to my brethren to commence business as physicians, I had an eye to John's abilities as a bleeder, and hinted to him my intention. Would you believe it, Mr. P—, that the rascal, after reading my essay in your paper, purchased "*Dr. Rush on the Yellow Fever*," and has been studying ever since, to my great loss and mortification? And now the wise illiterate thinks he can commence business for himself. But let him remember that "*Nesutor ultra crepidam*"—*The cobbler must not go beyond his last*. I observe he is half a physician already, for he has got the *cacoethes scribendi*, and has obliged the public with his first medical essay.

Not contented with deserting my service, he appears desirous to prejudice the public against me and my brethren, asserting in strong terms that we are enemies to the *noble science of blood-letting*. This is abominable, and contrary to the truth; for I am, and shall be, *nolens volens*, an advocate for the practice, and it is my creed that it will cure all diseases—as our good allies the French have clearly proved in their practice. I have also another reason for commencing the business of a physician: in fact, the villanous liquors my wine-merchant obliges me to supply my guests with, have lately caused in the latter severe and harsh expostulations; and, as I am a conscientious man, I wish to follow a quiet business; and I prefer that of the lancet, because you know, Mr. P. that *dead men never tell tales*.

As I have now cautioned your readers, and I conceive the public, against my rascally hostler, I have to observe to you, that a meeting of our brethren was held at my tavern last evening; when the business I had recommended was very warmly approved, and a college was determined to be held the ensuing week, for the purpose of taking out our diplo-

mas.—And it was unanimously agreed to request Dr. J. Redman Coxe to favour us with a prefatory oration in praise of the noble science of blood-letting. We also voted a serious expostulation to the public on their prejudice against the new practice, addressed to Dr. Rush, the great patron of the art.

As our resolves will appear in your paper, I think it unnecessary to state more at present, than that we are determined not to advertise the particular taverns where compounds may be had, as we believed each of our brethren was well qualified in that respect. The superior merit of some, who sell stale porter, dead cider, &c. will be soon discovered by their respective patients.

I have already got my carriage newly painted, and have engaged a *French* hofiler, whose merits and *sang froid* in the use of the lancet, are, I believe, unrivalled; for I believe he was an *élève* of Robespierre's.

I have also hired a few nurses, whose abilities I am well acquainted with. They will never desert their patients, as I have engaged to supply them constantly with excellent gin; and have also promised them the pillage of such of my patients as may be determined to die.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

A TAVERN-KEEPER.

N. B. I request your interest with some of your brother printers, who appear to me to have, if not the yellow fever, a very irritable bilious complaint.

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*Liberty and Equality.*—When this lovely brace of sisters landed on our shores, with smiles on their faces, and the olive-branch in their hands, they were received with open arms. We looked with the eyes of a lover, and every thing *viâ Paris* was charming. The Graces themselves, had they visited our sea-ports, would scarcely have received more attention. All orders were emulous to prepare din-  
ners,

ners, and eat the civic cake with their new guests. As gentleman who had at least his share of national philosophy, was enraptured with the new-comers, and resolved, as he was fond of French fashions, to introduce their etiquette into his family. A council was called, and Sambo invited among the rest. "Children," says he, "this is an age of reformation. We have improved upon the English principles of education and government, and the French nation upon ours. It is fully proved we are all born free and equal. I have adhered to the erroneous notions of our forefathers long enough. Hereafter I will lay aside commands and punishments, the instruments of tyrants, and you shall be governed by reason. Your own judgment, instead of my severity, shall correct your faults. It shall be my part to request, and yours to comply."—"You berry good, mas'er; I thank you, mas'er," says Sambo, with a low bow. "I like your resolution," says Edward, the oldest son, who had long sighed for liberty. "That's your fort," cried master Billy, clapping his hands.—Miss Betsey curtsied.—The wife, whose claim to equality was already established, was pleased with the anticipation of something more. All was joy and complacency. A civic dinner ensued. A little dispute arose about the propriety of Sambo's sitting at the table. None showed resentment, or used high words, but Betsey and her ma'am, who insisted that liberty and equality were never made for the negroes. Edward could not see why black and white might not sit as well together round a table as round a woman's head; and observed that these colours, with almost every other, had often been good companions on his ma'am's head-dress. Ned was a shrewd fellow; he foresaw Sambo would soon rule the roast, and wished to secure his favour. The good man settled the dispute by a conciliatory proposition. The family were to

wait on themselves, and Sambo to relinquish his equal right of sitting at the table with them.—Excessive good-nature is often the introduction to quarrels. After dinner the master wished to ride out of town. Sambo was requested to saddle the horse and brush his boots. The horse was prepared ; but when the boots were called for, Sambo was blacking his own shoes. He waited patiently till they were ready, then went out to mount his horse—none to be found—Ned understood the doctrine of equal rights, had ridden off his father's horse, and left him in the lurch. He begins to suspect that this new doctrine, which seemed an angel in theory, would be the devil in practice ; like hasty converts, he soon becomes an apostate.

The next day a number of his friends were invited to dine with him, and discuss his new principles. Sambo had pitched on the same time to convene his companions ; the footy tribe had taken possession of the kitchen just before his master's party entered the parlour. He thought himself lord of the kitchen, had reserved a few of the best pieces for his own table, and was handing round the second bottle in celebration of his independence, when the maid related his proceedings to the mistress. She talked loudly on the subject. The master blushed for shame, stepped into the kitchen, and invited Sambo to attend the table, at the same time reprimanding him for the freedom he had taken. Sambo was too much intoxicated with the spirit of liberty and West India to fear or obey, but not enough to forget the overtures of the day before. He answered abruptly, he must be excused for the present. The master thought it time to use the old-fashioned instruments of commands and punishments, or rather, without stopping to think, began to use them. High words and hard blows ensued. The noise reached the parlour. Every white face reddened with blushes and  
resentment,



resentment, and liberty and equality were echoed from each corner of the kitchen by the blacks. I need not relate the sequel. The gentleman never hears liberty and equality pronounced, without shaking his head : he has often declared he had rather have the old boxers, Castor and Pollux, in his house, and that he believed if they were allowed to run at large in our country, they would do more mischief than sword and famine. Liberty, uncontrolled, experience proves to be one of the worst of tyrants ; accompanied with good order and good laws, as she was one of the first settlers of this country, may she be found among its last inhabitants ! I do not pretend to write for nations ; my pen is employed for family use. If you are a father, and your boy begins to prate about equality, take off his hat, hang it up as high as you can reach, and bid him do the same with yours ; if he says he is not tall enough, tell him to say no more about equality, till he is of equal stature with yourself.

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*Infamous Orleans.*—A short time before the infamous Orleans, alias *Egalité*, made his last voyage to England, he became acquainted with the son of *Buffon* the French naturalist. This young man, not yet nineteen years old, had been lately married to a beautiful young lady, whose lively and penetrating wit gave delight to all those who approached her. The profligate Duke was smitten with her charms, and imagined that he should draw more pleasure from the company of so amiable a woman, than could possibly result from that of her husband ; in consequence, he tried all that long practice of seduction could do to gain her consent : he painted to her imagination the various advantages which must accrue to herself from a trip to England, and *convinced her*, at last, that it was the most *prudent* measure she could adopt,

Every necessary precaution being taken, the consummate scoundrel procured a passport for himself and his attendants, including the lady, disguised as a page, under a fictitious name. The unfortunate and affectionate husband soon missed his beloved spouse. In the delirium of boding apprehension, late as it was at night, he went from his dwelling to seek her at the house of a friend, where she had said she would spend the evening. He found the family retired to rest; he rapped a long time at the door: somebody from within at length demanded his name and business. "Has my wife been here this evening?" asked the trembling youth. "We have not seen her this day." What can he now do? love still pleads in his bosom: he might have mistaken the name of the person she intended to visit; he therefore goes to another, and another; and returns home at last, harassed and distressed beyond description. Next morning he renews his researches; and, after being exhausted with fatigue, and the agitation of his spirits, he, by chance, stepped into the shop of a milliner, to rest himself. Compassion for the distress strongly pictured in his countenance, occasioned her to inquire what ailed him. "I have lost my wife," said the young man, "and know not where to find her." She desired him to describe her, which he did so minutely, that she was enabled to put a stop to his further researches. "She is gone off to England this morning," said the milliner, "with the Duke of Orleans, in the disguise of a page."—"That is impossible."—"It is a fact; in this very house she changed her dress."—The head of Medusa could not have produced a more instantaneous effect, than this intelligence did, on the mind of the unfortunate Buffon. He became raving distracted, and his friends were, at last, obliged to confine him in a mad-house.

*Crim,*

*Crim. Con.*—Whereas the subscriber having had business to transact to the westward, at some distance from Philadelphia, twelve months ago, left his wife Elizabeth at board with Mr. Heinsman, taylor, in Second-street, when on his return he found her very intimate and familiar with a certain Christian Swizer, who then lived with said Mr. Heinsman. I forewarned my wife to quit these familiarities and intimacies, which only served to provoke the subscriber worse than she had done before, and their intercourse became more frequent. Irritated at their conduct, I proposed to separate, which enraged the said Elizabeth to such a degree, that she abused me in a manner not to be borne with, which caused me to give her a push and let her alone; next day, by the instigation of said Swizer, I was put to the criminal gaol, where I remained for some time. During my stay, all my furniture was carried off by her; matters were settled between us in an amicable manner, and I proposed her going to Lancaster to some of my friends, till I could settle my affairs here, and join her. I paid her passage, and gave her money to live upon till I should be in Lancaster; but a couple of miles from here, said Swizer took her out of the stage, and carried her to New-York, where they live together, and she styles herself Elizabeth Swizer.

I hereby forewarn every person whatsoever trusting her any individual on my account, as I am determined not to pay a single farthing for her from the 24th of March, when she ran away.

October 5.

JOHN HAMAN.

WEDNESDAY, 27<sup>th</sup> SEPTEMBER.

*Bleeding.*—MR. PORCUPINE, As you publish the lubrications of Tavern-keepers, I hope you will not reject

reject a poor Hoffler ; for you must grant that I am the better man. I wait upon genteel horses ; but he is the servant of servants, of every drunken, rascally scoundrel who pleases to command him.

But I will prove this Tavern-keeper is both a fool and a devil ; and I am certainly the better man. He who presumes to decide upon the disputes of physicians, upon the mysteries of a science he has never studied, is an impudent fool ; and he is the worst of devils, who attempts to bring into discredit the only successful remedy in the prevailing epidemic, to increase those fears, which have sent hundreds to their graves, to strengthen prejudices, almost insurmountable already, which are the greatest difficulties our physicians have to encounter in the cure of the yellow fever.

A devil, nay, the prince of devils, he must be, who dares to ridicule that godlike philanthropist, that saviour of men, whose omniscient soul, whose omnipotent genius discovered this remedy, and whose godlike benevolence industriously, incessantly labours to propagate it for the good of mankind.

The Tavern-keeper ridicules blood-letting—I recommend it, and how are the poor illiterate to determine what to do?—Let them ask the physicians—but they are as much divided as the Tavern-keeper and myself :—one doctor says, If you bleed you will die ; another says, You will die if you do not bleed. How then are we to act ? Attend to facts—leave metaphysical investigation to physicians, and observe which method of cure is most successful.

The Tavern-keeper knows that a pig dies by the loss of blood when its carotids are opened ; therefore he holds it dangerous to lose blood at all ; and upon such profound ratiocination he condemns blood-letting, and would hazard his life if attacked by the yellow fever : we vulgar are fools for attempting to reason on a subject we know nothing about.

I act

I act as a wise illiterate ought. Facts are my criterion. I see that those only recover who are bled freely, which is sufficient to determine me in favour of blood-letting. Dr. Rush has saved my life by the loss of eighty ounces in one day ; therefore, I am an advocate for the lancet, and all the chicanery of all the Tavern-keepers in Philadelphia shall not proselyte me. The merits of the lancet will be universally acknowledged before many years, in spite of *prejudice, fools, and devils*.

I wish the Tavern-keeper, Medicus Spectator, and all the enemies of the lancet, no other punishment than a severe attack of the yellow fever, and their liberty to use the lancet or not, which would either reform, or free the world of all stupid quacks, and give free scope to the *sword*, the *shield*, the instrument of health.

A HOSTLER,

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THURSDAY, 28<sup>th</sup> SEPTEMBER.

*Rough Usage best for Rebels*.—Lloyd, in his paper of this morning, begins a paragraph thus : “ The late  
 “ Frederick King of Prussia, though a *tyrant*, had,  
 “ in many parts of his character, the cast of a *re-*  
 “ *publican*.”—Surely ! wonderful indeed !—Just as if it were any *news* to tell us that *tyranny* and *republicanism* sometimes meet in the same person. Thomas Mifflin, Governor of Pennsylvania, is a *republican*, a most furious one too ; and I defy *Lloyd*, notwithstanding the learning he must have acquired from his long studying in Newgate—I defy this *republican jail-bird* to bring me an instance from the edicts of the most unbearable tyranny of people being TRANSPORTED, *without a hearing*, for no other offence than that of opposing the execution of an order to drag them or their wives and children to  
 an

an infected hospital. So that when Newgate Lloyd is again inclined to treat his readers with sagacious remarks on this subject, he may round the sentence very prettily, as thus: "Frederick, though a *tyrant*, " had a cast of the *republican*; as Mifflin, though a " *republican*, has the cast of a *tyrant*." These truths, which are indisputable, will go nearly to prove that *modern republicanism* and *tyranny* mean one and the same thing. I am far from blaming Frederick or Governor Mifflin either. They may say what they will of the latter being *this* and *that* and *the other*: his conduct towards "the *free men* of Pennsylvania" shows him to be no *no fool* at any rate. He is a man of *insight* and *foresight*. He has seen that *mild* usage does not suit us; and that, to keep us in due subjection, and make us perfectly satisfied and perfectly humble, we must be roughed over a little now and then.

- " Tender-handed, press a nettle,
- " And it stings you for your pains;
- " Squeeze it like a man of mettle,
- " And it soft as silk remains.
- " 'Tis the same with *vulgar* natures:
- " Use them kindly, they *rebel*;
- " But be *rough* as nutmeg-graters,
- " And the rogues *obey you well*."

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*French Fraternity*.—"We are," says Adet, "two nations made on purpose to respect and love each other." So it seems indeed; for, by an account, signed *George Brown*, published in the New-York Gazette of yesterday, it appears that the American schooner *Lucy* was met at sea by the French privateer L'Espiegle, Captain Le Barron, and that the said dear Frenchman immediately ordered the Americans *into irons*!!—This was a proof of his *love*. The dear fellow was afraid they might jump overboard and break their shins. Nay, he extended his affectionate care to their *eatables* and *drinkables*, and  
(would

(would you believe it ?) even to their *cash* ! In short, he dismissed his *dear allies* in a perishing condition, and they must absolutely have died of hunger, had they not been relieved by a ship from England, bound to Charleston.

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*Republican Bravery.*—This brutish behaviour to the charming *Lucy* has roused the dormant *valour* of the *New-York Gazette*. It breaks out in a style of indignation truly republican. “The same, yes, citizens, the very same Captain *Le Barron*, we are assured, has a *wife* in New-Jersey.—Look to that, citizens !”—Yes, *look to her*, citizens. If you are afraid of her husband, you can beat her at any rate; though I’ll assure you, that the job will be a tougher one than you may imagine. Every Frenchwoman, from the queen to the fish-sag, is an heroine. This she-citizen has curried Citizen *Le Barron*’s hide a thousand times; and I dare say he is ten times more afraid of her claws than he is of all the guns of all our frigates. So mind what you are about, *citizens*.

This hectoring menace of the *New-York Gazette* against the Frenchman’s wife, puts me in mind of the old English gasconade :

“ Father and mother, and I,  
 “ And two or three lusty men,  
 “ Beat a poor little boy  
 “ Till he could not go nor stand.”

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FRIDAY, 29<sup>th</sup> SEPTEMBER.

*Song at the Trinity House.*—The following excellent song (which may probably be preserved in no other selection) was sung on Trinity Monday last at the anniversary meeting of the Brethren of the Trinity House.

From Brest, Kales, or the Texel, France, Holland, or Spain,  
 What have Britons to fear ? We defy all their powers ;  
 Their ports are all block’d, they abandon the main,  
 And commerce, and conquest, and freedom are ours.

With

With heroes of old,  
 In story enroll'd,  
 Our brave fleets on the ocean proud rivalry hold;  
 And cannot the genius of England proclaim,  
 Unfaded her laurels, untainted her fame?  
 Ah, no! From the coast what wild tumults we hear!  
 What outlandish treasons yon signals disclose!  
 Our flag triumphs at sea,—no invader is near,  
 But our country's brave champions *there* league with her foes;  
     See that mutinous band,  
     With a parricide hand,  
 Devote to destruction their own native land!  
 Not her blest institutions could soften their rage,  
 Their kind guardian in youth, their asylum in age.  
 But their reason returns, the law spoke not in vain—  
 And the spirit of justice, with mercy allied,  
 Shall recall them to duty and honour again,  
 And revive honest shame and wake generous pride;  
     Then shall each faithful crew,  
     To their own colours true,  
 Strike the blood-bolter'd flag of the desperate *few*!  
 Far aloof from the traitors the loyal withdraw,  
 And leave obstinate guilt to the vengeance of law!  
 Ye Pow'rs that o'er Albion's blest island preside,  
 Still extend your protection, still govern her fate;  
 Let no Jacobin system our union divide,  
 No Gallic reformers new-model our State;  
     Then like Britons old,  
     In story enroll'd,  
 In no cause but their country's our tars shall be bold:  
 Old Thames shall rejoice in his commerce restor'd,  
 And his beacons replac'd by the Trinity Board.  
   Old Thames, &c.

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SATURDAY, 30<sup>th</sup> SEPTEMBER.

*Electioneering Puff.*—The following most valuable piece is extracted from a Wilmington (Del.) paper of the 26th of August last.

“ CORONER’S OFFICE.

“ The subscriber once more returns to his friends  
 “ His thanks for their favours that’s past,  
 “ And hopes that one day he *will make them amends*,  
 “ So wishes their favours to last.



- “ For one other term is all he desires  
 “ The Coroner’s office to crave :  
 “ And if he should live for to see it expire,  
 “ Again then his thanks they shall have.  
 “ He knows of no harm that as yet he hath done,  
 “ But his office did well execute ;  
 “ And if he should get it again, will still shun  
 “ Such way that might hurt his repute.  
 “ He hopes at this time that from him they’ll not take  
 “ It away, for to give to another ;  
 “ Then them he’ll ne’er leave, nor ever forsake,  
 “ But esteem them like friends, or like brother.  
 “ Now, for to conclude, pray don’t think me rude,  
 “ Believe me ’tis not my intention  
 “ For you to offend ; so an ear to me lend :  
 “ *My name in your tickets pray mention.*

“ But to come to the point.

“ The subscriber begs leave to return his friends,  
 “ the public in general, his most humble thanks  
 “ for their past favours, in conferring on him  
 “ the office of Coroner in times past, and humbly  
 “ begs a continuance of their favours at the next ge-  
 “ neral election ; which favours, together with the  
 “ past, shall for ever be most gratefully acknow-  
 “ ledged, by the public’s most obedient humble  
 “ servant,  
 FRANCIS JANVIER.”

Among all Citizen Grey’s schemes of election *reform*, I do not recollect that he made any proposal respecting the addressees of the candidates being in rhyme. It is certainly one of the most conspicuous improvements we have made in the system of election, and therefore it is a great wonder it escaped him.

“ *But to come to the point.*”

Does not this promise, “ he will *make them amends*,” amount to a kind of *bribery* ? Take care, *Citizen Janvier*, or you will disgrace the system of universal suffrage.--Good Heavens ! what sort of a system must that be

be in practice where candidates for elective offices address the electors in a strain of abject crawling flattery, conveyed in the most miserable doggrel !

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MONDAY, 2<sup>d</sup> OCTOBER.

*Beggars and Vagabonds.*—I insert the following article by way of proof, that vagabonds and beggars are not unknown in this republican country.

*New-Brunswick (N. J.), Sept. 26.*—The recent attempt to set fire to this city is of a very alarming nature, and should excite every person to the exercise of vigilance. Little doubt remains but that many of the fires which of late have been so frequent in the United States, have been the effect of design. In some instances the fires proceeded from accident, but most of them may be fairly ascribed to premeditated villany. It becomes us therefore to be on our guard, and to use the means in our power to prevent such disasters in future. The most likely way of accomplishing this end is, to put the law strictly into execution against stragglers, vagabonds, and beggars. Our streets are crowded with persons of this description, who have no visible means of gaining a livelihood. Let it therefore be our business, as it certainly is our duty and interest, to apprehend all strollers, and persons who cannot give an account of themselves, and take them before a magistrate to be dealt with according to law. It would be a prudential measure, and attended with salutary effects, if innkeepers and others who entertain strangers, would make report of all suspicious characters to some justice of the peace, officer of the corporation, or constable. If such steps be pursued in addition to the police of the city, we shall sleep in quiet in our beds, and be in no danger from incendiaries, plunderers, and robbers.

CIVIS.  
Thornton,

*Thornton, the Language-maker.*—I have, on several occasions, spoken of this despicable wretch. He is a Scotchman; was brought up in the West Indies, where he long possessed a little plantation (in Barbadoes), and *some slaves*. Having become *rather poor*, he naturally became enamoured of the Rights of Man, and as naturally shipped himself off to these regions, where those blessed rights were first discovered. Being arrived here, he set himself to work to discover some means of ingratiating himself with his new countrymen; and finding a strong prejudice prevailing against Great Britain, he bethought himself of a scheme by which he could at once flatter that prejudice, and indulge his own unnatural hatred against his country. But, as the most spiteful animals are, God be thanked! also the most impotent, this despicable creature could think of nothing but a foolish project for abolishing the use of the English language in America. He published a book on the subject; for which book, that club of illiterate Jacobins called The American Philosophical Society gave him the gold medal of 1793.—I shall now insert the preface of this stupid book: it will serve as a record of the folly and baseness of the times, as well as of Thornton and the Philosophical scoundrels of Philadelphia.

*“ To the Citizens of North America.*

“ MY DEAR COUNTRYMEN,

“ In presenting to you this small work, I seek less the gratification of obtaining your favour, than of rendering myself useful; and if the benefits I contemplate should be derived from my labour, I shall enjoy a satisfaction which death only can terminate.

“ By the grandeur of character that has so long distinguished you, and by which you have, in many instances, been carried over ancient prejudices

to the full attainment of perfection, a hope is inspired that your exertions will still be directed to lead the minds of others from the influence of erroneous custom to the adoption of just principles. You have already taught a race of men to reject the imposition of tyranny, and have set a brilliant example, which all will follow when reason has assumed her sway. You have corrected the dangerous doctrines of European powers; correct now the languages you have imported: for the oppressed of various nations knock at your gates, and desire to be received as your brethren. As you admit them, facilitate your intercourse, and you will mutually enjoy the benefits. The AMERICAN LANGUAGE will thus be, as distinct, as the Government free from all the follies of unphilosophical fashion, and resting upon truth as its only regulator. I perceive no difficulties: if you find any, I trust they are not without remedy. If my ignorance has led me into errors, I shall consider their correction as an act of friendship; for I should lament, if, while seeking to enlighten others, I should be walking in darkness myself.

“ With the sincerest wishes that your principles of self-government and equality may extend themselves over the whole earth, making you thereby a closely allied part of the great family of man, and wishing you continual increase in knowledge, and your eternal salvation, I subscribe myself with much satisfaction,

“ Your affectionate fellow-citizen,

“ THE AUTHOR.”

The book contains a translation of this preface, from which it will not be amiss to quote a phrase or two:

*My dear countrymen;*

Mai diir kuntrimen.

*If*

*If my ignorance has led me into ;*  
*If mai ignoræns haz led mi intu.*  
*I subscribe myself ;*  
 Ai sæbſkraib maifelf.

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*Picture of France by a Frenchman*, from a French Paper called the *Quotidienne*.—"France wishes for peace—France wishes to see an end to the revolution: both are necessary for her. These are the predominant traits in her picture; for who knows her well enough to paint her as she is? How should a foreigner know France, when France does not know herself? Besides, how is any body to know a country, in which all the political, religious, moral, and civil institutions have been annihilated, most of the monuments destroyed, private fortunes ruined, and in which even the inhabitants themselves are no longer cognizable, except by their frivolity and their courage; a country, in short, in which every thing has been changed, in which every thing is new, and which no observer has yet travelled over; a country moreover, whose surface is so changeable, in such constant motion, that it presents no fixed object to the eye *but misery*; and that a picture which would be striking to-day, would cease to be a likeness to-morrow? Yet every man pretends that he sees very clearly what France is, because each individual views it through the prism of his passions; and the picture always seems to be like to every man, who recognises his own features in it.

"The insolence of upstarts, the profligacy of both sexes, the *credit of prostitutes*, their gold and their diamonds contrasted with *the rags of the wretched creditors of the State*; the despair and self-destruction of a crowd of unfortunate beings, reduced to the most dreadful distress; the manœuvres and insatiate cupidity of stock-jobbers and monopolizers; all the dreadful consequences of an unbridled passion for  
 P 2 gamin

gaming; the government without means; their exhausted treasury, and their impotence to restrain the most horrid disorders; intrigue and money not only disposing of all places, but even *directing the sentences of courts of justice*; parties distinguished, one by its rage, a second by its apathy, a third by its machiavelism; wickedness anticipating puberty; audacious crime assuming the mask of timid modesty; in short, assassination, plunder of every kind, the most atrocious manners, and not a single effort, not a single dike to restrain this inundation of vice:—such is the picture of France!

“The Frenchman who cherishes his country, wishes to reject the fears of a doubtful futurity; but how can he reject them, when his ear is incessantly assailed with the most afflictive recitals; when the history of each day presents new excesses or new misfortunes; when there no longer exists either a restraint upon debauchery, education for youth, or relief for indigence; when establishments of every kind, the happy fruits of civilization, remain in a state of demolition, without a single attempt to rebuild them; when Paris, careless about the events of the war, is only interested in the adventures of an actress, or in the *fêtes* of some successful speculator, who has suddenly quitted his shop for a palace; when the Directory daily delivers a most alarming account of the finances; and when, with upwards of *twenty thousand* laws, with numerous armies, and with a power unlimited, they are unable to discharge the *first duty* of a government, by *ensuring the safety of individuals* \*?”

TUESDAY,

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\* A picture drawn in a more masterly manner than the above, I do not recollect to have seen. It is elegant, perspicuous, strong, and true; qualities that rarely meet in a literary description.

Such

TUESDAY, 3<sup>d</sup> OCTOBER.

*Patton, and his Post-office.*—In my Gazette of last Saturday I apologized to my *Western* and *Southern* subscribers for the delay of the papers, which should have gone away by Friday's mail, promising at the same time to account for the failure. This promise I am now going to fulfil.

The papers were sent to the Post-office by a lad, who returned with them about three quarters of an hour after he went from home, telling me that they were too late for the mail. I was much surprised, having attended to the dispatching of them myself, and being certain that, according to the watches in the house, they went away in very good time.

I sent my clerk to Mr. Patton (alias Captain Patton), the Deputy Post-master, to know the reason of the rejection of my papers. He alleged no other reason than that of their being too late; adding, that those for the Southern mail were too late by *sixteen minutes*, and those for the Western one, by *five minutes*.

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Such is the picture of France. Such is the state into which the vaunted revolution has plunged that once flourishing and happy country. Such is the horrid republic, for which the silly people of France have been led, step by step, to truck their ancient monarchy, giving their wealth, their religion, their national honour, and millions of lives to boot! and yet, scandalous to relate! this abominable exchange is a theme of congratulation with many persons in America; and, what is something perfectly preposterous, these people pretend at the same time to be exclusively the friends of the French. Their friendship, it is evident, is confined to the wretches who tyrannize over that unhappy land; to the robbers, the murderers of the people. They live in hopes of imitating them on this side the water; and it cannot be too often repeated, that unless the friends of order, religion, and the government, show much more activity and zeal than they have hitherto done, imitate them they will, and will render America a resemblance of what France now is.

It is to be observed that the Post-office has fixed on no standard clock, by which *it*, as well as *we*, are to be regulated. The second-hand watch of some clerk is the regulator of this important department of the public business. On the precarious pace of its rusty wheels depend the circulation of intelligence, the operations of trade, the communications of friendship, and the intercourse of love.

While *time* is in such hands, it cannot be hoped that it will be distributed with much impartiality. But it is not the time I am inclined to dispute about. I shall admit as a truth (though I sincerely believe it to be a falsehood), that my papers were some of them *five* and others *sixteen* minutes too late; and shall contend that, even if this were the case, the Post-master had *no right* to refuse to receive them.

The Post-office regulations respecting newspapers (of which I shall say more hereafter) were settled, when the office was held in Front-street, within a few hundred yards of the dwellings of the printers. It is now removed *a mile* at least *farther off*. To know then, whether, in justice, they could refuse to admit my papers, the reader has only to determine whether *sixteen* minutes is too long a space to be allowed for the travelling of a mile, with a loaded wheelbarrow.

It may be said that the office was removed by consent of the Post-master-general. This is probably true; but if he were to remove it to the banks of Schuylkill, or to Chester, am I to follow it, and still be nailed down to the same time? For what purpose was the office removed? For the safety of *Captain Patton* and his precious democratic troop, and *for that alone*. The removal, and every regulation attending it, is of great public inconvenience, and even injury. Every man in trade, remaining in town, has to tramp up to the commons, wet weather or dry weather, not only to get his letters, but to see  
if



if there be any for him. Perhaps he walks ten miles before he gets a letter that ought to cost him but two-pence. This regulation is to guard against the runners catching the fever, and bringing it to the Post-office ; but it is forgotten by the public, that this regulation is, to the *health of the city*, one of the most dangerous that ever was adopted. It brings a crowd of people round the walls of the new Post-office, from every hole and corner of the city and suburbs. While the courts of justice and the house of God are shut up for fear of propagating the disorder from an assemblage of persons ; round Captain Patton's shop they are squeezing, and shoving, and sweating in the press ; sending out breezes of breath as hot as fire, with their mouths not three inches from each other. The Post-master's men are in no danger. They take good care to keep a glass window between them and the supplicant crowd.

Were a regulation of as great, or greater public inconvenience and danger than this, adopted for the preservation of men *whose lives are of great importance to the nation*, the magnitude of the object would reconcile one to its immediate evils : but who and what are the persons to whose safety and ease such a vast public sacrifice is now made ? The Post-office Clerks ! the mere tellers of letters ; the tiers up and markers of packages ! The utmost stretch of talents that is required in them is, to be able to count their fingers with accuracy, and to distinguish the letters of the alphabet one from another. And is it to guard against the loss of sagacious animals like these, that half the people in the city are to put up with the greatest inconveniences, and that the whole city is continually to run the risk of contagion ?

However, to return to my own case : if the whole city do submit to these great inconveniences, and if the whole Post-office troop and their Captain are thus indulged on account of the calamity, which

affects every man more or less, is it right that *they should hold us down to a moment*? If we submit to go a mile three or four times a day to accommodate them, are we, in return, to be driven away if *five minutes* too late, like slaves from the presence of a Bathaw?

If *necessity* could have been pleaded; if the mails had been gone or *just going*; then the case would have been different. But these papers (amounting to about a thousand in number), which were rejected at *five minutes after five* in the afternoon, did not go away till *the next morning at seven o'clock*!

The *learned Clerks*, after the calculations and laborious *studies* of the day, wanted to take an airing to renovate the faculties of their minds, and so my thousand subscribers were disappointed. The fact is, the invariable conduct of these people proves, that they look upon every one that has any thing to do with them, as under their command; and I dare say, when Patton rolls his dead-looking eye over the city, he feels the same agreeable sensations as a farmer does in looking over his grazing herd.

But there is something besides the insolence of office to which I attribute the rejection of my papers, in so unwarrantable a manner—the *politics* and *private views* of the Deputy Post-master.

Having proved that Patton had no right to reject my papers in the manner he did on Friday last, I shall now proceed to state some facts, which, I am persuaded, will pretty clearly account for his conduct.

It has long been talked of publicly, and I have never heard it contradicted, that Patton, the Deputy Post-master of Philadelphia, was in *partnership with old Brown*; and every circumstance on which a judgment can be formed, tends to prove, that this connexion *is continued with the son*,

How dangerous this is to the interests of all the other printers, may be easily imagined. For instance; the New-York papers come in on Saturday, and are not delivered out till Monday; but the Post-master, having them in his possession, may examine them over, and, if he finds any thing of importance in them, may hand them to his partner, if he has one, who will compose his paper on Sunday, and have it out on Monday morning before the other printers get the news into their possession.—An instance in which this game was suspected, happened about four months ago. Brown had his paper out by seven o'clock in the morning, a few minutes after we had got the papers that contained the news. Claypoole was fully convinced of the trick, and so was Fenno; and if they had had spirit enough to join me, the matter would at that time have been sifted to the bottom.

Sea-papers, and letters also, must ever be at the disposal of a Post-master; and if he be a printer too, can it be imagined that he will not give himself the preference? For instance: I have files of the *True Briton* sent me from London. They are put into the Post-office at New-York *sealed*, but they always *come to me open*. One of the packets I received was accompanied with a letter, mentioning the number sent, and I found that *several of them had been purloined*. I do not say that they were stolen at our Post-office; but, if a man be a partner in a paper, and he see a packet of London papers, for whose contents the public are anxiously awaiting, he will feel a strong temptation to peep into them, and even to take them into his keeping; or he will most likely *borrow* them for an hour or two, *till he or his partner has gutted them*. The honest and punctual Post-master will then return you your papers, just as a squirrel throws away the shell after having extracted the kernel.

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I could mention several other ways in which such a connexion must operate to the disadvantage of every printer except the partner. In fact it is evident, that where a partnership of this nature subsists, no such thing as impartiality from the Post-master can be expected; but in no other way can he so essentially injure his competitors as in the *management* of their papers sent by the mail. He can't hinder a paper of merit from getting subscribers. The intelligence, if not quite so early, every paper makes shift to come at; but it is in his power to delay, and even destroy the packages for the country, and by that means cut off the subscriptions: and when it is recollected that every subscriber he deprives another of, may come to his own list, it will not be thought very severe to suppose, that he will lose no opportunity of exercising *this part of his office*.

I very early discovered what I conceived to be a plot against my paper; and what, I believe, the public will look upon in the same light. I found, from repeated complaints, that my papers always reached the eastern shore of Maryland *one day after Brown's*. This caused me to make inquiries at the Post-office. I sent my papers at 12 o'clock, and my clerk was repeatedly told that he was doing right. I at last put the question on a piece of paper; it was presented at the *hole*, and the answer was, *You are doing right*. Notwithstanding all this, it soon afterwards appeared that I was doing wrong; and that Brown's papers were admitted the same evening they were printed.

But this was only a sort of prelude to the *grand scheme*. About six weeks, or perhaps two months after my paper began to travel, there came to me one Rosette (I believe this is his name), a Frenchman, recommended, as he said, by Mr. Patton. This projector was going, he said, to establish an  
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*office*

office for the folding and tying up newspapers for the mail. I was rather struck at the oddity of the institution; but the *plan* no longer appeared ridiculous, when I found that my Mounseer had been first in the *service of Patton*, then in *that of Brown*, and that he had quitted the latter for *no fault*, and with no other view than that of compassionately taking other people's papers, as well as Brown's, under his packing care.

I did not like his coming from Brown; nor was Patton's recommendation much more in his favour. I refused to have any thing more to do with the Mounseer. The other printers (all except Claypoole, I believe) gave into the scheme; and Patton, after having twice pressed me to accede in vain, brought the *Parlez-vous* along with him to my house, and they both made use of every persuasion in their power to induce me to give out my papers. I very plainly told them that I had many objections to it; but that one was never to be got over; and that was, I never would submit *the list of my subscribers* to the examination of any person from under my own roof, and that there was an impropriety particularly striking in putting those lists into the hands of a *Frenchman*.

Now, if Patton had no interested motive in this, why should he take this man from his own office, and then again from Brown, to recommend him to the printers? Why should he trouble himself to wait upon me, to prevail on me to give my lists and my papers into the hands of this man? Was it that he saw my papers were badly put up, and wrong directed, and *that he was afraid I should lose my subscribers from it*? Or was it, that, by getting them into the clutches of a creature of his own, he thought he should be able to reduce my enormous packages to a *reasonable size*, and give the poor *Philadelphia Gazette* a chance, at least, for its life?—These questions the reader will be

be able to answer when he is in possession of another fact.

The Mounseer opened his *office* in an alley near the bottom of Arch-street ; but, since the Post-office has been removed a mile and more from me and from Claypoole, brother *Rosette* has removed also ; and to where, think you ? Why, to the *Post-office itself*, where he has an *apartment allotted* for the doing up of his papers ! So that while my papers are rejected for being *five minutes too late*, while this rigour is exercised towards me, who give constant employment to twenty people, who pay thirty or forty pounds a-year direct taxes, and whose letters amount to at least forty pounds a-year more ; while I am treated with this rudeness and severity, a Frenchman, whom nobody but Patton knows, whose name was never on a tax-gatherer's list, and who is of no more consequence in the country than a rat or a worm, is furnished with *an apartment at the public expense* ! Does this look like *impartiality*, or does it look like *partnership* ?

There is no necessity for saying another word on the indecent and barefaced conduct of the Deputy Post-master. The *facts* which I have related, he dares not deny, and I leave the public to draw the conclusion. He may possibly deny his partnership with Brown, though I hardly think he will ; and as to his connexion with *Rosette*, the thing is too clear to admit of denial.

How convenient it is for him and the Frenchman to sit and amuse themselves in looking over the lists of the several printers ! What fine "*guillotine game*" they would have found in mine ! and how easy it is for the Parlez-vous to *make a mistake* now and then, and *send on Brown's paper*, while those of others are *left behind* ! Any man may make a mistake now and then, and especially when there is *important news*. All things considered, it was, and is, a very pretty

little institution, and, I make no doubt, will turn out very much to the advantage of the founder.

So much, Master Patton, for rejecting papers that are *five minutes too late* by your clerk's battered watch.

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*Representative Government.*—The following paragraph, which is well worthy of attention, is taken from the New-York Daily Advertiser:—In this enlightened age and country, a man can purchase millions of acres, or possess millions of dollars in the public funds; nay, he can materially influence the public affairs of a free and extensive republic, while his *solemn written promises* (for *notes of hand* are to be so considered) for sums to an incalculable amount, are of less value than two shillings and sixpence in the pound; while he is careless of his character, and suffers his creditors to call upon him repeatedly in vain. There are such men, on whom the interest and reputation of the United States have for some time depended, and still depend. By their means we are esteemed by foreigners *a nation of speculators*.

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*American Degradation.*—Captain Dunbar, arrived at Boston from St. Croix, was boarded by a French privateer from Guadaloupe. After the usual ceremony of robbery, insult, &c. &c. had been gone through, the French Citizen Captain was preparing to dismiss Dunbar, but previously he thought proper to disembarra's himself of some people he had taken out of the Favourite of Baltimore, by putting them on board Captain Dunbar. Among others, he wished to get rid of the Captain, Scisson, and Mr. Taylor the supercargo, but they insisted on remaining to see the fate of their property; whereupon the Frenchman, our *dear ally*, gave them a hearty *flogging*; and sent them and Captain Dunbar off with a curse on their country, and avowing his determination

nation to rob every American vessel that could not be made prize of.

Our alliance with France, which is celebrated annually in several parts of the United States, is the first, I believe, that was ever strengthened by *flogging*. I have heard a Frenchman lately insist, that the Convention saw that they must inevitably lose our friendship unless they began to punish us. We are looked upon by them as a Russian looks upon his bride. Nothing ensures our affection like a good bastinado.

We have for years past been muttering curses between our teeth, against those abominable miscreants Santhonax and Victor Hugues. Well, after all this, we have lately seen a number of Americans *addressing* the former on his departure from France, on his vacating his throne of tyranny; and as to Victor Hugues, his praises have of late been very familiar in the mouths of our patriotic Captains.

If this same *flogging* Captain were to land in America (and *bring money with him*); if he were to settle in some of our towns; nay, in the very town of Baltimore; not only would he be suffered to remain in the peaceable enjoyment of his plunder, but he would be carested and flattered, and citizenized into the bargain. Barney did less to merit a *civic festival*.

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*American Meekness.*—From Portsmouth (N. H.), a famous sans-culotte town, there is an account of the temporary capture of the brig Brothers, Captain Kennard, by a small French schooner. The *ally* robbed Captain Kennard of every thing that one would think it possible to take away, and, to prove his high sense of the *alliance* existing between the two nations, he obliged Captain Kennard's men to hoist out his long-boat, and carry the plunder to the privateer.

There



There is a sort of protest respecting this *ally's* conduct, signed by the Captain, the mate, and one of the seamen ; and it concludes with the following curious specimen of *republican politeness* :

“ The last compliment from them was, *Damn your President, damn your Congress, and all America, for making a treaty with Great Britain.*”

“ After this, Captain K. hoisted in his boat with a deal of trouble, and proceeded on his passage to lament his *cruel usage.*”

There's a Christian-like Captain for you ! Not a curse, you see, for his brother *ally* ! He *laments* his cruel usage ; whines like a child whipped. And is this the lofty, stubborn, unyielding spirit of republicanism, about which we have been so long bored ? Is this that independent spirit that could not brook the slightest stretch of authority from the British King and Parliament ? or is it the spirit of humility, of degeneracy, of vassalage and slavery ?

Even the very sentences in which this poor fallen tar conveys his complaints, he takes care to scatter with terms of excuse for his oppressors. He calls the privateer a *pirate* ; thereby hinting that the violence committed on him was not authorized by our *dear allies*. But this is false. The French privateers are all duly commissioned from the Government ; and, as if taking our vessels into French ports were not sufficient to convince us of this, they seldom neglect repeating to those they plunder, *that they are ordered so to do*. Yet all this won't do. We must hunt after an excuse for them, which they scorn to accept of. We want to hide our buffets and insults from the world ; but they are resolved we shall not.

I am certain, after all that has happened, all the unheard-of, the terrible degradation we have suffered : after all this, I am certain that it wants only a smile on the part of France to heal over every thing. There would be no talk of *restitution*, or *compensation*.

*compensation.* The 25 millions of dollars we should give up with joy. We are looking to France, not for *justice*, but for *pardon*; and so humble and beat down is the public mind, that any terms short of absolute hanging would be acceptable\*.

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WEDNESDAY, 4<sup>th</sup> OCTOBER.

*American Compassion.*—An impartial writer in the New-York Gazette observes: “What a glorious thing was the amendment of the political state of France, while it had for its sole object the correction of abuses, and the melioration of the civil and social state of its people! What a horrid spectacle has the revolution exhibited since it has been conducted by *ambition, cruelty, revenge, and all the infernal passions!*”—That is to say: The revolution was all very well while it was pulling down the king, the church, and the nobles, and every thing else that the *staunch Whigs* took it into their skulls not to approve of; but the moment this “*glorious*” revolution began to touch themselves, then it was a very bad, a “*horrid thing.*”—To feel for others, people must be made to feel themselves. This is all perfectly right. The nobles, the insulted and buffeted clergy, and even the poor royalist peasants, were, in the bitterest of their distress, the objects of the contempt and ridicule of great numbers in this country. The public papers teemed with outrages levelled against them. Our turn is now come. We are robbed, buffeted and spit upon, while they are either settled in some hospitable clime, or have found a shelter in the grave.

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\* How completely have my words been verified!—November 1800.

*Blockade of Cadiz.*—*Boston, 24th September.* “ A correct view, or plan, of the blockade of *Cadiz*, “ was received by yesterday’s mail, contained in “ *Porcupine’s Gazette*; it may be seen at the office of “ the PRICE CURRENT.”

Three years ago a man would have been stoned to death if he had published such a representation as that which the people of Boston are invited to look at.

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*Negro-stealing.*—WHEREAS, through the spirited and generous exertions of Robert Wharton and John Jennings, Esquires, Aldermen, and the activity and vigilance of Thomas Durnel, George Gass, Thomas Evans, and P. Scott, constables, and Robert Turner, deputy-constable, a certain *Elihu Meeker* was last night apprehended, and committed to gaol, for privately inveigling and kidnapping black people from this city, with an intent to sell them as *slaves*; which practice he hath followed, as is supposed, for months past, but more particularly since the prevalence of the present epidemic fever; and whereas from circumstances there is room to suspect that others not known are connected with him in this nefarious traffic: a caution is hereby given to the citizens in general, and to the people who are personally in danger; to beware of all such designs, and give speedy information of every attempt of the kind to the said Robert Wharton or John Jennings, Esquires.

R. ALLEN,

*Philadelphia, Sept. 26th, 1797.*

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*Curious Advertisements in Kentucky.*—There never was a place where the curses of society were known to exist in greater plenty than in the *innocent* State of Kentucky. Every thing seems to be reduced to the

lowest possible state of degradation; in witness whereof, read the following advertisements:

“Take Notice. *A reasonable price in CASH* will be given for a good second-rate *LAWYER*, to practise in the county of Bracken. Inquire of the Printer.

“August 23d, 1797.”

Another. “Blank *warrants, and summonses, and executions*, may be had on the *shortest notice*, at the office hereof.”

*I dare say these are very saleable articles, and are sometimes wanted in a great hurry.*

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*Republican Morality.*—I have inserted one or two articles before for the express purpose of having on record some few proofs of that *virtue* which the cunning Montesquieu says is the basis of a republic. I shall insert one more. I shall not like to be told when I return to England, that “America is totally free from those vices which abound in monarchical governments.”

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*Stockbridge, Sept. 18.*—At the Supreme Court now holding in this town, the trial of one Stephen Smith, a black man, came on on Tuesday last. This accomplished villain stood charged by the Grand Jury on four capital indictments, for burglary and arson. The first charge was for burglary in the house of Mr. Samuel Goldbury. The trial took up the whole of the day. The Jury in the evening brought in their verdict *GUILTY*;—this is sufficient to bring him to the gallows. The other charges were for setting fire to said Goldbury’s house, which partly consumed it, and for robbing and setting fire to Mr. William Turner’s dwelling-house, which was entirely consumed in March last.

At

At the Court, one Peggy Dexter had *seventeen* indictments found against her by the Grand Jury, for petty larceny. She pleaded guilty to *two*.

Her husband at the same time pleaded guilty to an indictment for theft. [*A promising pair!*]

One Rice Thomson, alias Thomson Rice, of Sudbury, was indicted and tried for burglary, breaking and entering the dwelling-house of Captain Enoch Rust, in company with John Steward, who was convicted and executed in April last. He was found not guilty.

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*New-London, Sept. 27.*—A horse was stolen about dusk on Sunday evening last out of a pasture in Duaneburg. The man, a negro belonging to Schoharie, was pursued and taken with the horse a little after midnight. The Grand Jury found a bill against the offender on Monday morning; and on Tuesday the Jury brought him in guilty. His sentence is reserved for the Court to pronounce.

At a Circuit-court held in Albany lately, a man was condemned to imprisonment and hard labour for life, for *passing two counterfeit quarter-dollars!* To what a length will half a dollar carry a man?

At the Circuit-court held in Albany the present month, three persons were condemned to hard labour and imprisonment for life, one to perpetual imprisonment, two to ten years hard labour, two to seven ditto, and several from four years to seven months ditto.

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THURSDAY, 5<sup>th</sup> OCTOBER.

*Peale and the American Museum.*—The learned and ingenious Mr. C. W. Peale, among his “valuable repository of the works of *nature*, so well calculated to delight the mind and enlarge the understanding,”

mentions in particular several "*waxen figures* of men, as large as life!!"—And, as if this was not enough, one of the particularized *curiosities* is the figure of the "*sooty African*."

Now, Mr. Peale, be so good as to tell me how long *Nature* has taken to *work in wax*? And since when, I pray you, has the "*sooty African*" become a *curiosity* at Philadelphia?—No, no, Mr. Peale; such curiosities will never bring me to your shop, however "*airy and healthy* its situation" may be. I have seen more for a halfpenny in the travelling hutch of an itinerant brute-monger in England, than I could see at your "*airy*" Museum for a quarter-dollar, which is just sixteen pence halfpenny sterling.—No, no; if you mean to have my company, get me half a dozen democrats *stuffed with straw*. Never mind their being of *your own tribe*. In these degenerate days dog eats dog, and surgeon flays surgeon, when he can get no other subject.—Take my advice; throw out your snakes and your alligators, and replace them by the more venomous brutes above-mentioned; and be assured, that you will no longer stand in need of newspaper puffs; nor will it signify a farthing whether your shop be healthy or not. You will have hundreds of customers, though the pestilence should rage all around you, and though Dr. Rush, with the lancet in his hand, should be your door-keeper.

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*Rush's Action against Fenno and Cobbett.*—The following note appeared in Brown's paper of yesterday evening.

"MR. BROWN,

"Having brought actions against John Fenno, junior, and William Cobbett, for their publications against me in their papers, I request you not to insert any thing in your paper which may be offered,  
in

in answer to those publications, or in defence of my character. BENJ. RUSH."

Now, the view of this publication is easily seen into. The Doctor finds his little reputation, as a physician, in as dangerous a way as ever a poor yellow fever man was in, half an hour after he was called to his aid ; and he vainly imagines that this notification, requesting Brown not to publish any thing on the subject, will be a hint to Fenno and me to forbear. We wanted no hints from Dr. Rush. We know very well what we ought to do ; and, if God grants us life, we shall do it completely. I don't mind his boasting about suing me. He can't sue me for DEBT. No, Dr. Rush, *I never was sued for DEBT, ten times in one year* ; nor would I, were I even as poor as you are, endeavour to recover my broken fortunes by bleeding people to death by scores.

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*Anecdote of Doctor Mead.*—When Dr. Mead was sent for on the first of the Queen's illness, he said she could not live long, but in which he was contradicted by most of the household physicians. Her case was sent to Hanover, with all the symptoms, and Mead's opinion was confirmed. When the Queen grew worse, Mead called upon Dr. Radcliffe (with whom he lived in the closest habits of intimacy), and told him he believed she could not hold it out above twenty-four hours. "Then, young man (said Dr. Radcliffe), this is the crisis of your fortune ; go directly and pronounce the exact hour of her death ; if she outlives a day, which by your account I take almost to be impossible, it will be no discredit to you ; but if she dies near the hour of prediction, by G—you'll not only pass for a *great physician*, but a *fortune-teller* !"

Mead, who was remarkably modest, felt difficulties in taking this advice ; but being overruled by his

his friend, on his next attendance (first having minutely weighed every symptom) he told the Lords of the Council she could not survive *one o'clock* the next morn.

His prediction was nearly verified, as the Queen died pretty much about that hour, and his fame rang all over the kingdom.

*One of the Rushites need be neither a great physician nor a FORTUNE-TELLER, to predict the exact moment of a patient's decease. All they have to determine is, when they shall be at leisure to give him his LAST BLEEDING.*

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FRIDAY, 6<sup>th</sup> OCTOBER.

*Travelling Lie.*—In the New-York Gazette of yesterday, among other receipts by the Commissioners of the Health-office of Philadelphia, is mentioned 50 dollars from William Bell, one of the labourers on the road. Thus his half-dollar has, in New-York, been made 50 dollars: by the time it reaches New-haven, it may as well be made 500; and on its appearance at Boston, if it is no more than 5000, its increase will bear no proportion to that in New-York.

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*Curious Advertisement.*—TO THE LIVING. Seeing an advertisement in Brown's Gazette, of cabinet or joiner's work to be done *for the dead*; it is deemed proper thus to inform the public, that at No. 136, North Front-street, joiner's work is done *for the living*—and now ready-made on hand for sale, a number of *cradles*; and any quantity can be supplied, if required, neat and well made. Mr. Brown's customer is said to be in partnership with *Dr. Rush*; or, at least, the joiner is said to have entered into a contract with the Doctor; according to which, the latter is to receive 20 dollars for



for every one of his patients for whom the former furnishes a coffin. I am under no such agreement with the midwives; but I shall be much obliged to them if they will recommend my cradles; and I will, besides, give a glass of gin for every customer they find me.

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SATURDAY, 7<sup>th</sup> OCTOBER.

*Dr. Currie's Account of Rush's Conduct in 1793.*—Dr. Rush having tried the effects of mercurial purges, which he acknowledged to the College of Physicians on the 26th of August, had been recommended to him by Doctors Hodge and Carson, the latter of whom had experienced their good effects upon himself on a former occasion, in a dose containing twenty grains of calomel, made trial of them, and was so highly pleased with them, that he assumed the credit of the discovery, though they had been frequently employed, both by the East and West India physicians, long before 1793, as may be seen in the publications of Lind, Blaney, Clark, Balfour, and others.

He appears to have read Dr. Moseley's Directions for treating the Yellow Fever of the West Indies about the 10th of September, for the first time. In that treatise very profuse and frequent bleeding is recommended, from a persuasion that the disease was always attended with inflammatory symptoms in the beginning, which in that climate was probably the case, as the subjects that came under Moseley's care were strong, vigorous, plethoric English sailors.

Dr. Rush, with that precipitation for which he has always been noted, instantly adopted the practice in its utmost latitude, without reflecting that difference of climate and constitution made a difference in the disease.

On the 12th September he published in the Federal Gazette the following directions to the citizens :

“ Dr. Rush, regretting that he is unable to comply with all the calls of his fellow-citizens indisposed with the prevailing fever, recommends to them to take his mercurial purges, which may now be had with suitable directions at most of the apothecaries ; and to lose ten or twelve ounces of blood as soon as convenient after taking the purges \*, if the head-ach and fever continue.—When the purges do not operate speedily, bleeding may now be used before they are taken.—The almost universal success with which it has pleased God to bless the remedies of strong *mercurial* purges and bleeding in this disorder, enables Dr. Rush to assure his fellow-citizens that there is no more danger to be apprehended from it when these remedies have been used in its early stage, than there is from the measles or influenza. Dr. Rush assures his fellow-citizens farther, that the risk from visiting and attending the sick at present, is not greater than from walking the streets. While the disease was so generally mortal, or the successful mode of treating it only partially adopted, he advised his friends to leave the city ; at present he conceives this advice unnecessary, not only because the disease is under the power of medicine, but because the citizens who now wish to fly into the country cannot avoid carrying the infection with them : they had better remain near to *medical aid*, and avoid exciting the infection into action.”

How far the assertions contained in the address correspond with facts, let the obituary of that month determine, and the deaths in his own family.

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\* These purges contained ten grains of calomel, and fifteen of jalap.

Those acquainted with the causes and laws of contagion thought him insane.

At other times he promised a removal of the infectious effluvia, with which he asserted the whole atmosphere was loaded, as soon as a heavy rain should fall :—an opinion as groundless as any that ever was generated in a whimsical brain.

Immediately after one of his addresses to the citizens, the following advertisements were published at his request in all the newspapers :

“ Dr. Rush’s *celebrated* mercurial purging and sweating powders for preventing and curing the prevailing *putrid fever*, may be had carefully prepared, with proper directions, at Betton and Harrison’s, No. 10, South Second-street.

“ Dr. Rush’s *mercurial sweating purge* for the yellow fever, may be had carefully prepared, with the Doctor’s directions, and sold by William Delany, druggist and chemist, &c.

“ Dr. Rush’s mercurial sweating powder for the yellow fever, with printed directions, prepared and sold by permission, by Goldthwait and Baldwin, chemists and druggists, &c.”

In speaking of his exploits in a letter addressed to Dr. Rodgers, dated October 3d, after accusing most of the physicians of the city of ignorance and obstinacy, he adds, “ By means of the remedies before mentioned, I think I have been the unworthy instrument in the hands of a kind Providence of recovering more than ninety-nine out of one hundred of my patients before my late indisposition from the want of bleeding and purging. Since the 10th of September I have found bleeding, in addition to the mercurial purges, necessary in nineteen cases out of twenty. At first I found the loss of ten or twelve ounces sufficient to subdue the pulse; but I have been obliged gradually, as the season advanced, to in-crease

crease the quantity to sixty, seventy, and eighty ounces."

So much was the Doctor about this period possessed with the notion that he was the only man of common sense existing, that he not only refused to consult with any but his former pupils who submitted to obey his dictates, and rudely intruded his advice upon other people's patients. He also appointed two illiterate negro men, and sent them into all the alleys and bye places in the city, with orders to bleed, and give his sweating purges, as he empirically called them, to all they should find sick, without regard to age, sex, or constitution; and bloody and dirty work they made among the poor miserable creatures that fell in their way.

That his mind was elevated to a state of enthusiasm bordering on frenzy, I had frequent opportunity of observing; and I have heard from popular report, that in passing through Kensington one day, with his black man on the seat of his chaise alongside of him, he cried out with vociferation, "Bleed and purge all Kensington! drive on, boy!"

The contemplation of his own self-created consequence, the hurry of business, the novelty and solemn aspect of the surrounding scenes, had certainly a very extraordinary effect upon his imagination, and impaired his judgment.

I knew several that he terrified into chilly fits, some into relapses, and some into convulsions, by stopping them in the street, and declaring they had the fever—You've got it! you've got it! was his usual salutation upon seeing any one with a pale countenance. I have been assured that he pronounced to Dr. Glentworth, that he would be a dead man if he would not submit to more bleeding, after he had reduced him almost to death's door by the violence

violence of his remedies \*. Two other physicians being called in, thought otherwise, and the Doctor recovered without any more loss of the vital fluid, notwithstanding this alarming and positive prognostication.

His pronouncing Mr. Michael Connor to be infected with the yellow fever, when just recovered from the ague and fever, occasioned a relapse. The same gentleman ascribes the loss of his amiable daughter to the drastic operation of his mercurial purges.

When applied to by Mr. Chancellor to visit a patient with Dr. Hodge, he advised him to dismiss Dr. H.; for he was a bark and wine Doctor, and would do him more harm than good.

Dr. W. he said was an assassin, because he expressed some doubts of the superior efficacy of mercurial purges to those of a less drastic kind.

In his letter to Dr. Rodgers, after treating the opinions of all his fellow-practitioners with the most insulting contempt, and declaring that he believes himself the unworthy instrument in the hands of a kind Providence of recovering more than ninety-nine of an hundred of his patients, he adds, "it was extremely unfortunate that the new *remedies* were ever connected with my name," and that he claimed no other merit than that of having early adopted and extended a mode of treating the disorder which he had learned from his first preceptor in medicine Dr. Redman, and which is strongly recommended by Hilary, Moseley, Mitchel, Kirby, and many other writers on the fever.

The Doctor certainly intended to write a romance; for there is no mention in any of the authors he re-

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\* "If you will not submit to my voice," says he, "settle your affairs, for you have a dropsy of the brain, and will soon be a dead man."

fers to of mercurial purges, or of resting the cure of the disease on copious bleeding and purging, or that God had blessed copious bleeding and purging in their hands, as any person that can read may satisfy himself. Moseley indeed depends much on copious bleeding, in cases where the inflammatory symptoms are manifest; but all the rest inculcate sparing bleeding, and the most mild purges. The recollection of these things was not to his purpose; hence the convenience of having a good memory at forgetting things that would prove obstacles to our schemes—all good democrats acquire this kind of memory.

The Doctor here remembered to forget the information he formerly acknowledged he had received from Doctors Hodge and Carson, respecting the efficacy of mercurial purges in bilious cases. He also remembered to forget having seen the good effects produced by bleeding a fat cook in Water-street, the day after he had threatened to prosecute Doctor Barnwell for a design upon the life of Mrs. Ross in Walnut-street, because he bled her in the very same kind of fever that he now applauds it in, and employs as a cordial and anodyne, and in desperate cases, to make the patient die easy. He also remembered to forget to mention, that he adopted his sanguinary code, not from Draco, but from Moseley, who was a mere empiric that practised in Jamaica some years ago.

He also, in a most extraordinary manner, remembered to forget the victims that were falling by the hands of his apostles, at the very time that he was boasting of recovering *more than ninety-nine* of a hundred.

To crown all his extravagancies, he has lately threatened to prosecute Dr. Hodge for telling Dr. Way, on the second day of his fever, that he thought he might recover without any more bleeding. The  
case

case of Dr. Way is briefly this :—He was attacked on Sunday with the usual symptoms of the prevailing fever ; bled himself in the night, about twelve ounces ; next day was bled by advice of Dr. Rush three times ; took mercurial purges, which operated very copiously ; on Tuesday had an intermission ; was again bled once, and purged several times. On Wednesday he took without advice eight grains of mercurius dulcis ; had all along since the attack observed the most abstemious and cooling regimen. By whose direction he was bled on Wednesday, I do not know, for Dr. Rush did not visit him after dinner that day. The mercury that he took of his own accord on Wednesday morning, brought on pain, sickness, and spasms in his bowels, and occasioned such extreme debility, that he sunk under it, and expired on Friday evening. The account of the treatment till Wednesday morning, the writer had from Dr. Way himself.

From this statement, I think Dr. Rush exempt from blame in the case of Dr. Way ; and that there are cases of high inflammation in which the patient sometimes recovers, under the most Herculean discipline, his most inveterate enemies must acknowledge.

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MONDAY, 9<sup>th</sup> OCTOBER.

*French Ferocity.*—*Halifax (N. C.), Sept. 25.* Last week arrived at Plymouth in this State, Captain Levin Bosman, in a schooner belonging to Messrs. Stewart and Armistead of that place. Captain Bosman was captured on his homeward-bound passage by a French privateer, who took all the hands out of the schooner, except the Captain, mate, and supercargo, and put five of our dear sans-culotte allies on board. Having no French colours, they transformed the American into French, and with the fragments

ments decorated the unfortunate Captain, round whom they danced the Carmagnole, by way of condolence. They then seized a hog on board, which they called King George, and after cutting off his head, again danced the Carmagnole, and played other republican gambols, *à la mode de Paris*. The sagacious and intrepid Captain did not let these manœuvres pass unobserved, but taking a good opportunity, seized the fellow at the helm, whom he soon secured, and gaining possession of the arm-chest, with the assistance of his mate and supercargo (a manly and spirited Quaker of Bertie county), the others were immediately mastered. The privateer was at this time only at a small distance ; they therefore proceeded on the course directed until the privateer got to a proper distance, when they altered their course, committed our dear allies to a leaky boat, in which they might either sing La Carmagnole, Ca-ira, or any other republican song, bale or sink ; proceeded on their voyage, and these gallant brave men had the good fortune to reach their destined port without again encountering any of these merciless pirates. It is supposed the Frenchmen got safe to land, as one of the islands was in sight.

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TUESDAY, 10<sup>th</sup> OCTOBER.

*Blount's triumphal Entry into Tennessee.—Knoxville, September 18.* On Saturday last returned to this town the Hon. WILLIAM BLOUNT. As soon as his approach was made known, the volunteer troop of cavalry commanded by John Lavender, Esq. and a large concourse of citizens, hastened to receive him, and met him eight miles from this place, where, after refreshment, he was conducted into town in the following order, viz.

A detachment of the troop of cavalry.

The Hon. Mr. Blount, accompanied by the Hon. General



General White, and the Hon. Mr. Stuart, late Speaker of the House of Representatives.

The troop of cavalry.—Citizens in files.

We are happy to say that Mr. Blount has received on his journey through this State the most flattering and hearty welcome from every description of citizens; a welcome justly due from a grateful people to the father, friend, and protector of their State\*.

WEDNESDAY, 11<sup>th</sup> OCTOBER.

*Election Scene*, in a virtuous republican Country.—If poor silly Montesquieu could have seen a few of the American elections, he would not have been so loud in the praises of representative government.

*Washington, October 7.*—Last Tuesday evening a violent affray happened at Upper Marlborough, between the friends of the candidates for the office of Sheriff, in which a number of the inhabitants of this city were very roughly handled, and one man by the name of Pollock was murdered on the spot by a brickbat, which struck him on the head, and repeated blows after he had fallen.—What a pretty picture of *civilization*!

Is there no remedy? When we go to give our votes, must we go as if to meet an enemy? Must we tell for whom we intend to vote, and get our heads broke for speaking?

They order these matters better in New-England; there *electioneering* is hardly seen: no *public dinners* given to engage votes; no agents planted at *grog-shops* to take in the simple.—*No*. Election days are days when a man shall rarely see any other but his neighbours and townsmen, met only for the business

\* This Blount, at the very moment that he was thus received, stood impeached before the Senate of the United States, of which he was a member!

of the day: that finished, a moderate drink, and perhaps a social song, concludes.

But here, what confusion! If ever I saw a resemblance to hell, it was at Marlborough Court-house; within the house, what a clatter of tongues! A. will thank you for your votes.—I am much obliged to you, says C.—D. is a good man, says another.—Won't you vote for B.? says a fourth.—Huzza for M.—Damn your eyes, clear the way—who do you vote for?—Huzza for B. Such pulling and hauling, crowding and jostling; all speaking at once, and some with a very loud voice.

I have seen many mobs, but I never saw such a confounded assemblage of mankind before; indeed it is a scandal to any State, but much more to a State composed of FREE men. FREE men! A small majority indeed! all intoxicated with party spirit.

Will our law-makers attend to these things, and try for an amendment? I fear not; for the strongest party seem to build their hopes of election on the confusion of the electing hour.

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#### THURSDAY, 12<sup>th</sup> OCTOBER.

*French Fraternity.*—Same day, brig Peace and Plenty, Dunbar, St. Croix, 24 days. In lat.  $23^{\circ}$  N. long.  $65^{\circ} 35'$  W. was boarded by a French privateer brig from Guadaloupe, under English colours. The particulars of the treatment which Captain D. received are thus recorded by him: "The Captain of the privateer came on board, with five of his crew, and demanded my papers; after examination, ordered all my trunks and chests to be opened, and took from them all the money they contained, with the letters, which he opened; he took all our stock and cabin stores, with all the spare running rigging, sails, and blocks, and cut one fludding-sail from

from the yard ; he also took one cask of rum belonging to the cargo, and a case that belonged to Captain Haynes, who was to have come passenger, contents unknown. After plundering us of the above articles, he suffered his people to rob us of what they pleased ; and so fully devoted were they to the business of thieving, that they took every article they could find, even to the knives, forks, spoons, and tumblers ; and in fact every article remaining in the cabin. He then put two seamen on board that were taken a few days before from the brig *Favourite*, Sisson, of Baltimore, master, and Mr. Taylor supercargo, with a cargo of 50,000 dollars. The Captain of the privateer wished to put Captain Sisson and Mr. Taylor on board my vessel ; but they insisted on staying aboard the privateer, and demanded to know the fate of their property : which spirited behaviour produced on the Commander of the privateer a conduct unworthy a man ; for on their refusal to quit the privateer, he inhumanly *flogged them*. Besides Captain Sisson, there were several other American masters and seamen on board the privateer, names, except one, not to be ascertained : this individual's name was *John Barnes*, of Marblehead. A few hours previous to our being boarded, the privateer took a sloop from Rhode Island, Captain Briggs, bound to Cape François, who he said was a good prize. To add insult to our misfortune, this inhuman pirate threatened to take me on board his vessel, and inflict an ignominious punishment on me, and finished his brutal behaviour by dismissing me, with a curse on my country, and a declared determination to *rob* every American vessel he could not make a *prize* of\*.

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\* This is the price of rebellion.

## GAZETTE SELECTIONS.

FRIDAY, 13<sup>th</sup> OCTOBER.

*Israel Israel.*—The Israel Israel, who is elected a Senator of the State of Pennsylvania, keeps the Cross-Keys grog-shop at the corner of Third and Chestnut streets. This is a step towards perfection in the representative way, which we had not before taken. A public house is a most excellent stand for collecting the sentiments of the *sovereign people*, who never speaks his mind right freely, except when he is half drunk. Besides, Mr. Israel entertains *horses* as well as men, and, upon any knotty point, he may derive considerable advantage from consulting them.

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SATURDAY, 14<sup>th</sup> OCTOBER.

*To Dr. Caldwell.*—In answer to your long, impertinent, and silly letter to me, published in Lloyd and Bradford's paper, I am not, be assured, going to imitate your verbosity. My time, little value as it may be of, is too precious to be thrown away upon a patient-hunting quack.

Your ignorance nobody wonders at; but your impudence has been subject of astonishment. People naturally think it surprising, that you should, after *publicly complimenting me as the Editor of a paper*, change your tone so completely in the course of a month, as to call my paper "*infamous*," and me a "*monster*." Their astonishment will cease, when they know what I am now going to tell them, viz. That you were *soliciting Misslin to give you the place of Doctor Mease*, and that your giving up my paper, and making a public attack on it, was neither more nor less than a sacrifice at the shrine of Dallas and Democracy!! This unravels the mystery. This accounts for your censuring me for "*degrading private character*." Poor, pitiful parasite! and do you think that this fetch will succeed with his Schuylkill Excellency?

Excellency? Not it indeed. You'll not get Mease's post. You'll have to hunt the kennels for work, as you have hitherto done, take my word for it. That's the occupation you are cut out for; all that I wish is, that it may please God to confine the depredations of your lancet to the carcases of the democrats.

P. P.

MONDAY, 16<sup>th</sup> OCTOBER.

*Sangrado*.—Who can read the following extract from *Gil Blas*, without being tempted to imagine, that the author foresaw the person and practice of *Rush*? “I went to fetch Dr. *Sangrado*. He was a  
 “ *tall, pale, hungry-looking fellow*, who had kept the  
 “ shears of *Clothos* employed for forty years at least.  
 “ This learned Doctor had a very grave appearance.  
 “ He weighed his discourse, and *gave vast pomposity*  
 “ *to his expressions*.—After having looked at my master, he observed, with a doctor-like air, We must,  
 “ *my dear good Sir*, supply the want of transpiration.  
 “ *Sangrado* then sent me for a surgeon whom he  
 “ named, and whom he made draw from my master  
 “ *six good porringers of blood*, as a beginning to supply  
 “ the want of transpiration. When this blessed  
 “ prelude was over, he said to the surgeon, Master  
 “ *Martin Onez*, return in three hours time, and  
 “ take as much more, and to-morrow you'll  
 “ begin again afresh. *It is a gross error to suppose*  
 “ *that blood is necessary to the conservation of*  
 “ *life*.”

TUESDAY, 17<sup>th</sup> OCTOBER.

*Dying easy*.—*Rush* having bled a patient within an inch of the grave, and being about to give him the finishing stroke, the relations remonstrated, ob-

serving that it was useless, for that the poor young man was already dying: "Very well, then," replied the Quack, "it will *put him out of his misery*, and make him *die easy*!" And ought butchers like this to be tolerated? These monsters look upon every patient that has the misfortune to fall into their hands, as a lump of flesh and blood, on which they have a right to make *experiments*. A *modern philosopher* cares no more about the life of a man, than about the life of a rat or sparrow. I would caution every one to avoid the bloody race; but let this caution never be neglected *by those who differ from them in politics*.

WEDNESDAY, 18<sup>th</sup> OCTOBER.

*Franklin and Gibbon*.—Anecdote extracted from the New-York Daily Advertiser.—When Franklin was on his mission to France previous to the alliance, he put up one night at an inn near the frontiers. Gibbon, the celebrated historian, happening to be in the same house, Franklin sent his compliments, requesting the pleasure of spending the evening with Gibbon. In answer he received a card, importing, that "notwithstanding Mr. Gibbon's regard for the character of Dr. Franklin, as a man and a philosopher, he could not reconcile it with his duty to his King, to have any conversation with a *revolted subject*!" Franklin in reply wrote a note, declaring, that "though Mr. Gibbon's principles had compelled him to withhold the pleasure of his conversation, Dr. Franklin still had such a respect for the character of Mr. Gibbon, as a gentleman and a historian, that when, in the course of his writing the history of the *decline and fall* of empires, the *decline and fall* of the British empire should come to be his subject, as he expected it soon would, Dr.  
Franklin

Franklin would be happy to furnish him with *ample materials* which were in his possession."

Whether this anecdote record a truth or not, I shall not pretend to say; but it must be confessed that the expressions imputed to the two personages were strictly in character. In Gibbon we see the faithful subject, and the man of candour and honour: in Franklin, the treacherous and malicious "old Zanga of Boston."

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*Republican Legislators.*—If a candidate at an election is a tavern-keeper, a retailer of grog and gin; if by some fatality, at the same time, he is appointed to hand out the public charities to the poor, most of whom in this blessed commonwealth have a right of suffrage, has he not an uncommon advantage over all that are not so circumstanced, whatever other merit they have to recommend them? Will the *paupers* ask whose alms they receive from the hands of their candidates, or will he be honest enough to tell them that he is distributing the money of his opponents?

If, to aggravate thy calamities, poor degraded Philadelphia! *such* a man should be *so* elected into a high and confidential office, does he represent thy monied or landed interest, thy houses, thy lots, or thy merchandise; or only thy *noses*?

Can a city which lies under the calumny of generating a contagious fever annually, not much less to be dreaded than the plague of *Grand Cairo*; or, what is no better, of importing it every year from abroad; and whose state-government, civil and military, is disgraced by officers chosen from among the lees of the people, by bankrupts, speculators, Jews, and Frenchmen—can this city long survive under the shade of such a hostile and deadly combination?

## GAZETTE SELECTIONS.

THURSDAY, 19<sup>th</sup> OCTOBER.

### *The Hermit and Jefferson.*

PROPHECY—true,

*Of the Hermit to Alfred.*

“ Go forth ! lead on the ra-  
“ diant years to thee revealed in  
“ vision.—Lo, they rise ! Lo !  
“ patriots, heroes, sages crowd  
“ to birth, and bards to sing  
“ them in immortal verse.—I  
“ see thy commerce grasp the  
“ world : all nations serve thee ;  
“ every flood subjected pays its  
“ tribute to the *Thames*.

“ Britons proceed ; the sub-  
ject *deep* command :

“ Awe with your navies ev’ry  
hostile land.

“ *Vain are their threats, their*  
armies all are vain ;

“ They rule the balanc’d  
world who rule the main.”

THOMSON’S *Alfred*.

PROPHECY—false,

*Of the malicious Philosopher  
Jefferson.*

“ BRITAIN.—The sun of  
“ her glory is fast declining to  
“ the horizon. Her *philosophy*  
“ has *crossed the Channel* ; her  
“ *freedom* has *crossed the Atlantic* ;  
“ and herself seems passing to  
“ that awful dissolution, whose  
“ issue is not given human fore-  
“ sight to scan.”—*Notes on Vir-  
ginia, by THOMAS JEFFERSON.*

Pray, Monsieur Jefferson, if the *freedom* of Britain has *crossed the Atlantic*, whither is it gone ? You will not pretend, I suppose, that it has taken up its abode among Americans ; unless, indeed, you have the impudence to assert, that, to be *chained, drudged, kicked, flogged, and thumb-screwed* by the French, are the distinctive marks of *freedom* ; unless you have the impudence to assert, that men are *free* in a country where a Governor can order them *to be seized* without a *warrant*, and *transported for a month* without a *trial*, or even a *hearing*. Unless, I say, you are prepared to make these assertions, you will not pretend that the *freedom of Britain* has taken its flight *this way* ; and, above all, you will not *now* dare to assert this of her LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

No, Monsieur Thomas ; the sun of Britain will shine ; her philosophy will illuminate an admiring world, and her freedom (her *real* freedom) will con-



tinue to be “ the charter of the land,” when thy head will be rotting cheek by jowl with that of some toil-killed negro slave. She will flourish in commerce, in arts, and in arms, when thy *pivot-chair* shall be crumbled into dust ; when thy French-spun theories, thy flimsy philosophy, thy shallow shifting politics, and thy envious vindictive predictions, shall all be damned to eternal oblivion ; and when nought shall be remembered of thee or thine, save thy cool, unprovoked, and viperous slander on the *family of Cresap*.

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*A Scene in a Bavarian Beer-house.*—“ Not far from Munich (the capital of Bavaria) I happened to stroll into a dark, black, country beer-house, filled with clouds of tobacco smoke, and on entering was almost stunned with the noise of the drinkers. By degrees, however, my eyes penetrated through the thick vapours, when I discovered the priest of the place in the midst of fifteen or twenty drunken fellows. His black coat was just as much bedaubed as the frocks of his flock, and, like the rest of them, he had cards in his left hand, which he struck so forcibly on the dirty table, that the whole chamber trembled. At first I was shocked with the violent abuse they gave each other, and thought they were quarrelling ; but soon found that all the blackguard appellations which shocked me, were only modes of friendly salutation among them. Every one of them had now drunk his six or eight pots of beer, and they desired the landlord to give each of them a dram of brandy, by the way, as they said, of locking the stomach. But now their good humour departed, and I presently saw, in all their looks and gestures, the most serious preparations for a fray. This at length broke out. At first the priest took some pains to suppress it. He swore and roared at last as much as the rest. Now one seized a pot and threw it at his adversary’s head, another clenched his fist, the third pulled the

legs from a stool to knock his enemy on the head. Every thing, in short, seemed to threaten blood and death; when on ringing the bell for evening prayer, "*Ave Maria, ye — I*" cried the priest, and down dropped their arms, they pulled off their bonnets, folded their hands, and repeated their *Ave Marias*. It put me in mind of the adventure in Don Quixote, where peace is suddenly restored in a great fray, on account of the helmet of Mambrino, and the ass's collar, by the recollection of what passed in the Agramantine camp. As soon, however, as the prayers were over, they were all seized again with their former fury, which was the more violent from the momentary interruption it had met with. Pots and glasses began to fly. I observed the curate creep under the table for security, when I withdrew into the landlord's bed-chamber, not a little apprehensive for my own personal safety."

What an excellent seminary this must be for the education of a SENATOR! Accordingly we see the Senators chosen from among the keepers of such kens by the wise sovereign people of Pennsylvania.

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*Santhonax a Traitor.*—The General in Chief of the forces in the colony of St. Domingo, Citizen Touffaint Louverture (a black man), has transmitted to the Directory a long report on the treachery of Santhonax, the Executive Commissioner. In this report Touffaint declares that Santhonax, having invited him to his house, and inquiring whether he loved him, and had confidence in him, said, "*If you love yourself and your brethren (the blacks), there is a very simple mode of securing your well-being: and on* Touffaint's asking what mode, S. answered, "*To declare ourselves independent of France.*" After surprising the black General with the boldness of the proposition, he proceeded to assign his reasons for the measure, and the prospects of success. He insinuated, that notwithstanding

notwithstanding the French laws had declared general freedom to the blacks, he was assured the colonists in France were still at work against the liberty of the blacks; and that, to avoid all danger, they must declare themselves independent of her; that France had no navy, and that she sends nothing to the colonies; that she would be obliged to do as England did to the United States of America; that France and all nations would be happy to be able to come to and trade with St. Domingo, and the country would be more flourishing.

In another conversation with Touffaint, Santhonax said, *This is the moment to become masters of the colony: the blacks are uneasy about their liberty; there are here white colonists whom they suspect*—THEY MUST BE KILLED! The proposal struck the black General with horror, and Santhonax, finding he could work on him, softened his proposal to a destruction of the white inhabitants only, who were what he called “*enemies of liberty.*”

On the 18th of August last, Touffaint, in conjunction with Raimond and Pascal, consulted on sending Santhonax to France. They proceeded together to Santhonax's house, where Touffaint charged him with mal-administration and designs against the public happiness and prosperity, and various malversations. In another conference between Touffaint and Santhonax, held the 9th of August, the former repeated the charges against him, and informed him that he *must* set off for France. This “*must!*” of the General's the Commissioner could not resist.

*Remarks.*—The above is condensed from a lengthy detail in *Bache's Aurora*; it shows the villany of those French agents in the West Indies, who, set on by the tools of France in the United States, have robbed our citizens of millions of dollars. This same denounced traitor, Santhonax, is a twin brother

ther in robbery, of Hugues at Guadaloupe, and the correspondent of Fauchet and Adet, whose conduct has made the pages of the "*Devil's speaking trumpet*" groan with praises and apologies. These are the men, who have been emboldened in their measures by the justifications that have continually issued from the Jacobin papers in the United States. Every day exposes some new crime in them; and proves that the defenders of the administration of the Government of the United States have never been too loud in their invectives against the agents of the French Government, and that the people have not held in sufficient execration the hirelings who have advocated their cause, apologized for their conduct, or abused the friends to our Government for exposing their measures.

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*Dr. Caldwell.*—*For Porcupine's Gazette.* MR. COBBETT, Having learnt that the assassin who lately aimed a stab at my reputation has been deterred from propagating further calumnies, solely through fear of incurring the punishment of a contempt of court; and as, therefore, his malice may break forth on some future occasion, I have thought fit to acquaint him that he is known, and will be fully exposed, should he further provoke me to the task. As an introduction, which may show him that he is in my power, please to insert the following. J. W. F.

*To Charles Caldwell, Præfectus Morum.*—"Though conscious of again exposing myself to the puerile attacks and vulgar insults" of that "dastardly," "lucifuge animal," that "contemptible," "night-shrouded assassin," whose prose stalks forth in such starched and pompous dress, whose words seem regularly trained, and whose ideas formally systematized to the murder of private character; yet as such venomous reptiles "have at all times (and justly too) been held

in the highest abhorrence by man," I trust that abhorrence will not fail to serve me on the present occasion.

In an attempt to expose so unprincipled a calumniator, I shall hardly fail of your important and hearty concurrence; as I know you "detest the COWARDLY tribe of anonymous writers; and the acuteness with which you felt an imaginary "indignity" offered by the Governor of the College of Physicians ("of which you are a member"), leads me to think that you will be inclined to agree with me in reprobating the *real* rascally attempt at imposition on the public, made by that cowardly, anonymous *lucifuge* scribbler, *Censor*.

I am the more bold in addressing myself to you, Sir, because of the *very vast respect* in which I know your character to be held, not only by your humble servant, but by the public at large. Personal considerations had, indeed, some weight in disinclining me to the measure: but the insult you have offered to my vanity by representing me as a "credulous dupe" is more harmless than you may have imagined.—For, as I never, in a city where I was a stranger, pompously, arrogantly, and authoritatively dictated to the Legislature to close their sessions, the tribunals of justice to close their inquisition, and the ministers of God their temples, I cannot so keenly feel a charge of weakness. One who has "kept along the cool sequestered vale of life the noiseless tenour of his way," can never be so deeply affected by any charge of whatever nature, as he who has, on various occasions, set himself up for a "Censor," a "*Præfectus Morum*," and a "*Magnus Apollo*."

By way of atonement for the license I have taken in addressing you at this time, permit me to offer some advice to you, which, though somewhat irrelevant to the subject of the present paper, will, I doubt

doubt not, if strictly adhered to, render you a "*Magnus Apollo*" in medicine.

Have you not observed, Sir, that a large proportion of that very large number of patients which you assert to have come under your care, upon whom the calomel has operated as an emetic, have withstood the shock of the fever? Take hence a lesson. Is it not more probable that contagion is inhaled into the stomach, than imbibed through the pores? If so, is not the exhibition of emetics manifestly indicated, not only in the yellow fever, but every other contagious disease? And here permit me to add, that the very astonishing success of a physician, respecting which I am not at all surprised at your being incredulous, was produced solely by the practice of giving emetics in all those cases where the patients were seen in an early stage of the disease.

Whatever may be insinuated in the somniferous lucubrations of cool moralizing scoundrels, who pretend they cannot be quiet when the infallibility of their master is called in question, though they have for years inertly looked on, or suffered themselves to be borne along by a torrent of blasphemy, atheism, and every species of brutal outrage, and which, but for the courage, patriotism, and constancy of those whose mal-treatment has been sport to the puny tribe of pigeon-livered sentimentalists and moralizers, would have long since swept away every vestige of that Power, whose too lenient hand permits them daily to lament that they are too weak and too cowardly to shake it down; whatever this dastardly, milk-livered tribe may insinuate of me, the consciousness of having been directed in every movement by upright motives, enables me to despise their assassin-like attacks, and to hurl defiance to their deadliest efforts.

A character intrenched on the high ground of truth and honour, bears an imposing altitude  
which

which enables it securely to mock all the assaults of cowardly falsehood, and the poisonous shafts of ruffian malignity.

Hereafter I may have occasion to salute you again; at present, my time being as much "*engrossed*" in private business, as you have informed us of your own being in "*private practice*," I must abruptly conclude by requesting you to inform the writer of *Censor*, that if he shall again, at any time, attempt to propagate calumnies concerning me, I shall straightway proceed to detail the history of a certain wayward scoundrel, who was bred amidst the pine-swamps of North Carolina, and in those dreary and desert abodes, amidst tar, pitch, and turpentine, and their combined smoke, amidst pine-barrens, sands, and swamps, and their noxious inhabitants, alligators and venomous reptiles, acquired those distinguishing endowments both of body and mind, which present to the astonished spectator the rare union of bestial with human forms, and render him a laughing-stock wherever he goes; who, being bred for a *Presbyterian Minister*, perpetrates a *disgraceful act* about three weeks previous to the appointed time of ordination; who, in consequence of this disgrace, *throws off the mask* and *avows himself an atheist*; who betakes himself to the study of medicine; contracts with a physician to study under him for two years; but, at the expiration of ten months, *violates his contract*, and *runs away from his master to the metropolis*, where he meanly and basely attempts to *filch away the practice* of a physician to whom he was under the greatest obligations; who, because while attending medical lectures at the College, a youth (in common with all his classmates) could not refrain from laughter at the uncouth appearance of the monster, basely sought revenge on him five years afterwards, by the vilest lies; who

unites

unites himself to the interests of a supposed great man, while he does not scruple at the same time in secret to declare that *his own interest* is his leading motive in every thing; and who, to crown all his former baseness, subjects an aged and decrepit gentleman to an unmanly act of violence by his base and scandalous forgeries.

The benefit, my dear Doctor, which you will confer upon the community by complying with my request, will, I doubt not, amply compensate to your generous and exalted mind for the trouble it may occasion you. Assuring you of the high confidence I entertain, that if the writer of Censor could once be made to realize that he is known and perfectly seen through, it would be the means of delivering the public from a profuse effusion of future impertinence, I conclude myself entitled, whatever may be insinuated to the contrary, to the merit of preventing, not only a vast deal of vexation to the public, but loss of time to the scribbler, who may, by following some useful avocation, at once deliver them from the threatened evil, and himself from his present state of starvation.

JOHN WARD FENNO.

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TUESDAY, 24<sup>th</sup> OCTOBER.

*Rush and his Patients.*—Wanted, by a physician, an entire new set of patients, his old ones having given him the slip; also a slower method of dispatching them than that of phlebotomy, the celerity of which does not give time *for making out a bill*.

Turn, O ye bleeders! turn your *lancets* into ploughshares, for it is written: “Ye shall not pollute the land wherein ye are, for *blood* it defileth the land; and the land cannot be cleansed of the blood that is shed therein.”

WEDNESDAY,



WEDNESDAY, 25<sup>th</sup> OCTOBER.

*Barney.*—*Charleston, 6th Oct.* “ *Barney and Def-*  
 “ *champs, ex-citizens of the United States, are now in*  
 “ *their glory; they have each commenced their career*  
 “ *with robbing and plundering our citizens; the*  
 “ *latter has already gone so far as to attempt to mur-*  
 “ *der one, and the former, there can be no doubt,*  
 “ *will likewise take advantage of the first opportu-*  
 “ *nity to do the same.*”

There is no nation on earth that was ever so ill-treated and insulted by an individual as America has been by this vile wretch Barney. The rascal, when his partiality for the French, and his unlawful conduct towards the British, had procured him a place in the jail of Jamaica, was brimful of patriotism. Most people must remember what a melancholy picture he drew of the degradation of the American flag; what bitter execrations he uttered against the British, and what solemn declarations he made of his resolution to enter the French service, for *the purpose of taking vengeance for the wrongs he had suffered from them.* He gets into this service; but how does he take vengeance on the British? By making war on, or rather by plundering and robbing the American commerce! Had the base and cowardly miscreant ever met the British, or sought to meet them? nay, had he not skulked and run from them on every occasion when he was like to come within reach of their cannon, there might some doubt remain with respect to his *intentions* in taking a commission from the French; but the whole of his conduct has proved him to be a villain, a deep, hypocritical, plotting villain. He had his eye on the American commerce when he made a transfer of his allegiance to France, and the pillaging of that commerce has been his constant and only object ever since.

But,

But, after all, what is the infamy of Barney's conduct compared to that of the conduct of those miscreant *citizens* of Philadelphia and Baltimore, who gave him public treats, and who published an account of them in the face of their country, at a moment when they were well assured that he *had plundered several American vessels*; that he *had put a captain in irons*, and had swung up the *flag of the United States reversed*? Compared to the conduct of these base and degenerate traitors, Barney's conduct is manly and innocent. Never was there such a barefaced trait of baseness exhibited to the world. I wish the names of the wretches could be collected. Justice demands that their infamy should be perpetuated.

Will the reader imagine, can he imagine, that there remains yet a fact untold respecting this atrocious marauder, which is still more disgraceful to the country than the festivals above noticed? One would hardly think it possible, yet it really is so. Barney is (to the shame of America, and Maryland in particular) at this moment *possessed of a valuable and exclusive privilege*, granted by the Government of Maryland. He is one of the *Vendue Masters* of Baltimore; and the business is carried on *for his profit*, and even *in his name*; though he has publicly declared, that he has cast off his allegiance, and though it is a certain fact that he is, and long has been, at open war on the commerce of this country!

Merciful Heaven! is this *wise*? is it *just*? is it *decent*? Americans, if you do not wish to become a reproach among men, hasten to do away such disgraceful abuses!

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*Spanish Fraternity.*—*Charleston, Oct. 7.* Extract of a letter from Captain Edward Johnson, of the sloop James, belonging to Messrs. Blake and Mogwood,

Mogwood, of this city, dated Nassau, September 22d. I am sorry to inform you of my long passage from Charleston, and also of my misfortunes. On the 22d of August I was in lat.  $26^{\circ}$ , long.  $77^{\circ}$ , which was within six hours sail of this place, when I was boarded by the Grouper, which is a *Spanish privateer*, by which I was very *hardly treated*, and my vessel sustained great damage; they kept me on board the privateer forty-eight hours; during which time they robbed my vessel of every thing worth taking. *I received a stab under my right breast*, but, thank God, it is not dangerous. They carried my vessel back as far as lat.  $29^{\circ}$ , long.  $79^{\circ}$ , and then put seven Spaniards on board of her, to carry her to St. Jago in Cuba. Being unwell, they put me on board of my own vessel, where I found means to get possession of her, and have brought her in here. I am sorry for your loss, but it could not be helped, as the privateer Grouper is the occasion of all the damage the cargo has received. A great many American vessels are brought in here; they take out whatever is contraband, or contrary to treaty, and let the vessel go."

*Flogging and thumb-screwing* from the "generous French," and *stabbing* from the "magnanimous Spaniards," as the worthy and honest Mr. Swanwick called them—this is the fate of Americans; and no one says a word about revenge or reprisals. All passes smoothly down the throat of the sovereign people. Nay, there are to be found wretches in abundance, who not only use their utmost endeavours to disguise or varnish over these atrocious violences, but who have the infamous audaciousness to justify them.—Whether this detestable faction will be crushed, or whether they will succeed in enslaving the land, seems at present to be very uncertain. The

friends of the General Government are cold and divided; and, indeed, it is almost impossible that such a thing as *public spirit* should exist under such a load of humiliation and disgrace, as has lately been heaped on America. When things come to this pitch; when men have used every effort, exhausted every resource, ventured their fortunes and their lives, for the preservation of their country's honour, and still find that it is all in vain, they are very apt to exclaim with the sailor in the storm, "Tie up the helm, and let her drift to the devil."

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*Letter from Mr. Z. to Peter Porcupine, containing Remarks on Dr. Caldwell's silly Publication.*—SIR; In the list of misfortunes brought upon the city of Philadelphia by the prevailing epidemic, must be included the degradation of its medical character. Previous to the appearance of this formidable disease, the physicians of Philadelphia were esteemed the most eminent on the continent of America; they have since sunk from that state of exaltation to a condition bordering on contempt, in consequence of the rash practice and absurd publications of some of their body, and the injudicious silence of others: I do not mean to say, that every silly paper should have received a regular answer. Arguments evidently contemptible refute themselves; but it sometimes happens, that arguments sufficiently specious to impose upon readers of sound understanding, who are unacquainted with the nature of the animal economy, are brought forward for the purpose of supporting a very dangerous practice. In such a case it is the duty of professional men, who are better informed, to expose the fallacy of such reasoning, that the dangerous tendency of the doctrines attempted to be established by it, may be distinctly perceived

These

These observations are meant to apply particularly to an argument which has been triumphantly employed by the phlebotomists, both in writing and conversation, and very ostentatiously displayed by Doctor Caldwell, in his letter addressed to you, dated the 10th of October.

It is confidently asserted, that the spontaneous hæmorrhages, which frequently occur in malignant fevers, are solely occasioned by the omission of copious blood-letting; and as these excessive hæmorrhages appear in many cases to be the immediate cause of the death of the patient, we are told this fatal termination would have been prevented, if blood had been freely drawn at any preceding period of the disease.

This reasoning is so specious, that, in the minds of all those readers who are unacquainted with the anatomy and pathology of the human body, it must be decisive. They will be fully convinced that large and repeated bleedings must be the most effectual method of cure, in diseases where the blood is so superabundant as to burst spontaneously from the vessels; and the shafts of ridicule will be directed in vain against a practice, apparently founded upon so firm a basis.

To detect the fallacy of this reasoning, it will be necessary critically to examine the facts upon which it is founded, and then to make a few observations upon the conclusions that have been drawn by the phlebotomists from those facts, in support of a practice replete with danger.

If those who employ this reasoning mean, that, provided the vessels be completely drained of their blood, there will be no risk of spontaneous hæmorrhage, we admit the truth of the observation. For conjurers tell us, where nothing is, nothing can come out; and it hardly requires a man to be a conjurer to give us that information. But if they mean

to say such a quantity of blood, as may be drawn without producing a dangerous degree of debility in the patient, being taken away in the early part of the disease, or at any time preceding the spontaneous hæmorrhage, will prevent that hæmorrhage from taking place, it follows, that it is caused by the vascular system being overloaded, insomuch that the increased action of the vessels bursts a passage for the superabundant blood, and nature does too late what ought to have been earlier performed by the doctor. Hence it follows, that spontaneous hæmorrhage, in malignant diseases, must be most likely to occur when the vessels are fullest, and the vascular action most violent.

But is this really the case? Does spontaneous hæmorrhage most frequently occur at the commencement of malignant diseases, when the vessels are fullest, and the action most violent; or at their close, when the vessels are comparatively empty, and the vigour of the system exhausted?

Let us inquire what happens in a very formidable disease, the Causus of Hippocrates, better known at Philadelphia by a much-dreaded name, the Yellow Fever of the West Indies. This complaint commences with a febrile state of excessive ardour and violence, which continues generally from sixty to eighty hours, when the symptoms of violent action rather suddenly cease, and extreme debility marks the remainder of the disease.

I will ask Doctor Caldwell, and those who think as he does, whether, agreeably to their system, spontaneous hæmorrhages ought not more frequently to occur at the commencement, during the ardent state of this disease, when the vessels are fullest, than during the quiescent state, when the vigour of the system is exhausted, and the mere abstraction of food and waste by natural evacuations (supposing artificial ones to have been refrained from), must have

have reduced the vessels to a state of comparative emptiness? As men of candour, they must answer in the affirmative.

I will then ask them whether spontaneous hæmorrhage really happens oftener in the commencement than the close of the yellow fever? As men of veracity, they must answer in the negative: nay, as men solicitous for the detection of error and the establishment of truth, they will go farther in their answer than is required by my question. They will admit that in every case of yellow fever they have seen, heard or read of, in which this symptom has occurred, it has never appeared but in the last stage or quiescent state. We must therefore cease to look for its explanation in the superabundance of blood; and fix our attention upon what appears to be its proximate cause, the extreme debility which prevails at the time of its occurrence.

That excessive weakness alone is sufficient to account for spontaneous hæmorrhage, will be completely proved by observing the frequency of its occurrence in a disease of pure debility, where there is no febrile action, and where, from the situation of those subject to the disorder at and preceding the commencement of it, there can be no reason to suspect fulness of the vascular system.—I allude to the sea-scurvy. This complaint afflicts not only seamen in long voyages, who are obliged to subsist on aliment the nutritive quality of which has been diminished by time and the mode of preservation; but it also aggravates the miseries of winter to the poorer inhabitants of northern climates.

Among the symptoms of this shocking disease, none are so formidable as spontaneous hæmorrhages: they are apt to occur upon the slightest motion: sometimes the bleeding is external, sometimes internal, and frequently fatal. So slowly does death advance, from any other cause, in this disease, that

should the wretched patient be so fortunate as to escape hæmorrhage, he may linger out a miserable existence, till the conclusion of the voyage or the approach of summer enables him to procure sustenance more nutritious; and the danger of spontaneous hæmorrhage is removed by his returning strength, though accompanied by increased fulness of the blood-vessels.

The blood does not escape, in these diseases, in consequence of violent action in the moving powers, or from any distention of the vascular system by the quantity contained, but from inability in the extreme vessels to resist the slightest impulse.

As I have shown the cause of the symptom, on which the strong argument of the phlebotomists is founded, to have been misunderstood, it can hardly be necessary to say the conclusion they have drawn must be erroneous. Dr. Caldwell says, "In the occurrence of this spontaneous hæmorrhage nature undoubtedly gives an obvious hint, which all physicians should have discernment and sagacity sufficient to improve. She would seem to tell them in the language of facts, that if they, either through ignorance or inattention, neglect the evacuation of blood-letting entirely, or use the lancet in a manner not sufficiently bold, she must and will, by means of this discharge, make a final effort for the safety of the patient herself: it is however to be greatly lamented that she makes this effort in vain." Adopting the idea of Dr. Caldwell, that nature is the physician's kind directress, her hint may be explained more consistently with facts, by saying she intends by her conduct to caution the physician against bleeding in this disease, particularly at a late period, by showing that it is always prejudicial, often fatal. But this idea of a *vis medicatrix nature*, a power existing in the animal body capable of reflecting upon the nature of



of diseases and adopting the most rational method of cure, in which she kindly instructs attentive physicians, is too ridiculous for serious argument, and can only be intended *ad captandum vulgus*. Sound philosophy rejects with contempt such visionary notions.

Before I conclude this paper, Mr. Editor, it may be necessary (to prevent mistakes respecting the author) to say a little of what I am, and something of what I am not. I am a stranger, unacquainted with the physicians of Philadelphia, and noways interested in the success of parties or individuals. I am not a phlebotomist of the school of Sanguis, nor am I an anti-phlebotomist: for though I think it improper to bleed my patients in yellow fever without measure and without mercy, yet I have met with many cases in which, from the constitution of the patient and degree of the fever, I have thought it right to draw blood in *moderation* at an early stage. I must therefore be considered an impartial observer, whatever may be thought of the soundness of my opinions; and if my sentiments appear to be inimical to the practice of the phlebotomists, it cannot fairly be imputed to personal prejudice or partiality towards any of the individuals of either party, but must be attributed to a full conviction, in my own mind, that the extreme to which the phlebotomists recommend their favourite remedy to be employed, is dangerous to their patients and discreditable to themselves. Z.

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THURSDAY, 26<sup>th</sup> OCTOBER.

*Republican Post-office.*—This is to notify the post-masters and others, between this place and New-York, inclusive; that if the next package, brought me by the English packet, come to my hands *broken open*, and I am not able to discover the person who may

*break it open*, it is my resolution to *prosecute the Postmaster-general*.—I have no objection to people talking about *liberty* and the *Rights of Man* as long as they please, but I do not like that they should proceed so far *in the practice of them* as to ransack what comes under seal to my address.

WM. COBBETT \*.

*Biography of Muir*.—Thomas Muir is a native of Glasgow, and the son of a tobacconist of that city. His mother had been many years married, without being in that state “in which women wish to be who love their lords.” One night, however, in a sweet slumber, she dreamt that she was with child, and of a son who would be one day *Chancellor of England*. In a little time after she found she was pregnant, and, with the promulgation of her situation, she told *her dream*. Many anxious minutes passed until the eventful hour of her delivery; when the midwife announced to the tobacconist, that he was the father of a son. All then was jollity and joy: anticipation smiled on every countenance; for now “two truths were told as happy prologues to the swelling act of the ambitious theme.”

Young *Nicolianus* was reared with uncommon care; and the savings and scrapings of the father were fondly devoted to the support and education of hopeful Thomas.

After leaving the grammar-school, he went to the university; and after passing through the humanity, Greek, and civil law classes, a meeting of his friends was held; when a discussion took place, whether it would be proper to have him called to the Scotch or

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\* I intend this work as a record of republican villany, and therefore I must be excused for frequently retaining articles, which have no other merit than that of furnishing evidence against Montesquieu's *virtuous* form of government.

English bar. Much was said on both sides: one contended that in Scotland he would acquire an invincible provincial dialect; another overruled this objection by adducing those two great lawyers, the late Lord Mansfield and Lord Loughborough, as striking instances of the contrary.

Muir, in consequence thereof, announced to the Faculty of Advocates his intention to undergo his first examination, in order to be admitted a member of the College of Justice. That learned body hesitated much, and took the matter (as they call it) *ad avifandum*, before they would ever allow him to proceed to any examination whatever. In a country where the pride of family and the feudal system are so much venerated, it was not to be wondered at that the meanness of his birth and the obscurity of his situation should form an obstacle, although not an insuperable one, as his admission at last evinces.

After continuing for some years at the bar, without clients and without notice, the period came which brought his perturbed and democratic spirit into play—the *French revolution*, that memorable era, that Pandora's box, which opened upon mankind more malignant principles than all the vast regions of hell contain. The dregs of the people in Scotland soon caught the infection. A meeting of the *Friends of the People*, as they were pleased to call themselves, was advertised to be held, under the title of the *British Convention*, in some obscure hidden alley in Edinburgh. Then from garrets and from cellars rushed forth those men of blood and reform, the Margarots, the Geraldts, the Palmers, the Callenders, the Watts, Downies, and with them the hero of this little biographic sketch. Every phrase, every movement, was borrowed from the *French cut-throats*. The citizens divided themselves into sections; they appointed committees of organization, of finance, of instruction, of secrecy. They

had

had sittings, and granted *honours of sittings*; and they inscribed their minutes with the *first year* (thank God it was also *the last*) of the *British Convention, one and indivisible*. With this pomposity of verbiage they proceeded to chalk out a parliamentary reform. Corresponding societies were formed, and delegates appointed. At last their intentions became so evidently seditious, that the magistrates and sheriffs found it their duty to stop their midnight councils, and also to seize some of their most zealous leaders, among whom Muir was the most conspicuous. On the 30th of August, 1793, he was tried for seditious practices; found guilty, and sentenced for fourteen years transportation. Mr. Grey and several of the other *virtuous* opposition members, talked very much of the bad treatment he received in the transport previous to her sailing for Botany Bay; however, Mr. Dundas personally inquired into the matter, and found it to be a falsehood. How our convict behaved when in Botany Bay is not clearly ascertained, neither how he made his escape.

He got, however, to the Havannah, where he was imprisoned. Afterwards he was put on board of a frigate, destined, with another, for Old Spain. They were attacked by an English ship on that coast, to whom they struck, and afterwards basely run on shore. In the engagement Muir got his face very much wounded, and *his nose shot off*. Whither he may now bend his course is uncertain: if he be found in Britain, in place of *sitting on the woolfack*, he will *swing on a gallows*. If that should not be his fate, it is probable that *this country* will be his destination; unhappily a country already cursed with too many emigrants and outlawed reformers. However, go where he will, he must be a miserable spectacle. He may now read his sin in his punishment; for, like Cain, he is "marked, and a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth." So much for

vain and disappointed ambition. Read this, ye democrats, and *pause and ponder*, and *ponder and pause*.

*Franklin defended.*—For the Gazette of the United States.—MR. FENNO, While I profess myself one of the warmest admirers of the political pamphlets of Mr. Cobbett, I cannot but express my concern at some of the sentiments of this editor, in the late numbers of his Gazette—sentiments, which, with whatever view declared, *seem calculated to degrade the American character*, and to cast an odium upon *the principles of our revolution*. I shall only instance his comment upon the anecdote of Mr. Gibbon and Dr. Franklin, in his Gazette of the 18th instant. Now, whatever antipathy he may have to the character of the Doctor (which, upon the score of generosity and political integrity, far be it from me to undertake to defend), he cannot but be aware, that his *indiscriminate observation will equally apply to a Washington, an Adams, a Jay, and an Hamilton*—characters, which, if I mistake not, he has more than once professed to hold in high estimation. What then shall we say of the conduct of Mr. Cobbett? Is it consistent, liberal, or wise? He is an Englishman, nor does he wish to conceal his attachment to the land that gave him birth, its government and laws; nor will any generous American blame him for this partiality. But why *introduce comparisons*, which can have no other tendency than to *revive animosities, which all good men desire to bury in oblivion*, and to widen a breach, which, in the present distracted state of the world, I presume, the real friends of both countries wish to see closed?

If he thinks the interest of his country requires nothing less than the destruction of the republican system, he has certainly too much *delicacy and understanding to attempt writing it down, under our noses*.

If

If loyalty, in his opinion, can never be misplaced, he need not, however, take the trouble of telling us of it. If monarchy be his favourite form of government, let it exist, say I, where it is established, and where the state of society may perhaps render it eligible; but, in God's name, let us quietly enjoy, and make the most of the institution we have framed for ourselves.

While Mr. Cobbett directs his artillery against *Jacobinic hypocrisy, and its detestable cant*, he is engaged in a cause which every honest and enlightened man must approve: and I shall be sincerely pleased, if I find that his rash and indiscriminate censures (he must excuse me for calling them so) are to be ascribed to petulance of temper, or an indiscreet zeal for the honour of his country, and not to a deliberate plan of discrediting the principles and consequences of our revolution here, whatever may be its effects in other parts of the world. For even upon the supposition of its being an evil, we are to look for its authors to the other side of the water: and let him remember, that its principles were advocated by Mr. Burke, the man, for whom he justly expresses such enthusiastic admiration.

#### A COUNTRY SUBSCRIBER.

*Answer.*—Mr. Fenno's Subscriber hints at other passages in my Gazette, "calculated to degrade the *American character*, &c." besides the one he has noticed; but, as I cannot even guess at these, I shall be excused for confining myself, on the present occasion, to the particular instance which he has cited.

He objects to my "*reviving animosities, which all good men desire to bury in oblivion.*" How unjust this charge is must be perceived at once, by every one who casts his eye over the above. The anecdote was not of *my selection*; it was published in a New-York paper, and republished in all those of

this city. The publication of it at the time was a sort of dunghill cock triumph over Great Britain, and could be intended for no other purpose than that of "*reviving animosities.*"

The observations on this spiteful paragraph are such as were naturally called for: the reprobation of the malicious old hypocrite, who is represented as *the hero of the anecdote*; and they do not contain the least reflection on the *American character* or the *principles of the revolution*.

Old Franklin is held up to the admiration of the people, for having wantonly and maliciously predicted, that the empire of Britain *would soon fall to the ground*; and, because I call him an old ZANGA for this prediction, I am charged with *degrading the American character*; as if every American were admitted to be of *the same disposition*, and to entertain *the same vengeful sentiments*, as this remorseless old deist. Nay, Mr. Fermo's correspondent carries the thing still farther, and observes, that the observation on Franklin necessarily applies itself to Messrs. Washington, Adams, Jay, and Hamilton. But, if this curious logician expects to be believed here, he must first prove each of these gentlemen to have uttered sentiments equally insulting, vindictive, and sanguinary, with those of Franklin; a thing, I believe, which it would be very difficult for him to do: however, this I have nothing to do with. When I am convinced that either of them, not content with obtaining the independence of the colonies, was savage enough to *hug himself in the hope that the parent state would perish in the conflict*, I will call him a ZANGA. Nor shall I be afraid, in so doing, of exposing myself to the charge of inconsistency. I have thought highly, and I have spoken highly, of these gentlemen; but did any one even suppose that I applauded them merely as *revolutionists*,

*ists*, much less as *bitter, inexorable, and brutal enemies of Great Britain?*

This Subscriber of *Mr. Fenno's* has fallen into the cant of the day. The *press is free*; but you must not lash the baseness or malice of an American for the world, because that *degrades the American character*. You must not censure or ridicule certain political vagaries, such as sovereign people, rights of man, committees of safety, universal suffrage, confiscations, &c. &c. &c. : all these little feaks must pass uncensured, in whatever part of the world, and under whatever circumstances they may take place, because they tend to *degrade the principles of the American revolution*. A pretty reason, upon my word, and I make no doubt may be very satisfactory with some people, though it is not so with me.

One thing, however, I must allow, that while the printers are thus strictly forbidden to degrade the *American character*, &c. they have ample room left for whatever talent they may possess at degrading. They are allowed to attack, without mercy and without remorse, without truth and without decency, all the other individuals and nations of the world, *revolutionary France* excepted. Great Britain, and all her subjects, in the mass and individually, have long been consigned over to them as lawful prey. This is the light in which *Fenno's* Subscriber sees the matter. He, good soul! wishes to *bury all animosities*; but he by no means disapproved of the malicious *anecdote*, because it was a *stroke at Great Britain*.

The officious defender of the honour of America ought to recollect, that animosities *are not buried* by continually keeping them in view *on one side*; and if he be really in earnest with respect to his wishes for healing the breach between the people of the two nations, I beg of him to be assured, that reconciliation and harmony with the ignorant or the ran-



corous, was never yet effected by *mildness and forbearance*.

I well know the opinion that prevails respecting newspaper printers. I know that it is a general notion, that a man of this profession should have no sentiment of his own; that he should be a mere puppet, such as little Brown, and many others that I could mention; and that, at the awful name of SUBSCRIBER, his knees should begin knocking together like those of Nebuchadnezzar.—This does not suit me.—I have no idea of being a subject of the *sovereign people*, or of *any portion thereof*.

Let this serve as an answer to *Fenno's Subscriber* and to all those who think like him: that whenever, and wherever, I meet with any *malicious aspersions* on Britain, her King, or her subjects, the bitterest drop in my pen shall be employed in retaliation, whatever interpretation may be given to it, or whomsoever it may displease. And, if *Fenno's* Subscriber should be inclined to call this *inconsistency*, let him recollect, that I declared, in one of the pamphlets which he is pleased highly to approve of, that to the enemies of my country I had always “rendered *hatred for hatred, and scorn for scorn*.”

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#### FRIDAY, 27<sup>th</sup> OCTOBER.

Since the revolution, the French have been distinguished by many new and unexampled atrocities; but that their country has always been fertile in crimes, will appear by the following tale:

“A certain Nicholas Philippot, a locksmith of Orleans, was long noted for an ingenious workman, but he rendered himself particularly famous by the fabrication of this machine.

“There was an intimacy between him and one Francis Meunier, a glazier of the same place; but Philippot's visits became so frequent, that Meunier began

began to be apprehensive for the frailty of his wife, and attempted to put a stop to them. At first he only dropped some hints of his uneasiness; but when he found they were not properly noticed, he told the locksmith in plainer terms, that if he did not desist from his dishonourable purpose, he would take more resolute measures.

“ This put a stop to his visits; but it appeared that the intercourse between Elizabeth Breton, Meunier’s wife, and Philippot, was still kept up. A servant girl in the family, named Marie Madeleine Froc, was employed by her mistress to convey letters to Philippot and to bring back his answers.

“ During all this time the husband lived in perfect security. He never heard Philippot’s name mentioned after he had forbidden his visits, and he entertained no suspicion of an epistolary correspondence.

“ One day in the month of May, 1776, a porter brought him a box from one of his customers, which he said contained a number of prints that were to be framed and glazed. But as the porter brought no letter of directions respecting the business, he refused to receive it. In a few days the same porter returned with the same box, directed to M. Meunier, and brought a letter with it, by which he was informed, that it belonged to a person for whom he had been used to work, and was ordered to frame the prints that were contained in it. He now received the box, but deferred opening it till next morning.

“ As soon as he had opened his shop next morning, he set about unpacking the box; but hardly had he taken off the lid, which was fastened on very artfully, before he was stunned by a violent explosion, and badly wounded in his hands and face. After the fright was over, the box was examined, and it was found to contain a machine,  
armed

armed with a pair of pistols, which had just discharged their contents. Fortunately for the poor glazier, the muzzles were not pointed directly towards him, and the bullets flew into the street without hurting any body.

“ Meunier had the box immediately conveyed to the magistrate, and gave in a deposition of the fact. The porter was apprehended, and swore that he had received the box from Philippot.

“ He declared likewise, that, after delivering the box, he returned to Philippot, who thanked him for his service, and, besides paying him handsomely, treated him with a glass of wine. As Philippot had absconded, the porter was committed to gaol, where he was found dead next morning, not without just suspicion of being poisoned. Philippot fled to Paris, where he secreted himself some time under a fictitious name, but was discovered at last, and sent back to Orleans in irons. He was tried, and as the evidence was very clear, he was soon condemned to be broke on the wheel; which punishment he suffered with as much heroism as was displayed by any of the late French patriots at the *Place de la Revolution*.

SATURDAY, 28<sup>th</sup> OCTOBER,

*Remarks on the Letter of Dr. J. Redman Cox.*—As the bubble-mouthed author of the letter has not written his name at length, I cannot make my remarks in reply quite so pointed as the insolence of the attack seems to call for. I shall, however, do as well as I can.

He says I was “ *raised from the dirt to fill a useful and honourable station in life.*”—If I had written such a sentence as this of *any American*, I should have been called *personal*, and charged with the heinous crime of *degrading private character*. But this fellow imagines that, either in his quality of *subscriber*

or *sovereign citizen*, he has a right to say of a newspaper just what he pleases. As to my being raised from the *dirt*, I am at a loss to know whether he alludes to the meanness of my *late profession*, or to that of my *birth*. If to the former, I would have him know, that a private soldier in the British army is a post of honour compared with that of *Merry Andrew to a Quack*, which he is at this time; and if he alludes to the meanness of my *birth*, all I shall say is, that I came of *honest kin*; and that if I have no *Judges for my relations*, I have no *shop-lifting thieves*. So much for raising from the *dirt*.

The gentleman is aware that the faction, to which blood has lately cemented him, will accuse him of having been one of what he calls my *supporters*, and therefore he has attempted an apology for his having given, as likewise for his having withdrawn, his *support*. He *supported* me, in order to check the revilers of the Government; his end is obtained: but he now, poor gentleman! *laments the consequences*: my Gazette is quite changed; I have *perverted the liberty of the press* by the substitution of *licentiousness*. Now the plain English of all this hackneyed nonsense is just this: Mr. J. R. C. was very well pleased with my paper and all it contained; "truth ought to be made known;" the mask ought to be pulled off the hypocrite, and vice every where shown in its utmost deformity.

All was right till I unfortunately asserted *that men could not live without blood*. Then my Gazette became a "*sink of slander*;" then my *political principles* were called in question; then I *perverted the liberty of the press*; and from a *Magnus Apollo*, became a "*monster and a rascal*." Dreadful metamorphosis!

That these bleeding gentlemen have no dislike to satire, or even *scandal*, when not aimed at themselves, I could produce most damning proofs; and with regard to Mr. J. R. C. (if these initials do not mislead

lead me), he proposed to me, he urged and he pressed me, and that more than once or twice, to *lampoon several of his brother physicians* ! I did not do it ; for I never suffer myself to be *set on*. This is the *delicate* gentleman, who now disapproves of my paper, because it contains *personal abuse* ; and who so pathetically laments having “ *supported* ” me, since he finds that I have “ *perverted the liberty of the press by the substitution of licentiousness* ! ” Decent, candid, humane young man ! But consummate hypocrisy is what we must expect to find in one who has had the good fortune to have Rush for a *preceptor*.

As to what this barber-surgeon has to say about Noah Webster and Rittenhouse, the lying Eulogium, &c. I leave it to speak for itself, and shall conclude with a remark or two on the discredit he attempts to throw on my *medical skill*. He insinuates (and I have a great mind to *prosecute him for it*), that having been bred a farmer, and having afterwards been a soldier, and a printer, I can know nothing of medicine. It is fair, I think, to allow, that I never pretended to meddle with any branch of the trade, except the treatment of the *yellow fever* ; and this pupil of Rush ought to know that his master asserts, that he could, and actually did, make several persons complete physicians (as far as related to this disorder) in the course of *four hours*. Now, allowing me to have had as little leisure as the young quack pleases, the deuce is in it if I could not dedicate *four hours* to the attainment of such a sublime science. In this respect, then, I am his equal ; and having been born and bred a farmer, instead of being a disadvantage, is *an advantage* that I enjoy over him. Every farmer's son is, in some degree, a *practical phlebotomist*. I have cut the throats of scores of geese and little pigs, and I always perceived, that *the moment the blood was out of*

*the body the poor creatures died.* This remark, to which I did not remember a single exception, led me to conceive an unconquerable horror for the bleeders and their system.

I shall now take my leave of the young quack, counselling him, when he feels his gall overflowing again, to employ some one as a secretary; for his present performance is a jumble of such blind, such abominable nonsense, as never before made its appearance, even in the Grub-street Gazette of Lloyd and Bradford.

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MONDAY, 30<sup>th</sup> OCTOBER.

*Pichegru.*—This poor wretch is now accused of being a *royalist* by the monsters who have arrested him, and who have pretended to find proofs of his treason in certain letters.

This has been the constant practice of every faction. When they have got their enemies in their clutches, they forge correspondences. This was the mode that Fayette and his faction pursued towards the Marquis of Favras, and by which they basely effected the murder of the most accomplished, gallant, and loyal gentleman in all Europe. This was the mode that the Brissotines pursued towards the King, that Robespierre pursued towards the Brissotines, and that Pichegru and Co. pursued towards Robespierre and his gang; and this game will ever be played, and will ever succeed too, among a people who, like the French, are instinctively suspicious.

One may see at the very first glance, that Moreau's letter was dictated to him, and that the *treason* of Pichegru is all an invention of the Directory. Why did not Moreau make known this treason before? He had had the papers in his hands *for some months*, and yet, though their contents were of such a horrid

a horrid nature, he never thought of communicating them to the Government, *till the gulled Pichegru was safe in gaol*; or at least till Moreau knew he soon would be there.

I foretold Pichegru's fate so long ago as the 21<sup>st</sup> of July. The moment I saw him applauded by the *sovereign people*, I set him down for a dead man. I will, with the reader's leave, quote my words on the occasion :

“ If Pichegru is not a fool, like La Fayette he  
 “ will be the only despot in France in less than three  
 “ months: the other five who at present play the  
 “ farce of liberty and equality, he may easily kick  
 “ into the kennel, if he does not think it necessary  
 “ to tuck them up. But Pichegru is a soldier; his  
 “ brains, like Monsieur M'Dowal the Congress  
 “ man, are deposited in his belly. He understands  
 “ nothing but murder and pillage; and is therefore  
 “ by no means calculated to counterplot the meta-  
 “ physicians and alchymists: the former will soon  
 “ prove the fitness of hacking his wind pipe, and,  
 “ in less than four and twenty hours afterwards, the  
 “ latter will have his bones in the crucible. Poor  
 “ monster! how many eyes are upon him at this  
 “ moment! I dare say that Louvet, Tallien, and  
 “ Co. have already found out a soft place to stab  
 “ him in. Such is, and may such ever be, the re-  
 “ ward of usurpation!”

My prediction is not quite accomplished. The poor caitiff's bones are not yet in the crucible: but, *all in good time*. They will take care of him. Those who provide *so amply* for the lamented *Dauphin* will not be at a loss in equipping Pichegru.

Let not the reader imagine, that I lament his fate, or blame the conduct of his enemies. As I rejoice at the one, so I commend the other. I wish to see them a reciprocal scourge; to see them cut each

other off, till there is not a perjured traitor left in the land; but, previous to their total extirpation, I wish to see them batter the fans-culotte sovereign people till he has not a whole place in his carcass.

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TUESDAY, 31<sup>st</sup> OCTOBER.

*Gripus.*—The following proposal, from Fenno's paper, is, I think, the nakedest gull-trap that has yet been set, even in these cozening, swindling times. The man who had the impudence to bring it forward must be one of those sharpening mortals, whose only study has been that of overreaching, and whose long success on simple individuals has emboldened him to make a grip at the community

“ FELLOW-CITIZENS,

“ *There is a time for all things.*

“ The present, I conceive, is the most proper for the exercise of *charity* and *useful improvements*, perhaps, and I hope another will not occur when you can so well unite charity and usefulness together. From the great number of persons who must be thrown out of their usual employments by the dreadful calamity through which we have just passed, you are presented with an opportunity for the *exercise of your benevolence* by furnishing the means of employing them; which I propose should be by completing the canal from Delaware to Schuylkill, and thereby *watering the city*: beside the great accommodation this will give to its inhabitants, it will be the best means of cleansing and watering the streets, and will *lessen the means of spreading the contagion, should we unfortunately be again visited with that worst of scourges, the West India or yellow fever.* I will offer with diffidence a proposal, which I hope some more able hand will consider of, and improve on, to give employ to many hundreds who must be maintained the ensuing winter,



ter, either by finding them employ, or by your charity without it.—Let persons in each ward be appointed to solicit subscriptions either in money, or by becoming security for a certain sum to be borrowed of the banks, to be repaid out of the *first monies received from the canal*, or by a number joining in a company to purchase shares of the canal stock, where a share is more than one person would incline to risk. This mode, if generally adopted, would not only afford you the satisfaction of relieving such of the poor as may be under the necessity of partaking of it, but the prospect of averting the spreading a like calamity, should it ever be introduced amongst us.

A FRIEND TO THE POOR."

In the first place, I do not know what is meant by the *exercise* of useful improvements; but this is of little consequence: old Gripus understands the meaning of figures, if he does not that of words. But, I should be glad to be informed, how people would *exercise their charity* in supplying those, and those only, who are able to get their living? According to Gripus's scheme, all the stout fellows, all the sturdy beggars, would be maintained; while the widows and orphans, who, we all know, cannot work at the canal, would have to beg, or suck their paws.

"Let persons in each ward be appointed to solicit subscriptions," says he. The money thus collected, he proposes to repay out of the *first monies received from the canal*, or to have it laid out in shares of canal stock. A word in your ear, Gripus: *How many shares have you that you want to get rid of?* As to repayment out of the *product of the canal*, it is something like Charles Fox's proposition of giving a note of hand payable at the day of judgment; unless the Legislature, as it long ago ought to have done, give the institution that patronage and support, to

which it has such a fair and incontestable claim: and I am afraid this will never be, while we have such a Governor as we have at present, and while the democrats to the westward preserve the influence they now possess. They have repeatedly endeavoured to draw back the seat of government, and they certainly are as indifferent to the fate of Philadelphia as they are to that of London.

To return to Gripus and his *charity*—the fact is exactly this: all those who are able and *willing* to work, may have it without going to the canal, and therefore they stand in no need of *subscriptions*; but he has a great many *shares to dispose of*, and certainly no one would have blamed him for endeavouring to find a purchaser, had he not attempted it *under the cloak of bestowing charity on others*. I have CANAL LOTTERY TICKETS to sell, and I have a right to seek customers for them; but, what would people think of me, if I were to conjure them to purchase in the name of *charity*?

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WEDNESDAY, 1<sup>st</sup> NOVEMBER.

*Republican Flattery.*—Among the many curious facts brought to light by MR. GIFFORD'S Answer to ERSKINE, the following specimens of REPUBLICAN FLATTERY are well worthy of being read and preserved.

“ It is an invariable practice with the advocates for republicanism and democracy to represent flattery and corruption as the exclusive offspring of monarchical establishments, and as confined within the circumscribed limits of a court. But the annals of the democratic republic, or republican democracy, of regenerated France, exhibit some specimens of adulation which can scarcely be equalled; and which prove that the followers of the Gallic demagogue surpassed the courtiers of CANUTE. The following letters

letters to Robespierre will suffice to demonstrate the truth of my assertion :

“ 23d Prairial, 2d Year of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

“ Do thou, who *enlightenest the universe* by thy writings, strike terror into the tyrants, and encourage the hearts of all people. Thou *fillest the world with thy fame*. Thy principles are those of nature ; thy language that of humanity ; thou restorest man to his native dignity, and, *fertile Creator*, thou *regeneratest the human species upon earth* ; thy genius and thy wise policy have been the saviors of liberty ; thou ledest the French, by the virtues of thy heart, to conquer or die for liberty and virtue ; and thou teachest France, erst so proud and lofty, to adore equality. Be careful of your health, for our happiness and our glory. This is the prayer of my heart, which is pure as thine own.

“ J. P. BESSON.”

Another :

“ SAGE LEGISLATOR,

“ The country, nature, and the Divinity, owe you a triple crown, and I pay a just tribute in offering you the fruits which I have reaped from the exercise of your principles.

“ 20th Floreal, 2d Year. PXX, ENGINEER.”

Another :

“ The esteem which I entertained for you during the sittings of the Constituent Assembly, induced me to *place you in the heavens* by the side of Andromeda, in the plan of a *federal monument*, with which I proposed to immortalize our revolution.”

These letters are extracted from an official report by COURTOIS, from the committee appointed to examine

examine the papers seized, after the death of *Robespierre*, at his house, and at the houses of his accomplices. This report contains many more letters of the same kind.

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THURSDAY, 2<sup>d</sup> NOVEMBER.

*Fraternal Fun.*—*New-York, November 3.* By an extract of a letter from an American Captain, dated at Acquin, 12th September, to his owner in this city, we learn, that, “On the 3d of September at sea, Porto Rico bearing S.S.W. distant twenty leagues, I fell in with a French privateer brig of twelve guns. The Captain ordered out my boat, and me to come on board with my papers; with which I immediately complied. He first put the people in irons, and then lashed them to the fore-mast. I received a number of threats, but he found them to no purpose. He ordered his officers out of the cabin, presented a brace of pistols, and placed them before me—I believe he felt himself guilty, for he did not do it with a good face. He took the brig’s yawl, two barrels of pork, two ditto of herring, three kegs of butter, nine cheeses, hams, ducks, four barrels of potatoes, four ditto of onions, a number of small articles not mentioned, and gave me an order on a gentleman in Jacquemet as follows :

“MR. DARK AND CLOUDY WEATHER,

“Please to pay Pardan Almy, master of the American brig *Electa*, taken at sea by the privateer *Without Fear*, for the articles before mentioned, and send your order to Cape François to a man of the same description, and you will get your money.”

*No Signature.*

FRIDAY,

FRIDAY, 3<sup>d</sup> NOVEMBER.

“ When the French revolution commenced  
 “ there were very few republican Americans, per-  
 “ haps *not one*, but felt a most cordial interest in the  
 “ event, and anxiously wished it complete success.  
 “ It was a revolution of principles, and bid fair to  
 “ give freedom and happiness to a great nation.  
 “ Every account which announced its progress was  
 “ read with pleasure ; and aspirations of gratitude  
 “ to the Supreme Disposer of human affairs, for so  
 “ signal a triumph of *liberty over despotism*, issued  
 “ from every truly American heart.

“ But in the course of this great operation, so  
 “ many unnecessary cruelties were perpetrated, and  
 “ the blood of so many *virtuous republicans* wantonly  
 “ shed, to gratify the malignant spirit of party,  
 “ that several began to have doubts of the general  
 “ rectitude of their measures.”

The essay, from which this quotation is made, and which appears to be from the pen of the editor, is of considerable length. I have thought this part only worthy of particular attention at this time.

In the first place, I wish the writer had fixed the epoch of this *triumph of liberty over despotism*. At what time since the cursed revolution has been on foot, has there been any such thing as liberty in France ? I should be glad if this wiseacre would attempt to prove that the monarchy of France was a *despotism*. Nothing surely is so perverse as a stupid creature that takes it into its head to call itself a *republican*, without knowing why or wherefore. I would sooner by half have to deal with a mule or a jackass. The writer will tell you that he was a friend of the American revolution, yet he joins in flandering the memory of Louis XVI. ; and he whom the Congress called their *great and good ally*, he calls a *despot*, merely because he is fallen.

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The intention of the essay is to apologize for the change which has taken place in the minds of Americans, respecting the French revolution. The writer, therefore, after having given an account of the universal approbation with which that event was viewed, proceeds to tell how people became disgusted with it. "So many unnecessary cruelties were perpetrated," says he, "and the blood of so many *virtuous republicans* wantonly shed, that several began to doubt of the rectitude of their measures."

So, then, it was not till the blood of the *virtuous republicans* began to flow, that the people of America doubted of the rectitude of the French leaders? The nobles, the priests, hundreds of thousands of royalists, were butchered, and "our great and good ally" and his family into the bargain; but still, it seems, all would have been right enough, if the blood of the *virtuous republicans* had not been shed. All would have been well enough, if the blood of the infamous Brissot and his faction, and of the long string of perjured ruffians who have followed them to the scaffold, had not been shed! Had this filthy blood, which was made to moisten the dirt, been preserved, my New-York brother is so good as to signify that the people of America never would have doubted of the rectitude of the measures of the revolutionists. If this be true, there is no species of punishment they do not merit at the hands of the French. If they basely approved of the massacres of the nobles, priests, and other royalists, they deserve to feel the hand, nay, the axe of the revolution. Plundering their vessels, and flogging their carcases, is not half the punishment they deserve.

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SATURDAY, 4<sup>th</sup> NOVEMBER.

*Insolvent Debtors.*—It is said that within these few days a vast number of persons are gone to gaol

in this city, in order to come out *whitewashed* by the *insolvent act*, at the next court of *Nisi Prius*, which meets on the 20th instant. These *honest* fellows are said to amount to nearly a *hundred*. If I can obtain a list of their names, I will certainly publish it in my paper. It is shameful that these crying enormities should exist, and that they should pass too, *uncensured* and *unnoticed*. One would think that the press was in a league with all the swindlers and rogues in the country; for the public are kept totally ignorant of what is passing in the courts of justice; and when a powerful or popular scoundrel commits an act, which in another country would hoist him up to everlasting contempt or execration, it is kept as close and as snug as the *faux pas* of a frail sister, who has the good fortune to have a prudent old aunt in the country. What can be the reason of this?

The laws of France, when France was worthy of being called a nation, made even *the son* of an *insolvent debtor* incapable of any *public trust*. This, at first sight, appears cruel; but if we believe that the vice of contracting debts *runs in the blood*, we shall be satisfied with its justice, and that this is the case I most sincerely believe. Example, too, does a great deal. A man will go great lengths when kept in countenance by the conduct of his father. I dare say the *Honourable John Swanwick*, for instance, feels himself a good deal consoled by recollecting that his *father did so before him*.

A gentleman asking what it was that confined *Mr. Swanwick* to his house, and being answered that he had the *dysentery*, replied, "I thought so, for I have perceived him *going backward* for some time."

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TUESDAY, 14<sup>th</sup> NOVEMBER.

*Fayette*.—La Fayette's liberty was offered him, it is said, on condition that he would take an *oath* to go to America. He replied, that though he intended  
going

going to America, he would subscribe *no oath*. If this be true, the dungeon at Olmutz is a most excellent *school of morality*. Time was when Fayette used to take oaths, and break them with as much facility as a strong-jawed countryman can crack nuts.

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*Divorces in France.*—The last article of the French constitution runs in these words—"The French people consign the constitution to the *fidelity* of the Legislative Body, of the Executive Directory, the administrators and judges; to the vigilance of the heads of families; to the wives and the *mothers*; to the affection of the young citizens; to the courage of all Frenchmen." As to the Directory, they violate the constitution when they please: but the *wives* will doubtless keep the constitution as well as they do their *husbands*. Twenty thousand divorces *only* in about three years in Paris! Such wives and mothers must be excellent depositaries of the constitution, which they are directed to take into their *keeping*.

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*Misslin and a Citizen.*—We hear that his Excellency the Governor dined at O'Ellers's hotel on Friday last, with some of the persons who went to escort the President into town. The evening was, as usual, spent with much glee; but towards the close, a *fracas* took place which threatened serious consequences. His Excellency got into warm dispute with a *citizen*. What it was about we know not; but it soon grew to such a height, that the citizen, it is said, quitting argumentation, seized his *Excellency by the collar*. We are happy to hear that all was amicably settled over a parting cup. *Dirty dog!* to attempt to cram his fingers in about his *Excellency's neck!*

*Whig*



*Whig Officers.*—The Editors of the *New-York Gazette* resent most furiously the charge of *royalism* brought against them by *young Franklin's* Old Soldier. But in their passion they go rather too far, and call this Old Soldier a British or Hessian *deserter*. I am sorry my brethren should let fall this unguarded expression, as it will certainly wound the feelings of a great many *gentlemen* of *extreme delicacy*. *Little Master Brown* for instance (though suspected to be no more than the Post-master's devil), will, I dare say, feel it with the "*warmest sensibility* \*."

*Pastoret and his Crew.*—NOAH WEBSTER, Esq. the politician and prophet of New-York, regrets extremely that *our poor friend* Pastoret, and the rest of our advocates in France, are on the list of the proscribed. I always told Noah not to count upon any thing that those unfortunate scoundrels could say or do. I wonder what is become of *Segur*: there was great hope built on his essays in our favour.—He is, very likely, food for the dogs by this time.—It's no matter.

Let those who are setting up such a furious outcry about the transportation of *Boissy d'Anglas* and his companions in disgrace, remember that some of these people voted for the *death of their King*, and that those who did not, basely aided in the execution of the decree.—Their sentence is extremely just, considered as a punishment inflicted by the hand of Providence: when they are wandering in some wilderness, without food or raiment, they may, perhaps, recollect the sentence they themselves passed on the defenceless priests.

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\* Brown's father, who was an excellent *Whig*, was a deserter from his Majesty's 47th regiment of foot; and, indeed, no small numbers of the staunchest *Whigs* of the revolution, particularly the American officers, deserted from the British and German troops,

*English Justice.*—(From Mr. Dewnie.) The *Citizens* Representatives of France ape the style of a Polish diet. They bandy the angry word, and half unsheath the military weapon. An arbitrary Legislature and insolent armies infringe the constitution, and the French flambeau yields a fullen and dubious light. In the Council of Five Hundred, Vaublanc, a real French gentleman of the *ancient* feature, has denounced the late addresses of the armies as outrages on the legislative authority.—The letters of Bayard, our faithful mercantile agent at London, give the lie direct and the “quip modest” to the Jacobins, who have asserted, that our merchants would never receive indemnification from the British courts for maritime losses. On the contrary, the justice of England metes a righteous measure of recompense to every just claimant. This is not the mode of French courts. We look up with admiration to the laws and constitution of England. *There* is our language spoken; *thence* we derive our *origin*; there are arts and arms, the power to charm, polished, and to coerce licentious life.

Tribunals stand erected there,  
There equity takes place;  
There stand the courts and palaces  
Of royal Alfred's race.”

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*Bleeding Puff.*—From the *New-York Paper.*—  
 “This day there is to be a meeting of the trustees  
 “of Columbia College. The object of their meet-  
 “ing is to invite Dr. Benjamin Rush to a professor-  
 “ship of the practice of physic in Columbia Col-  
 “lege. A correspondent is happy in remarking,  
 “that there are few obstacles in a choice which must  
 “result in so many advantages to Columbia College.  
 “*He is a man born to be useful to society.*”

And so is a *musquito*, a *horse-leeche*, a *ferret*, a *pole cat*, a *weazel*: for these are all *bleeders*, and under-stand

derstand their business full as well as Doctor Rush does his.

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*Swanwick.*—The Hon. John Swanwick, M. C. appeared abroad yesterday for the first time since his late *indisposition*.—Now he may walk the streets in security: no constable dares lay his unholy fingers on him.—By the by, it was no such silly thing in those who made the constitution (and who, no doubt, intended to be Congress-men themselves) to make the Congress Hall a sort of *sanctuary*. Nothing could be more convenient.

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*Negotiations at Lisle.*—The foreign intelligence, announced to the public this day, is by far the most agreeable that has reached this country for some time: No peace between England and France; and the proof of the great division among the scoundrels of Paris.

Peace with those wretches never could be safe. Far better were it to be engaged in a continual conflict; to drain the nation to its last sixpence, and its last soldier, than to make a peace that would open the floodgates, and let in a torrent of democracy and atheism. All communication ought to be cut off with this miscreant people, as with a pest-house or lazaretto; and war is the only effectual barrier.

The adding of 172 Deputies to the list of the proscribed is a very pleasing circumstance. It shows that the parties are nearer of equal strength than we imagined, and leaves reason to hope that they will come again to the conflict. At any rate, there are 172 scoundrels more provided for: that is so much gained. They will kill no more kings, and queens, and priests, and honest men, and women, and children.

*Republican Baseness.*—Paris 13th Sept. “The Council received several congratulatory addresses on the 4th September, from Chalons sur Marne, Clermont, Ferrand, and several other communes. Insertion and mention to be made in the Process-verbal.”

This is the old course exactly. Whenever a set of scoundrels have knocked down their opponents, and assumed an absolute power over property and life, immediately the base municipalities and departments have flocked in with their *congratulations*. What a nation of miscreants! These addressers thought that the tyrants ought to have their throats cut, at the very moment they were addressing them; and they would willingly have done the job too, but they saw them surrounded with an army; they saw them uppermost. By and by, when it is their turn to fall, they will dispatch them with all the pleasure in the world. They will put their knives into them with as good an appetite as they put them into their dinner.

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*American Captains.*—Extract of a letter from the Captain of a brig carried into Porto Rico, dated St. Domingo, October 21st, 1797. “I am still waiting for my papers from Porto Rico, as I mentioned to you in my last, as they only sent a copy of such papers as they supposed were sufficient to condemn the brig according to the old decree, which was only a clearance from an English port; but since their late decree has come forward, they will neither condemn nor clear without the whole of the papers. From conversation I fear they will condemn the vessel for want of a *role d'equipage*, as they condemned them on the most frivolous pretences. Our acquaintance Mr. E. arrived here two days past, captured, on his passage from St. Bartholomew to St. Thomas's, almost in the harbour's mouth, by a little open boat, that they might have hoisted on the deck

deck of his brig. I plainly see, unless Congress allow us to arm for our defence, we shall be constantly insulted, *by both French and English*, as they both affect to treat our flag with the utmost disdain, and think no more of it than a cook's dishclout."

Here's another of these patriotic captains. I am sure this fellow is a *fans-culotte*. It is the usual way with them, when compelled to bear testimony against their friends, to conclude with some expression that seems to intimate, that the British treat them full as ill as the French do; and though all the mercantile world, and indeed every man of information, knows this to be false, yet it has its effect with the mob; and these fellows, who have in general no small share of low cunning, know well enough that the mob is every thing.

There is nothing will cure these fellows but abundance of stripes; and, thank God, they are in a very fair way of getting it. For my part, I look upon French castigation as absolutely necessary for the salvation of their souls. Flog away, good *fans-culottes*, till they know how to make a distinction between French and English, between foes and friends.

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*French Constitution.*—Upon closing the farce of the French Constitution, one cannot help calling to mind the disputes between *Webster* and *young Franklin*, respecting that dirty pamphlet when it was first made public here. They both contended for the honour of having it on their side. Noah said it was like the Federal Constitution; Franklin swore it was not, and the young imp of sedition certainly swore right for once. They were continually wrangling about this article and that clause; Noah triumphantly holding up those parts which condemn all clubs, clubbists, &c. and Franklin, on his side, those which suited him. Both, however, agreed in

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extolling its *wisdom*; and I wish I could say that they were the only persons who were stupid enough to do it.

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*Pichegru.*—The *impartial* newsmongers are making a dreadful outcry about their poor friend the oppressed PICHEGRU, and his companions in *misfortune*. Now, for my part, I rejoice at the fate of these villains. They are not used like men, to be sure; but then it is well known that they are monsters. When Master Pichegru has soaked his bones well at the bottom of a dungeon, he will perhaps call to mind some of the miseries which he and his sans-culotte ruffians spread through the desolated villages of the Low Countries; he will, perhaps, recollect the churches and convents he robbed, the poor old men and women he turned naked and penniless into the world, at the same time forbidding people, on pain of death, to give them shelter. No, there is no pity for miscreants like these. It is no matter whether Barras kills Pichegru, or Pichegru kills Barras; so that they make away with one another, I care not how, nor which goes first.

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*Hoche and Scherer.*—The Commander in Chief of the army of the Sambre and Meuse to the Minister of War Scherer. “Head-quarters, Wetzlaer, 27th Fructidor, 13th Sept. If I was not persuaded that the Directory would soon do justice to your perfidy, I would only take the trouble to declare to you, that I will no longer correspond with you.

“Does it become you to make an address to the armies, you, the friend and most active agent of the conspirators; you who have surrounded us with spies; you who have persecuted the friends of the government? Hasten to cause the republicans whom you have betrayed and who abhor you, to forget even your name.

(Signed)

“LA. HOCHÉ.”

This

This poor devil of a minister is, I suppose, marked out for slaughter or poison. Hoche's letter must have had the effect of a death-warrant on him. I dare say he began, like the people in Robespierre's time, to *feel his head*, to know whether it was still on his shoulders or not. Poor *Scherer* ! his turn is come ; and Hoche's will come by and by. I trust they will cut each other off, till there is but one left, and he, I hope, will have justice enough to cut his own throat.

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*Privilege of Congress.*—The Hon. John Swanwick, M. C. takes his seat in the House every day !!!

It is not true that Mr. S. was arrested the other morning as he was going to the House ; and we can assure the friends of that gentleman that they need entertain no fear on that score, for that the privilege of Congress shelters a man as completely as that of the British Parliament does. It would be a shame indeed, if the representatives of a *sovereign people*, in a country of liberty and *equality*, had not as great privileges as the “*slaves of a despot*,” living in an “*insular Bastile*.” A pretty thing indeed !

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*Bache and the republican Calendar.*—The Market-street scoundrel, Franklin Bache, has, as usual, published a heathenish republican calendar for the year 1788. At the head of one of the months he has placed the following :—“*Reign of blood before the revolution*. In 1788, Louis XVI. had *eight thousand persons murdered*, of both sexes and all ages, at Paris, in the street *Melée* and upon the *Pont Neuf*.”

Now, who ever heard of this before ? who ever heard of a massacre at Paris, while poor Louis retained his power of king ? Never in his life did he authorize the shedding of a drop of human blood. Every one of any information knows, that had it

not been for his unconquerable aversion to shedding the blood of his rascal subjects, he would this day have been alive, and king of France. And yet the impudent scoundrel *Franklin* dares not only to accuse him of murder, but to name the number of his victims on a particular occasion, and the spot where they fell ; without having even hearsay for a foundation to his charge.

This atrocious wretch (worthy descendant of *old Ben*) knows that all men of any understanding set him down as an abandoned liar, as a tool and a hireling ; and he is content that they should do so. He does not want to be thought any thing else. He knows very well, that the story about the *eight thousand murdered people* will be believed by nobody, except by those ignorant creatures who can scarcely comprehend what they read ; but these are the very creatures the information is intended for. These are they whom his masters want to secure on their side.

As this Gazette is honoured with many readers in foreign countries, it may not be improper to give them some little account of this miscreant.

If they have read the old hypocrite *Franklin's* WILL, they must have observed that part of his library, with some other things, are left to a certain *grandson* : this is the very identical Market-street scoundrel.—He spent several years in hunting offices under the Federal Government, and being constantly rejected, he at last became its most bitter foe. Hence his abuse of General Washington, whom, at the time he was soliciting a place, he panegyricized up to the third heaven.

He was born for a hireling, and therefore when he found he could not obtain employ in one quarter, he sought it in another. The first effect of his paw being greased, appeared soon after Genet's arrival, and he has from that time to this been as faithful to the cut-throats of Paris, as ever dog was to his master.

He



He is an ill-looking devil. His eyes never get above your knees. He is of a fallow complexion, hollow-cheeked, dead-eyed, and has a *tout ensemble*, just like that of a fellow who has been about a week or ten days on a gibbet.

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*Noah Webster and Boissy d'Anglas.*—Noah says, that “the papers that have been published as proofs of a conspiracy to restore monarchy, wear a very suspicious appearance. The Jacobin Editor of the English Morning Chronicle declares, that the papers to prove Pichegru a traitor, have not even the disguise of impolition. To suppose them genuine, is to suppose the Prince of Condé, Montgaillard, d'Antraigues, and Pichegru, destitute even of common sense. A boy of ten years old would have conducted a conspiracy with more judgment and address.

“To destroy the credibility of the story, we may oppose to these silly papers, the steady, firm, and patriotic conduct of Pichegru, in a most arduous public station, and an *unblemished private character*.

“If we take into the account the character of Barthelemy, Tronçon, Decoudray, Boissy, Marbois, &c. the *private virtues* of some, and the *public services of all*, where shall we find the proofs of their guilt? If these men are guilty, sure we are the proofs are not yet before the American public.

“We must still be incredulous as to the facts; and until further evidence appears, we shall ascribe to *faction* only, the most horrible tyranny and persecution that ever disgraced human beings.”

It is diverting enough to see into what embarrassment the late events at Paris have plunged all the half-way politicians. Contrary to their constant practice, they have this time taken part with the fallen tyrants: perhaps, however, this is because they have an opinion that they will be yet uppermost.

And why, let me ask, should the papers brought out upon the present occasion, not be looked upon as genuine? Those which these very fallen rascals brought forth to bear witness against their sovereign, were looked upon as such. The millions of lies and abominations published by these villains against the Queen of France and others, were all built upon just such correspondences; and the genuineness of these was never called in question by the holy republican gang, who now feel such "warm sensibility" at the unhorsing of Barthelemy and Co.—When Fayette, by his vile agents, made shift to bring the Marquis of Favras to trial, what was there to appear against him but papers found in such a porte-feuille and such a desk; papers that the gallant Marquis never before saw or heard of? Yet this gentleman was, upon the evidence of such papers, condemned and executed, and Fayette was still called a fine fellow.

In short, when no other evidence could be obtained, has it not been the constant practice during the whole of the revolution, to forge papers and correspondences? It is a weapon that has been used against the King, and against all his faithful subjects, individually or in the lump; and shall it be said that it ought not to be used against traitors, rebels, tyrants, and murderers?

I like to hear talk about the *private virtues* of these scoundrels. "*Pichegru* has an *unblemished private character*."—I wonder, now, who told Noah Webster this story. What do we know about the poor cut-throat's *private character*? We know that he was at the head of a numerous horde of plunderers in the Low Countries; that he robbed, pillaged, and violated like a barbarian. He seized on the vases of the convents, turned monks and nuns out of their churches, to beg, or rather to starve; for after having turned them out, he forbade any one to give them

them shelter, on *pain of death* ! This is Noah Webster's favourite : would to Heaven Noah were his *aide de camp* at this moment !

I have looked over the list of the proscribed Deputies, and I positively assert that there is not one who does not richly deserve all the torments that Barras and Co. have in store for them. But our silly politicians keep haggling about the *falsehood of the charges* against their friends. There was *no royalist plot*, say they. It is strange that every thing Noah says in justification of his unfortunate friends, should absolutely make against them. Their being engaged in a plot to bring in the King, is the only circumstance that could possibly tend to excite sorrow for their fate in the breast of any honest man, and this favourable circumstance the obstinate Noah is determined to do away. This is owing to his holy hatred to kings and all that's kingly. The creature has good sense, writes and spells well, if you keep him off from this subject ; but the moment you talk about kings he becomes frantic.

The nonsense which I have above quoted, concludes with insisting that the proscribing of these Deputies is "*the most horrible tyranny and persecution that ever disgraced human beings.*" Now, what a stock of impudence must a fellow have to make this declaration, with the millions of bloody deeds of the French revolution in his memory ? What ! was the proscribing of sixty-five rascal Deputies a *more horrible act of tyranny* than razing the city of Lyons ? Was it a more horrible act of tyranny than seizing the property of a hundred thousand ecclesiastics, and hunting them from the kingdom ? Was it worse than murdering the King, his Queen, his sister and his son ? This unfortunate youth was kept shut up like a malefactor ; every species of insult and cruelty was

was exercised towards him ; the guards spit and threw dirt into his victuals, and, at last, the atrocious hell-hounds of the Convention (of which our dear fallen friends were most of them members) ordered him to be waked *every ten minutes* during the night. A wretch, with voice infernal, went to the grating of his cell, and bawled out *Capet !* When the Prince had answered, the miscreant retired, till another ten minutes were expired. But all this is nothing to Noah Webster ; the poor Prince was not a *virtuous republican* like the hypocrite Boissly d'Anglas, the plundering Pichegru, and the bloody Carnot. The murdering of forty thousand persons at Nantz, as many more at Lyons, and forty times forty thousand in La Vendée ; the burning of people alive, ripping open women with child, with the thousands of nameless horrors which the infernal revolution has given birth to ; was not all this more horrible tyranny than the proscribing of 65 Deputies ? *No*, says Webster : *those people were royalists*, whereas the Deputies are *virtuous republicans*.

This is the cant with which he salves over every thing. But happy am I to observe, that he meets with many rubs and disappointments. His friends generally get dungeoned, or lopped off, or transported ; and they will continue to be so served, till he has the heart-killing mortification to see another King on the throne of France ; which he will see though he should ride through Connecticut to pick up a collection of John Knox's thundering curses to hurl on the heads of the royalists.

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WEDNESDAY, 23<sup>d</sup> NOVEMBER.

*Priestley running for Chaplain to Congress.*—This day an election was held, in the House of Representatives,

sentatives, for Chaplain. The result was as follows :

- 54 votes for Dr. Green
- 6 for *Dr. Priestley*
- 3 for Dr. Blair
- 1 for *General Williams*
- 1 for Mr. Ustick.

Dr. Green was of course declared duly elected.

Poor Priestley is depreciating very fast. Only *six* votes out of *sixty-five* ! Oh, how sincerely will he wish the Congress at the devil, and himself at Birmingham !—But who is this *General* who is voted for as *Chaplain* ? He must be of the true church *militant* !

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*Dutch Festival.*—*Hague, Sept. 23.* A national festival is ordered, to celebrate the French events of September 4. All public officers are to be required to swear “ eternal hatred against the Stadtholdership, aristocracy, and anarchy.”

These poor devils have had no revolution among them, yet they are obliged to SWEAR within an inch of their lives, just the same as if they had overthrown a royalist faction too. The French will harass these phlegmatic rascals to death. They will tease them till they run mad. No matter ; so that they do but suffer much ; so that they do but feel themselves almost in the state of the damned ; so that this happens, no matter how, or by what means. Base, miscreant race ! I hope their sorrows are but beginning. I should be sorry to see the Stadtholder resume his authority, till the vile wretches have groaned almost their last breath beneath the lash of their dear friends. Muddy-brained rascals ! just wit enough to be treacherous, and just courage enough to aim a sly stab at their benefactors !—May pestilence, famine, fire, and the sword, ultimately devastate their country, till there

is not a fans-culotte, or the descendant of a fans-culotte, left alive !

—  
*Judge M'Kean.*—This vile old wretch, who now disgraces the Courts of the unfortunate State of Pennsylvania, was formerly a stableman at a tavern in Chester County. The following lines allude to this his state of *innocence* :

OLD TOPER to currying horses was bred ;  
 But, tir'd of so humble a life,  
 To currying favour he turned his head,  
 And's now curried himself by his wife.

—  
*Mifflin an insolvent Debtor.*—It is thought that his Excellency of Pennsylvania will, in his next speech to the Legislature, submit to their consideration some project for *the further relief* of that numerous and *useful* class of citizens, the *insolvent debtors*.

His Excellency's tenderness and philanthropy are well known ; and it is to be hoped, that, *before his Governorship expires*, he will effectually guard against imprisonment for debt. It is contrary to the principles of liberty, and highly degrading to the State. According to the present cruel laws, not only common people may be imprisoned, but even a Governor, *the next day after his time is out, may have his carcass seized and penned up in jail*, and that too among poor, puny, pitiful devils of debtors, who do not owe above ten dollars !—Is not this an evil that ought to be guarded against \* ?

—  
*Louvet.*—The last news tell us that the infamous Louvet is dead. I wonder what made this rascal

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\* The Legislature of the State actually did pass such a law in a few months after this paragraph was written ; but, as it happened, the benevolent law was of no use to Mifflin ; for his time as Governor was scarcely expired, when he gave all his creditors the slip, by throwing himself into the boat of Old Charon.

*famous*? Was it the order which he gave in the following words: "Pay to the bearers, on demand twelve livres for *assisting to dispatch the priests at St. Firmin.*" If this villain is dead without torment, I am sorry for it; but still I would rather he should be dead than alive. I count every one that falls as so much clear gain.

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*La Fayette.*—It seems, that this citizen-miscreant was actually released on the 27th of August last. Previous to which, the Emperor asked of him a declaration.—The items of the demand may be conceived from the following, which was the effect:  
*Declaration of General La Fayette, dated Olmutz, August, 16, 1797.*

"The commission with which the Marquis de Chasteller is intrusted, appears to relate to three points:

"1. His Imperial Majesty wishes to ascertain the true state of our situation at Olmutz.—I am not disposed to prefer any complaint upon the subject; the detailed circumstances respecting it may be found in the letters, received or sent back, which were transmitted by my wife to the Austrian Government; and if his Imperial Majesty is not satisfied by reading over the orders sent in his name from Vienna, I am willing to give the Marquis de Chasteller any information he may think proper to desire.

"2. His Majesty the Emperor and King wishes to be assured that, upon my release, I shall immediately set out for America.—I have frequently signified this to be my intention; but as an answer, under the present circumstances, might seem to admit the right of exacting such a condition, I do not judge it proper to comply with this demand.

"3. His Majesty the Emperor and King does me the honour to signify to me that the principles which

which I profess, being incompatible with the security of the Austrian Government, it is his pleasure that I should not re-enter his dominions without his special permission.—*I have duties from which I am not at liberty to withdraw myself.* I am under obligations of duty to the United States; above all, I am under obligations of duty to France, and I can contract no engagement inconsistent *with those rights* which my country holds over me. With these exceptions, I can assure the General Marquis de Chasteller, that it is my invariable resolution never to set foot on any territory subject to his Majesty the King of Bohemia and Hungary; consequently I the undersigned engage myself to his Majesty the Emperor and King, never, at any time, to enter into any of his hereditary dominions, *without having first obtained his special permission*, provided this engagement is not understood *to contravene the right my country holds over me.*

(Signed) “ LA FAYETTE.”

Had I been the Emperor, this saucy fellow should have remained in limbo.—By making an exception with respect to the *rights which his country holds over him*, he insolently makes provision for the case in which he may be ordered to enter the Emperor's dominions *as a victorious general*. His duty to his country, and the rights which his country holds over him, are, I believe, new things with La Fayette. His Catechism, the Rights of Man, says nothing about such duties and such rights. As he was so much improved by living in a dungeon, it is pity, I think, he had not remained there for ever. For my part, I never wish to see him here, we have traitors and rebels enough arrived here already: a man capable of betraying his King is fit for the most damnable deeds.



*The Lion and the Bulls.*—Some years ago there was an Irish fellow imported into the State of New-York. He was sold to a farmer, who, finding him to be a most worthless rascal, swapped him with a Connecticut neighbour for a *pair of young bulls*. The next morning after the swap took place, the Yorker goes to his chapman: “Why,” says he, “you took me in most damnably; one of the bulls is so lame he can’t walk.”—“Your Irishman,” replied the other, “is *not lame*, for the villain robbed my house in the night, and is gone off with his prey\*.”

*American Envoys at Paris.*—A gentleman of this city, now in France, in a letter to his friend, dated Paris, 30th September, writes, that Mr. Pinckney and Mr. Marshall had arrived there, and were treated with much austerity by Citizens *Fauchet* and *Adet*, who were appointed to confer with the American Commissioners.

This is excellent, if true. It is just the manner we deserve to be treated in. It is pity that *Genet* is not there to make a third commissioner—then there would be *three for three*.—My God! what must the people of England think of this government and this people!—If America goes on sinking before this vile, this bloody tyranny, as she has done for some time past, no man of spirit, no man that has a single drop of *independent* blood in his veins, will remain in the country. For my part, I’ll never be a subject of the Parisian despots; and I have formed my resolution, that no ties of interest, however powerful, shall ever keep me in a country that

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\* This Irish fellow was MATTHEW LYON, at present a member of Congress. The gentleman in Connecticut to whom he was swapped, was Mr. Goldsworthy, brother-in-law of Mr. Theodore Sedgwick.

is base enough to bend the knee before them ; and this, I am much afraid, America is just upon the eve of doing.

I know well, that the Administration will do all in their power to preserve the honour of the country ; but what is in their power ? Nothing at all. A few *shifts* and *expedients* will do nothing. What is to be done with a people, pervaded by a spirit prepared to *suffer* ? The cry of *peace* is all you hear among the friends of Government, while its enemies laugh and rejoice at the war that is actually carried on against it. The French, and even the Spaniards, insult, rob, manacle, lash, and torture the Americans ; this is notorious. And what do these good creatures do in return ? Why, they send an ambassador to Paris ; and, after he is threatened to be put into a guard-house, and finally driven out of the country, what do they do then ? Why, they send two more to join him, and all these are ordered to repair to the seat of tyranny, to *re-establish harmony* between the two sister republics ! !—Not to demand justice ; not to say, If you refuse to cease your depredations, and indemnify us for the millions you have seized, we will make reprisals, we will *appeal to arms*. No ; they will hold no such language as this ; nor, indeed, would such language become them ; for neither the Congress, nor the people of this country, would enter into a war with the French, though they were to tread their guts out.

This the French know well. They know the strength of their party here. The pusillanimity of the Federalists, their whinings after *peace* and *reconciliation*, upon *any terms*, have produced in them a contempt for this party, which its conduct is calculated to produce. In short, they have cast their vulture eyes over the country, and they have perceived, that their friends have *no property*, but that they could have no objection to a little, provided it cost

cost them only the cutting of a throat, or so, to get it. These scoundrels, who never sleep so sound as under a confiscated roof, they know are theirs, body and soul; and with them on their side, they'll set the empty threats of America at defiance. It is said that this description of persons is not numerous; that the country is, in the main, sound; and a good deal more is said in flat contradiction of what we every day see under our noses. The *elections* that have lately taken place have proved that the *French faction is increasing*. There are to be found, in every beer-house, scores of fellows, who will not only justify the French in all they have done, but will tell you flat and plain, that they would *join them*, if they were to land in the country! And let no one be silly enough to despise these my *beer-guzzlers*; in the hour of action one of them is worth a whole street of your sippers of claret and madeira. They have nothing to lose, and a good deal to get, in a scramble, and a scramble is therefore what they are waiting for with impatience.

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*M<sup>r</sup> Lane's Trial in Canada.*—We were long amused with *Blount's plot*; and the foreign tool, young Lightning-rod, took occasion from it to insist that the British Minister was at the bottom of a conspiracy against the peace and safety of the United States. Most people were astonished at the inconsistency of Blount, a devoted tool of France, being in the confidence of the Minister of Great Britain; and now it appears pretty clearly, that he never was, and that his letter (written on purpose to be intercepted) was intended to divert the attention of the Government, *while the plot in Canada was matured, and carried into execution.*

What part the Spanish Minister took in the Canada plot cannot be positively determined; but the following extract from the evidence on the trial of

M'Lane may serve to lead us to form some opinion on the subject.

*John Black, Esq. sworn.*

*Atty. Gen.* Pray, Sir, do you recollect having seen the last witness (Frichette) on or about the 10th of May last, and where?

*Witness.* Charles Frichette called on me on the 10th of May last, about twelve or one o'clock, at my own house in Quebec.

*Atty. Gen.* Did he offer any thing for sale?

*Wit.* At first, he asked me if I would buy some oak timber of him, and we accordingly bargained for oak timber; but afterwards he desired to speak with me in private: I went with him into another room, where he took me by the hand, and said, "You will be surprised when I tell you that I have no oak timber to sell. I am come upon business of a quite different nature;" then squeezing me by the hand, he said, "Are you the Mr. Black that was in gaol in the year 1794?" I told him I was. "You have been much injured," said he, "but your injuries are now almost at an end; the French and Americans have taken up your cause, and you will soon triumph over all your enemies." I wished to know why he came to me; I told him I had already been caught by insidious men: then squeezing both my hands, he asked, "Are you really to be depended upon?" I told him I was to be depended on. "Then," says he, "there is a French General within a quarter of a league of this place who wishes to have a conversation with you respecting the taking of the garrison of Quebec." I asked, By what means?—Has he an army? He answered: "No, he has no army; he wishes to concert measures with you, and you must come immediately with me to see him."

*Atty. Gen.* Did you comply with his request?

*Witness.* I thought it was prudent to comply with it,

it, and I proposed to go in a callash; but Frichette did not approve of it: I therefore set off in company with him on foot.

*Atty. Gen.* To what place did he conduct you?

*Witness.* We crossed the plains of Abraham, went down by Wolfe's Cove, and up Mr. Mabane's hill. When we came to the side of the wood, Frichette asked me to go into the wood with him, which I at first declined, not knowing how many people might be there. Frichette went in; he came out again shortly after, and I saw him beckon to me. I then went about two hundred yards into the woods, where I found the prisoner in a very long beard.

*Atty. Gen.* Had you any conversation with him?

*Witness.* He shook hands with me, and expressed himself glad to see me; begged pardon for sending for me, but added that he wished to see me on a matter of great importance. I think it proper for me to mention here, that I never saw the prisoner till I then saw him in the wood; nor had I ever heard of, or knew there was such a man in existence. I think it also necessary to add, that I was uncertain in regard to my situation when thus in the wood, and that I therefore agreed to every measure the prisoner proposed.

*Atty. Gen.* I wish you to relate to the Court and Jury, the particulars of the conversation which passed between you.

*Witness.* The prisoner said, his man had told him that he had explained to me a part of his plan. "My plan (said the prisoner) is that of *humanity*. I am sorry to see a great people labouring under the *tyranny of England*: I propose to push the British Government from the continent of America." I asked him, By what means? He answered, Eight or ten men of influence, such as I might be one, might raise, under plausible pretences, as many people as possible: who, at a certain appointed time, would be joined

by a number of men, who were following him in *from the States* under various pretexts of seeking labour, &c.; that he would arm them with pikes, of eight feet in length, headed with iron, and hardened in the fire, which he considered to be eighteen inches longer than the British musket and bayonet; that *laudanum*, he thought, *might be given to the troops with effect*; that the attack must be sudden; they would rush in, but not take a life if possible to avoid it: he hoped none would be taken; "But, at the same time," said he, "for the sake of posterity *all who resist must fall.*"

*Atty. Gen.* What further?

*Witness.* He observed to me that we must take care not to injure the works; for that would render us vulnerable after we were masters of the garrison. He said, he left Mr. Adet on the 7th of April, who was going to France on the 10th; that both he and the *Spanish Minister were concerned in the measure*; he added these words: "Adet is the man of business, the *Spaniard is a fop.*"

*Atty. Gen.* Did he observe any thing further to you?

*Witness.* He said, that measures were so concerted with Mr. Adet, that if we could but possess ourselves of the garrison by surprise, it could never be recovered from us; "for," said he, "besides the *measures taken by the French and Spanish Ministers*, I have fifteen thousand men at the lines ready at a nod, with part of which I mean to garrison this place, and with the remainder, perhaps, form an expedition against Halifax. You may think me young," said he, "for such an enterprise; but this is the system France pursues at present: she will not employ an old general."

18

*Spanish Perfidy.*—An account of the massacre which took place at Fort Dauphin, the 7th of July, 1794,  
at

at eleven o'clock in the morning; brought by Mr. Simon of Philadelphia, who was there in an American vessel at the time.

Monday the 7th of July, at eleven o'clock in the morning, arrived at Fort Dauphin a Spanish friar, escorted by six guides, coming from Laxabou (a small borough at four leagues distance from Fort Dauphin): several persons inquired what news he brought? He answered, None; and said all was very safe. About an hour after, Jean François (General of the banditti, who has always been upon good terms with the Spaniards), and Benjamin, his first captain, entered the city with five or six hundred negroes, and fifty mounted on horseback. In that number there were about four hundred armed with guns; the others had only swords and cudgels. When they arrived upon the market, Jean François ordered to kill without distinction all the French white people. No sooner was the order given, than the banditti separated in all the streets of the city; but the greatest part assembled upon the sea-side, where a great number of white people had met together without arms, to get on board their vessels that were in the bay; but in vain: they were all massacred without mercy; while the same scene was acted in different parts of the city.—This horrible slaughter lasted till six or seven o'clock at night; though a great number were killed in their houses during the night.

A few days after, an account of the dead was given to one Dupinois, who acts as secretary to Jean François, amounting to 742 (amongst whom were three women), not including a great number that were drowned.

There were, at the same time, at Fort Dauphin, seven or eight hundred regular Spanish troops; some of whom were even under arms on the market-place,

beholding with indifference that horrible slaughter, and saying out loud, "*That's what the French deserve.*" A few of the unhappy victims fled to them, being pursued by the negroes, but the unfeeling Spaniards pointed their bayonets at them. The cry of these villains during the massacre was, "*Long live the King!*"

The unhappy Le Ray Dumain *was killed by the Spaniards*; and Monsieur Carabas, who swam to save himself, and rested on the cable of a Spanish sloop, was pursued by the crew with their oars. Two Americans are missing, and are supposed to have shared the same fate.

Seven or eight Frenchmen who were settled at Laxabou for some years past, had their houses plundered of every thing by the inhabitants of the same place, on the 8th July.

The following is Bache's account of this massacre, given in the Aurora of the 19th of August, 1794.

"Some months since a considerable number of French aristocrats were induced to leave this and other cities in the United States, to assist the arms of his Catholic Majesty at Fort Dauphin, where, with a very few exceptions, they have been butchered on the 7th of July last. The following is some account of the dreadful catastrophe in which those deluded wretches were involved, in consequence of the faith they placed in the false promises of certain characters among us.

"On the 7th of July, at about twelve o'clock, Jean François, a leader of about 4000 armed negroes in the pay of the Spanish Government, entered the town with about 600 of his troops and 50 cavalry. When they arrived on the square, Jean François gave orders to disperse and kill, without distinction, all French white people. The order was executed immediately with all the attendant horrors of the  
most



most ferocious barbarity. This dreadful slaughter lasted till near seven o'clock, and in the night several also were dispatched in their houses. The account of the killed, as ascertained some days after, amounted to 742; among whom were three women, and not including those drowned. At this time there were at Fort Dauphin 800 regular troops; and some of these, under arms on the public square, remained tranquil spectators of the atrocious deed. Indeed a few unhappy victims of *Spanish cruelty*, pursued by the blood-thirsty negroes, fled for protection to the Spanish troops, who universally repulsed them at the point of the bayonet. Two Americans were missing after the massacre, and were supposed to have suffered. *A doubt does not remain of the deed having been perpetrated by order of the Spanish Government*, but it is impossible to surmise what reason could have led to the giving of so *sanguinary and atrocious an order*.

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TUESDAY, 29<sup>th</sup> NOVEMBER.

*Spanish Fop and M<sup>r</sup> Kean*.—This day the bill of indictment presented against me by the Spanish Fop, and strongly recommended to the care of the Jury by old M<sup>r</sup> Kean, was returned *ignoramus*. To-morrow I shall publish a full account of this infamous proceeding.

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THE  
REPUBLICAN JUDGE;  
OR, THE  
American Liberty of the Press,  
AS  
EXHIBITED, EXPLAINED, AND EXPOSED,  
IN THE BASE AND PARTIAL PROSECUTION OF  
WILLIAM COBBETT,  
FOR A PRETENDED LIBEL AGAINST  
The King of Spain and his Ambaffador,  
BEFORE  
*THE SUPREME COURT OF PENNSYLVANIA.*  
WITH AN ADDRESS TO THE  
PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.



ADDRESS  
TO THE  
PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

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ENGLISHMEN,

SINCE your ancient and inveterate enemy, the French, have planned the destruction of your government, as the sure means of subjecting you to their power, their wicked and detestable agents have used various arts to seduce you from that loyal attachment, which forms its principal bulwark. Amongst these arts, that of extolling the excellence of *republican governments* has not been omitted, and I wish I could say, it has been used without effect. At first, FRANCE was held up as the model for you to imitate; but, *there*, facts soon gave the lie to the statements of her tools; facts which they could not disguise, which spoke to you in the cries of misery, and in the shrieks of torture and of death. But AMERICA was a more distant scene, and a scene too which the pencil of partiality had already painted in the most flattering colours. When, therefore, you were disgusted and shocked at the horrid view exhibited in FRANCE, *hither* your eyes were directed for *an example*.

I have often been astonished, that those writers, who have so ably stood forth as the champions of  
your

your government and constitution, have never made more than very slight attempts to undeceive you in this respect. They have constantly confined themselves to *France*; but their opponents have replied (and with some degree of plausibility), that France was yet in an *unsettled state*; that *America* exhibited the happy effects of a *finished revolution*; that such France would be; and Britain also, if revolutionized into a *republic*. Here the parties were fairly at issue, and the friends of your country had as good an opportunity as they could wish for, to beat their opponents on their own ground. But instead of accepting the challenge thus offered, they have forbore to push their advantage, and declined the contest, when certain of victory. Whence does this forbearance proceed? Is it from a spurious liberality, alike remote from genuine fortitude and manly condescension; alike hostile to principle, and repugnant to duty? From whatever source it proceeds, its consequences are much to be deplored; for it tends to nothing less than a tacit admission, that the people of America enjoy more *liberty* and *happiness* than those of Great Britain: a concession dangerous in the extreme, and not less dangerous than weak and unjustifiable.

A long-continued series of received and uncontradicted falsehoods cannot fail to produce an accumulation of prejudices, which it becomes extremely difficult to remove: and, as its removal can never be effected but by *facts*, it requires an assiduity and a toil, to which talents scorn to submit, and at the very sight of which genius takes her flight. Yet there now and then arises, in our island, an obstinately persevering mortal, favoured neither by nature nor by education, regardless alike of interest and of fame, and destitute of every stimulus to action, except that love of his country, which every true-born Englishman sucks in with his mother's

milk :—such a man might undeceive you ; and such a man am I.

To prove to you, that you are *happier* and *more free* than the people of America, and to do it by uncontrovertible *facts*, is what, with the permission of God, I pledge myself to perform. But this must be a work of time. The pamphlet which I here present you is nothing more than a trifling essay : a sort of introduction to what you have to expect. I beseech you, however, to read it with attention, and, as you proceed, lay your hands upon your hearts, and say, if the proceedings it records had taken place in England, whether you would not have looked upon your King as a despot, and yourselves as the most degraded of slaves.

In nothing that I have said, do I wish to satirize the people of this country in general. There is as great a proportion of good men here as in England, a much greater proportion than there is any where else ; but they are borne down by thousands of aspiring demagogues, who are continually troubling the source, and interrupting the current, of their liberties and their happiness. To guard you against this evil ; to caution you against the adoption of a mischief of such mighty magnitude, is the sole object I have in view. Were I a native American, to do this would be my duty. He who feels himself sinking into an abyss, and neglects to warn his neighbours of their danger, is justly accused of selfishness, if not of cruelty ; but he who is guilty of this neglect towards *his friends and his family*, is a rebel against nature, that merits the malediction of his parents, and the abhorrence of mankind.

PETER PORCUPINE.

*Philadelphia,*  
30th Nov. 1797.

## INTRODUCTION.

JUDGE M'Kean, the Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, in his charge to the Grand Jury (of which the reader will see enough by and by), observed, that "*the liberty of the press* was a phrase much " used, but little understood." This, in a *public servant*, as all the democratic officers call themselves, is making pretty free with the understanding of the sovereign people, and of a people too, whom the Congress have declared *free* and *enlightened*, and would have declared the "*freest* and most *enlightened in the world*," had it not been for their desire " to avoid all *cause of offence*" towards the *free* and *enlightened* French \*.

The Judge was certainly wrong. No people understand what the liberty of the press means better than the Americans do. No one knows so well how to estimate the value of a thing, as he who has long enjoyed, and then lost it. Had the Judge called the liberty of the press a thing much talked about, much boasted of, and *very little enjoyed*, I would most readily have subscribed to his assertion; for of all the countries under the sun, where *unlicensed* presses are tolerated, I am bold to declare, and the contents of this pamphlet will establish the truth of my declaration, that none ever enjoyed less

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\* See *Censor* for December, 1796, for a full account of this humiliating business.



*real* liberty of the press than America has for some years past.

I do not say that this liberty has been abridged by any positive law ; on the contrary, I know well, that several of the state constitutions hold out a something (not very intelligible to be sure) that would seem to extend the liberty of printing beyond the limits prescribed by the English law. Nor do I pretend, that this dangerous abridgment of American freedom is to be attributed to the change which the revolution has produced in the name and nature of the government. I will not, for a moment, be said to insinuate, that the press is become not free, merely because the government is become *republican*. No ; I think, the people, when they adopted this form of government, expected, as they certainly *were led to expect*, an extension of this, and every other important branch of their liberties. What I contend for is, that, some how or other, this liberty has been abridged ; the exercise of it, either by popular prejudice, by the influence of party, the fear of mobbish violence, or of governmental tyranny, has been, and yet is, most shamefully and disgracefully *restrained*.

To enter into the causes which have produced this fatal effect, would be to revive the remembrance of what I wish may ever remain buried in oblivion. I will therefore content myself with *proving the fact* ; and to do this to the satisfaction of every candid mind, I need go no farther back than my own times.

When I first came to Philadelphia, I was charmed with the literary liberty which its inhabitants seemed to enjoy. I saw pamphlets in every window, and newspapers in every hand. I was, indeed, rather surprised to find, that those pamphlets, and these newspapers, were, something like *a certain Judge* that I had heard of, *all on one side* : but, said

I to myself, this must be the fault of the authors and editors; and it leaves the more room for such as have a mind to write on the other side. With this agreeable but delusive notion in my brain, I sat down contented under the calamity of reading daily, in common with my poor fellow-citizens, about eighteen or twenty long columns of the vilest and most insipid trash that ever was stamped upon paper.

Long did I hope and expect to see something like a manly and effectual opposition to this flood of falsehood and partiality; but I hoped and expected in vain. At last, it was *my* fate to enter the field. I had long felt a becoming indignation at the atrocious slander that was continually vomited forth against Great Britain; and the malignancy of Priestley and his addressers at New-York brought it into action.

The OBSERVATIONS on the emigration of this restless and ambitious demagogue contain, as I have elsewhere remarked, “not one untruth, one anarchical, indecent, immoral, or irreligious expression;” yet, when I came to offer it for the press, the bookseller was afraid it was not *popular enough*. He was far, as he said, from disapproving of the work; but it was *too much in favour of Great Britain*, and on this account he thought it would endanger his *windows*, if not his *person*.

This man's fears seemed to me perfectly absurd. The pamphlet said not a word in praise of Great Britain, generally. Indeed, policy had led me to speak rather harshly of that nation in one passage or two; and so evident was this, that the *British critics*, though they pay the author compliments far beyond his merit, cannot forbear to lament, they say, that so enlightened a mind should still harbour *a rancour so implacable*. These people, though certainly not less penetrating than Goosy Tom in the common

common affairs of literature, would have laughed at the idea of broken windows and basted carcasses.

However, notwithstanding the ridicule, which this remark of the BRITISH CRITICS is calculated to throw on the apprehensions of my bookseller, now the *worthy partner* of LLOYD, subsequent events have proved, that those apprehensions were not entirely groundless: for, although he did publish several succeeding pamphlets from the same pen, without incurring a penalty of any kind, yet no sooner was the *real author* known, than he began to see, and to feel too, that BRADFORD understood the *American liberty of the press* far better than he did.

During the publication of the rest of the pamphlets that issued from BRADFORD's, I had often to contend with his scruples and his fears. In particular, I remember, that my calling the French Minister ADET no *Christian*, was very hard to be surmounted. The French had openly and most blasphemously *abolished the Christian religion*; and the Convention, who had sent out this ambassador, had even formally *denied the existence of a God*; yet so high were this bookseller's notions of the *liberty of the press*, that he was afraid to publish a sentence in which the French Minister was said *not to be a Christian*! If as much had been said of the English Minister, though false, he would, I am pretty confident, have had no scruples at all.

It was no sooner discovered that I was PETER PORCUPINE, and that I had taken the excellent house and shop that I now occupy, in order to carry on the bookselling and printing business, than the French faction began to muster their forces, and put themselves in battle array. Several infamous publications appeared in BACHE's paper, declaring me to be a *deserter*, a *felon*, a *thief*, who had fled from the *gallows*, &c. &c.

Strong in my innocence, I steadily pursued my course, and, thank God, my steadiness was attended with success. Stung by the contempt with which I treated these abominable attempts on my character, another mode of injuring me was fallen upon. A *threatening letter* was conveyed under the door of my landlord, the base object of which, the letter itself will best explain. It is a performance that should ever find a place in a work that treats of the "*unrestrained liberty of the press*."—Here it is.

*To Mr. John Oldden, Merchant, Chestnut-street.*

"SIR,

"A certain William Cobbet, alias Peter Porcupine, I am informed is your tenant. This daring scoundrel, not satisfied with having repeatedly traduced the people of this country, vilified the most eminent and patriotic characters among us, and grossly abused our allies the French, in his detestable productions, has now the astonishing effrontery to expose those very publications at his window for sale, as well as certain prints indicative of the prowess of our enemies the British, and the disgrace of the French. Calculating largely upon the moderation, or rather pusillanimity, of our citizens, this puppy supposes he may even insult us with impunity: but he will ere long find himself dreadfully mistaken. Though his miserable publications have not been hitherto considered worthy of notice, the late manifestations of his impudence and enmity to this country will not be passed over. With a view, therefore, of preventing your feeling the blow designed for him, I now address you. When the time of retribution arrives, it may not be convenient to discriminate between the innocent and the guilty. Your property, therefore, may suffer. For, depend upon it, brick walls will not screen the rascal from punishment.

“ nishment *when once the business is undertaken.* As  
 “ a friend, therefore, I advise you to save your pro-  
 “ perty, by either compelling Mr. Porcupine to  
 “ *leave your house;* or at all events oblige him *to cease*  
 “ *exposing his abominable productions,* or any of his  
 “ courtly prints, at his window for sale. In this way  
 “ only you may avoid danger to your house, and,  
 “ perhaps save the rotten carcass of your tenant for  
 “ the present.

“ *July 16, 1796.* A HINT.”

It will be remembered, that I instantly published this letter, accompanied with comments, in which I set the authors (for there were many) at defiance; but I did not mention then a circumstance that it is proper I should mention now. There was on the morning in which I received the letter, one of the *Judges* in my shop\*. I showed it him, and apprized him of my intention of publishing it in the manner I afterwards did; but he advised me against it, for *fear of the consequences.* This proves his opinion with respect to the *protection* the liberty of the press would receive in Philadelphia.

No violence, however, did succeed. But the election for Members of Congress was approaching; and as the *free men* would then be assembled, it was feared by my friends, indeed it was generally understood, and publicly talked of, that on the election night *my house was to be gutted.* And lest the *sons of liberty* should be uninformed of the business, and consequently unprepared for it, the same wretch BACHE (the grandson and pupil of old Franklin) reminded them of it by an inflammatory publication, signed AN AMERICAN, which, after a series of the

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\* JUDGE RUSH, a very excellent man, and to whom I can pay no higher compliment, than to say, that he is the exact opposite of *his brother,* the sneaking, trimming *Doctor.*

most atrocious falsehoods, concludes thus:—"While  
 " I am a friend to the *unlimited* freedom of the press,  
 " when exercised by an *American*, I am an implacable  
 " foe to its prostitution to a *foreigner*, and would  
 " at any time assist in hunting out of society any  
 " meddling foreigner, who should dare to interfere  
 " in our politics. I hope the *apathy* of our brethren  
 " of Philadelphia will no longer be indulged, and  
 " that an *exemplary vengeance* will soon burst upon  
 " the head of such a presumptuous fellow. *Justice*,  
 " *honour*, *national gratitude*, all call for it.—May it  
 " *no longer be delayed*.

"AN AMERICAN."

The American who can read this without blushing is an object of contempt, of scorn; a neutralized animal, that has no idea of national honour, and that would sell his country, were it in his power, for a single louis d'or. Yet such there are, and in abundance too.

A publication like this, the direct and avowed object of which was, to instigate the *free* men to devaluation and *murder*, should, one would think, have been noticed by the magistrates, particularly under the eye of a *Chief Justice*, whom we shall by and by see so zealous and so watchful. But, no: it attracted the attention of no one, or at least no one took any measures to prevent the intended assault. My house and my family might have been burnt to ashes: we might all have been dragged into the street and murdered; and I sincerely believe not so much as a constable would have held up his staff to arrest the assassins. We were, however, prepared for their reception. We should not have fallen unrevenged. Some of their souls would have taken their departure from my door-way on their journey to hell.

It is here that I ought to, and that I do with pleasure,  
 acknowledge

acknowledge the generosity of several gentlemen of this city (many of whom I never saw), who I was afterwards assured had formed the resolution to summon the magistrates, and to come to my aid in person. One gentleman in particular, whom I did not then know even by name, went in disguise among the groups of *free men*, to endeavour to find out their intention. I wish I *durst* name him now; but my *gratitude* to him forbids me to do it. When *liberty* comes to this pitch, I think it ought to assume some other name.

But what was the most shameful, and what is most directly to the point before us, was, this audacious, this cut-throat attack on the liberty of the press, was suffered to pass unnoticed, not only by all the other presses in this city, but by all the presses on the continent. There are, perhaps, two or three hundred newspapers published in the United States, and not one of them has ever whispered a word in condemnation of it from that day to this.

If, however, it was proper to destroy me; if "*justice, honour, and national gratitude,*" demanded my blood for exercising the liberty of the press, that same "*justice, honour, and national gratitude,*" did, it seems, require my enemies to exercise that liberty in *perfect safety*. No less than seven pamphlets were, in this city, published against me in the space of ten days. It is a pity they cannot now be found above ground. Had they *lived*, they would have been a lasting honour to the country that gave them birth, and particularly to the *equal laws and impartial judiciary* that tolerated them. They were, all together, a composition of brutality, slander, and villany of every sort and description, that would have disgraced hell itself. The anonymous scoundrels who wrote them vied with each other in baseness and atrocity; and one of them, who seemed resolved to have the pre-eminence in infamy, and for whose

crime the law affords no adequate punishment, insinuated *that my wife was a whore!* And all this, only because I had written with success against a nefarious French faction.—This is *American liberty of the press.*

Were I to set about recounting all the instances of persecution I have experienced, all the menaces I have received, all the vexations through the channel of the post-office, &c. &c. I could fill fifty volumes like this. The written threats which I have now by me, to assassinate or poison me, or fire my house, amount to some hundreds. Nor is this species of baseness confined to this city, or this state. There is hardly a post-mark of an American town, which I cannot, and which *I will not*, show stamped on some infamous production, intended, in some way or other, to restrain the liberty of my press.

I shall wind up this series of injuries, of base machinations and brutal outrage, that have been attempted against me, with an anecdote which cannot fail to give the reader a high opinion of the decency, candour, and justice to be met with in Pennsylvania. A great beef-headed, purblind creature, that calls itself a young lawyer, and whose pleading bears an infinite resemblance to the bleating of an overgrown calf, observed to the Chief Judge, just before the Court sat, that it was quite wrong to honour me with a legal punishment; and that, if I had censured him, as I had done some other of the *patriots*, he would have clapped a pistol to my *breast*, and blown my *brains* out! There now, leaving the *bull* aside, is a noble sentiment for you! What sort of justice has a man to expect, where such language can, *in such company*, be held with impunity? However, I will never fly to the law to shelter me from the vengeance of this bellowing animal, who, instead of standing erect before the bench, ought to be placed on all fours before a rack and manger. I will



will never fly to law, or to any thing else, to shelter me from the soft horns of this half-grown, blinking, bloated cornuto\*.

I should now enter into a recital of the persecutions, of various sorts, which other printers, not devoted to the French, have experienced; but this would lead me too far. I cannot, however, omit noticing one remarkable instance of *republican liberality and justice*.

“ *Richmond, Virginia, April 4, 1794.*

“ About two weeks ago, a piece was published in  
 “ the Virginia Gazette, requesting all true republi-  
 “ cans to wear the national cockade, in honour of  
 “ France, which it seems was not well received by  
 “ the aristocrats. The next day another piece came  
 “ out, in another of your papers, signed, *A Foe to*  
 “ *Distinctions*, ridiculing the measure, comparing  
 “ those citizens who adopted it to fools and mad-  
 “ men; which so irritated the *republican party*, that  
 “ some of them waited on the printer, and de-  
 “ manded the author. He told them he did not  
 “ know who he was, and would go before a magis-  
 “ trate and *take his oath of it*. I assure you he was  
 “ greatly alarmed on the occasion, and I think has  
 “ lost much of his interest by it. They were not  
 “ satisfied at this; but, in the evening, erected a  
 “ gallows, fixed it on a waggon carriage, hung the

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\* Since the above was written, I have been informed, that the scene of this convention was over a bottle at Newtown, in Bucks county. The Judge said that all would go on well enough in Pennsylvania, if that *damned rascal* PETER PORCUPINE could be got rid of; upon which young Sergeant, the lawyer, replied, that he would not mind shooting me. “ Well said, BILLY!” exclaimed *his Honour*; “and I would stretch the law as far as it would go to acquit you.” If LORD KENYON were to make use of such declarations, what would the people of England say? But they are *slaves*; they know nothing of our *republican liberty*, and I pray God they never may!

“ poor fellow up in effigy, and paraded through the  
 “ streets beating the *rogue's* march. At last they  
 “ stopped before the post-office door, and burnt him  
 “ with repeated shouts and huzzas. I am confi-  
 “ dent, if they could have found the author, he  
 “ would have suffered the *same fate* as the effigy ;  
 “ at least they would have complimented him with  
 “ a suit of *American* manufacture, extracted from  
 “ the *lofty pine*, and the filling taken from a *goose*.  
 “ You see what the Virginians *dare* do—what they  
 “ do to enemies of *liberty*—and I sincerely hope all  
 “ who are inimical to the cause of America, or  
 “ *France*, may meet a similar reward.”

This extract is taken from BACHE's paper, No. 1044 ; and the circumstances of the base transaction that it recounts were pretty exactly as it describes them. The printer was exhibited as a *rogue* that merited to be *hung* and *burnt* ; and his author, if found, would actually have suffered this ignominious fate : and all this for writing and publishing—what ? A sensible essay, advising the people not to make themselves appear like fools and madmen, by adopting the fantastical fopperies, or rather by ranging themselves under the colours of a *foreign nation* ! Will any one pretend to say, that, in a country where such unjust, tyrannical, and inhuman proceedings could take place, and pass unpunished and unnoticed by the civil power ; will any one have the effrontery to say, that in such a country there is any thing worthy of being called *the liberty of the press* ? But, no more. It is mere mockery to talk of it\*.

Now,

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\* In this republication I shall add one more instance, taken from the *Lynchburgh Virginia Museum*, of Feb. 19, 1798. “ The  
 “ russian hand of disordered ignorance has been, but yesterday,  
 “ threatened to be uplifted against age, honesty, *private opinion*,  
 “ order,

Now, in answer to all this, some precious villain, deep learned in the jargon of the *Rights of Man*; or some temporizing driveller from the canting school of *modern republicanism*; some infamous BACHE or trimming NOAH WEBSTER, will tell me that nothing which I have here advanced, tends to prove the press to be in thralldom. They will say, that so long as it remains unshackled by *the law*, so long as *the law* does not invade its liberty, it is *free*. No, it is not so. The law is made to *protect* the weak and the injured, as well as to punish the guilty. The law which declares that a man shall have such or such a right, guarantees to him the *enjoyment* of that right: therefore, the law which says, that "*the printing-presses shall be free*," pledges the faith and honour of the nation to *protect them in the exercise of their freedom*; and to fail in yielding them this protection, is as much a breach of the national faith as the actual invasion of this freedom by the law: for where is the difference to the printer, whether the law itself restrain his press, or suffer it to be restrained? I think I hate *a tyrant* (and I think *I have reason*) as much as most men do; but I would much rather a tyrant should order my rights to be suppressed, than have them rifled from me by his tools, a brutal and ferocious mob.

For want of this so necessary protection it is, that the infernal French faction have, aided by certain men in power in most of the state governments, gotten the *real* liberty of the press into their possession, to the almost general exclusion of their opponents. For want of this protection it is, that the

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" order, and law! Will it be believed that the father of the Lynch-  
 " burgh printer has been publicly menaced with the *guillotine*, at  
 " the *last Campbell court*, because of opinions contained in his  
 " son's paper! Such a *daring outrage* against the *freedom of opi-*  
 " *nion* and the *press*, stands unrivalled even under the most tyran-  
 " nical despotism."

friend

friends of Federal Government have been abashed, humbled, silenced, and in many instances induced to *change sides*: and it is for the want of this protection, that we at this moment see such numbers of infipid, tame, and trimming papers, which, under the cowardly guise of *impartiality*, are a disgrace to literature, a dishonour to the country, a clog to the government, and a curse to the people.

I have now, I think, and in pretty plain language too, proved, that, some way or other, the liberty of the American press has been most scandalously attacked and restrained, notwithstanding the *law* declares *it shall be perfectly free*. What the law itself, and those who administer that law, are capable of performing in this way, under the *free*, and *equal*, and *lenient*, and *humane* government of poor Pennsylvania, it is the object of the following pamphlet to expose to a deceived and infatuated world; but more particularly to the duped inhabitants of *Great Britain and Ireland*.

# A M E R I C A N LIBERTY OF THE PRESS,

&c. &c.

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WHEN I undertook to publish a daily paper, it was with the intention of annihilating, if possible, the intriguing, wicked, and indefatigable faction which the French had formed in this country. I was fully aware of the arduousness of the task, and of the inconvenience and danger to which it would expose both me and mine. I was prepared to meet the rancorous vengeance of enemies in the hour of their triumph, and the coolness of friends in the hour of my peril; in short, to acquire riches seemed to me quite uncertain; and to be stripped of every farthing of my property seemed extremely probable; but, let what would happen, I was resolved to pursue the object which I had in contemplation, so long as there remained the most distant probability of success.

Among the dangers which presented themselves to me, those to be apprehended from the severity of the law appeared the most formidable; more especially as I happened to be situated in the State of Pennsylvania, where the government, generally speaking, was in the hands of those, who had (and sometimes with great indecency) manifested an uniform partiality for the sans-culotte French, and an uniform opposition to the Ministers and measures of the Federal Government. These persons I knew I had offended by the promulgation of disagreeable truths; and therefore it was natural that I should seek for some standard as a safe rule for my conduct with respect to the liberty of my press.

To set about the study of the law of *libels*, to wade through fifty volumes of mysterious tautology, was what I had neither time nor patience to do. The English press was said to be *enslaved*; but, when I came to consult the practice of this enslaved press, I found it still to be far *too free* for me to attempt to follow its example. Finally, it appeared to me to be the safest way to form to myself some rule founded on the liberty exercised by the *American press*. I concluded that I might without danger go as great lengths in attacking the enemies of the country, as others went in attacking its friends: that as much zeal might be shown in defending the general government and administration, as in accusing and traducing them; and that as great warmth would be admissible in the cause of virtue, order, and religion, as had long been tolerated in the wicked cause of villany, insurrection, and blasphemy. Whatever rancour might be harboured against me in the breasts of particular persons, I depended on *shame* to restrain the arm of power from partiality; I thought no officer or officers of state would, in this country, dare to act towards an honest man with a rigour which had never been experienced by the vilest of miscreants. Alas! "all this I thought, and all I "thought was wrong;" as the following sheets will most clearly evince.

Before I enter on the account of the groundless prosecution which this arbitrary State Government has compelled me to sustain, it is necessary to notice some steps that were taken by my enemies previously thereto.

Some time in the month of August last, the Spanish Minister, Don Carlos Martinez de Yrujo, applied to the Federal Government to prosecute me for certain matters published in my Gazette, against himself, and that poor, unfortunate, and humbled mortal,

mortal, Charles the Fourth, King of Spain. The Government consented, and I was accordingly bound over, before the Honourable Judge Peters, to appear in the Federal District Court, which will meet next April.

Of this preparatory step to a *fair and impartial* trial, the Don was informed. But, it would seem, the information was far from being satisfactory to him; for he delivered in a memorial to the Federal Government, requesting that the trial might come on before the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, of which Court *M<sup>c</sup>Kean is Chief Justice.*

This is the place to give some account of this *republican Judge.*

His grandfather was an Irishman, who *emigrated* by the consent of his Majesty and *twelve good and true men.* He himself was born in this State, in Chester county, and was for some years an *hostler.* He was successively a Constable, a Sheriff, a Justice of the Peace, and a Pettyfogger: in which last capacity the revolutionists found him a man fit for their purposes. After having seen MARAT a Legislator, and DANTON a Minister of Justice in France, no one will be surprised that M<sup>c</sup>KEAN should have become a Congress-man, and Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, during the American revolution. Of the character he exhibited in those times the reader may judge by the following extracts from "SMYTH'S TOUR in the United States." SMYTH was an old English officer settled in Virginia, very much attached to the royal cause. He was driven from his home, taken prisoner, and confined *as a spy,* merely because the Congress feared the effect of his zeal and his talents. The cruelties he endured at Philadelphia are almost beyond imagination; and this brings us to his character of M<sup>c</sup>KEAN. In a letter, dated Dec. 17th, 1778, addressed to the Congress, after having described

scribed the savage treatment he and his fellow-prisoners had received, and the horrid situation in which they were when their dungeon was inspected by a Committee of Congress, he says, "At the same time I must do three of your members the justice to say, that they behaved with politeness, and appeared much shocked at our treatment : but the injurious, cruel measures of the persecuting, violent incendiary M<sup>r</sup> Kean, overpowered moderation and humanity." Thus has he ever been. It was he who was guilty of the legal murder committed on the two Quakers, ROBERTS and CARLISLE : he has been a persecutor of this inoffensive sect from that day to this : he was the principal promoter of all the cruel laws and confiscations in Pennsylvania, and he *now lives in a confiscated house*. He was, in a word, the FOUQUIER TINVILLE of America. His private character is infamous. He beats his wife, and she beats him. He ordered a wig to be imported for him by Mr. KID, refused to pay for it, was sued before the Mayor's Court ; the dispute was referred to the Court of *Nisi Prius* ; where (merely for want of the *original invoice*, which KID had lost) the Judge came off victorious ! He is a notorious drunkard. The whole bar, one lawyer excepted, signed a memorial, stating, that so great a drunkard was he, that, *after dinner, person and property were not safe in Pennsylvania*. He has been horfewhipped in the City Tavern, and kicked in the street for his insolence to particular persons ; and yet this degraded wretch is *Chief Justice of the State* ! Why the Spanish Minister was anxious to get PORCUPINE tried before him is plain. It was well known that he harboured a mortal rancour against him for the just censure he had received at his hands ; and it is now known, that this very Spanish Minister, a most contemptible animal, is



to be married to his daughter! These were the reasons why the Federal Government were requested to suffer the cause to be tried before M'KEAN, and why a new prosecution was set on foot.

If this pamphlet should ever be read by the people of England, I beseech them to compare the character of this *republican Judge* with that of *their own Judges*.

To return from this digression. Thus foiled in the grand object, a new scrutiny was, without much regard to decency, set on foot; new pretended libels were hunted out; and an application to prosecute me was made to the Government of Pennsylvania. It is hardly necessary to say that consent was speedily obtained. A bill of indictment was prepared by the Attorney General of the State, and a warrant, of which the following is a copy, was issued to seize me:

Pennsylvania, ff.

(Seal.)

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of the county of Philadelphia, to the Constables of the city of Philadelphia, and to all other our ministers and officers within our said city and county, Greeting.

Forasmuch as the Chief Justice of our Supreme Court is given to understand by the information, testimony, and complaint of credible persons, that WILLIAM COBBETT, of the city of Philadelphia, printer, is the printer and publisher of certain infamous and wicked libels against his Catholic Majesty the King of Spain, the Chevalier Charles Martinez de Yrujo, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of his said Catholic Majesty to the United States of America, and of the Spanish nation, contained in public journals or newspapers, called PORCUPINE'S GAZETTE, numbers 114, 115, 121, 127, 156, 160, 163, and 180, in the said city of Philadelphia, tending to defame the said King, Envoy and Minister, and the subjects of the said King, to alienate their AFFECTIONS AND REGARD from the Government and citizens of the United States of America and of us, to excite them to hatred, hostilities, and war against the said United States:

Therefore we command you, and every of you, that some or one of you attach the said WILLIAM COBBETT, so that you have

have him as soon as he can be taken before our said Chief Justice, to answer us of the premises, and be further dealt withal according to law :—And have you there then this precept. Witness the *Honourable* \* Thomas M'Kean, Doctor of Laws, Chief Justice of our Supreme Court at Philadelphia, the eighteenth day of November, in the twenty-second year of the *independence* of the United States of America, and in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven.

THOMAS M'KEAN.

True Copy.

Jos. Thomas. }  
Nov. 18, 1797. }

If I did not well know that all instruments of this kind, coming from under the hand and seal of a *republican Judge*, are, by privilege immemorial, exempted from the lash of criticism, I should most certainly be tempted to try my hand on the warrant.—For instance : the Commonwealth is called us ; and this may be proper enough, as the Commonwealth, in the modern cant, means the *citizens thereof*. But, what shall we make of the passage where it is said, that I endeavoured to alienate the affections of the Spaniards from the citizens of the United States, *and of us* ; that is, from the citizens of the United States, *and from the citizens of us* ? and this last sentence means, *from the citizens of the citizens of the Commonwealth* ! In the name of mercy what is all this ? Is the form intended to convey a notion, that the citizens of Pennsylvania have *other citizens* under their control and government ; or that the citizens of the Commonwealth are *their own citizens*, and that *WE* govern *us* ?—A projector some few years ago received a *prize medal* from the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, for having invented an *American*

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\* *Republicans*, you see, can take *titles* as well as other people.

*language.*

language. I wonder if this warrant be a specimen of it.

But, let *us* return to more solid matter.

The trifling circumstances attending an arrest and giving bail, are scarcely worth relating: but, sometimes, trifling circumstances serve to convey a more correct idea of the character of the parties concerned in a transaction, and to guide the reader to a more just appreciation of their motives, than the longest and most laboured general account of their conduct.

The Sheriff (whose civility and candour I have every reason to applaud) came to my house for *the first time* at twelve o'clock; and he was ordered to have me before the Judge *at half past one*. Thank God I am not versed in arrests; but, I believe, this is the first time that a man prosecuted for a libel was pinned down to the short space of *an hour and a half* to prepare for going out and to procure himself bail. The English reader (for this pamphlet shall be read in England) will observe, that this Government of Pennsylvania is that which is everlastingly boasting of the *mildness* and *humanity* of its laws.

I was not so destitute of friends as, perhaps, the Judge expected I was. Bail was procured, and we were before him at the appointed time.

He asked us to sit down. I seated myself on one side of the fire, and he on the other. After he had talked on for some time to very little purpose (at least, as to the effect his talk produced on me), he showed me certain newspapers, and asked me if *I had printed and published them*. To this I replied, *that the law did not require me to answer any questions in that stage of the business; and that, therefore, I should not do it*. At this reply, though a very prudent and a very proper one, "he waxed exceeding wroth." He instantly ordered me to get off my chair, and

stand up before him, though he himself had invited me to sit down. This species of resentment, so becoming in a *Judge*, excited in my mind no other sentiment than that which I dare say it has already excited in the mind of the reader.

The next document, which follows in due course, is THE BILL OF INDICTMENT; the IGNORAMUS Bill of Indictment.—Go over it with attention, I beseech thee, reader; or else, take my word for it, you will be just as wise when you have done as you are now. You must have your eyes well about you; keep a sharp look-out for parentheses and quotations; and above all, you must *hold your breath to the bottom of a paragraph*; if you can't do this, you will no more understand it than you would the croaking of a frog, or the cackling of a goose.—Therefore, again I say, attention!

OYER AND TERMINER; November Sessions, 1797. Philadelphia County, ff.

The Grand Inquest of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, upon their oaths and affirmations respectively, DO PRESENT, That WILLIAM COBBETT, late of the city of Philadelphia, in the county of Philadelphia, Yeoman, being a person of a wicked and turbulent disposition, and maliciously designing and intending to vilify and defame the person, character, and government of his Catholic Majesty, Charles the Fourth, King of Spain, and to disturb and destroy the peace and amity and concord *now happily subsisting* between the same and the United States of America; and also to vilify and defame the person and character of Don Carlos Martinez de Yrujo, the Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary from his Catholic Majesty, the said King of Spain, to the United States, on the seventeenth day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven, at the city of Philadelphia, in the county aforesaid, wickedly and maliciously did print and publish, and cause to be printed and published, a certain *scandalous, false, and malicious* libel, of and concerning his Catholic Majesty the said King of Spain, and of and concerning the said Don Carlos Martinez de Yrujo, the said Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary from his said Majesty to the United States, in a certain newspaper called PORCUPINE'S GAZETTE, which said newspaper was then and there printed and published by the said WIL-

LIAM

LIAM COBBETT, and in the form of observations signed by *An Old Soldier*, and directed and addressed for PORCUPINE'S GAZETTE; in which said libel are contained, among other things and expressions, divers of false, feigned, scandalous, and malicious matters, according to the tenour following, to wit:—"Ever since Spain has been governed by Princes of the Bourbon family, the Spanish name has been disgraced in peace and in war; every important measure has been directed by the crooked politics of France.—This connexion, like the obscene harpies of old, contaminates whatever it touches. But never has this been so conspicuous as in the present reign, and more especially at the present period. The degenerate Prince that now sways the Spanish sceptre" [thereby meaning his Catholic Majesty, the said King of Spain], "whom the French" [the French Republic meaning] "have kept on the throne merely as a trophy of their power, or as the butt of their insolence, seems destitute not only of the dignity of a King, but of the common virtues of a man: not content with allying himself to the murderers of a benevolent Prince, who was the flower of his family, he" [his Catholic Majesty, the said King of Spain, meaning] "has become the supple tool of all their" [the said French Republic meaning] "most nefarious politics. As the Sovereign" [his Catholic Majesty, the said King of Spain, meaning] "is at home, so is the Minister abroad" [meaning the said Don Carlos Martinez de Yrujo, the said Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary from his said Catholic Majesty, the said King of Spain, to the United States]. "The one" [meaning his Catholic Majesty, the said King of Spain] "is governed like a dependant, by the nod of the five despots at Paris; and the other" [meaning the said Don Carlos Martinez de Yrujo, the said Minister Plenipotentiary from his said Catholic Majesty] "by the directions of the French agents in America. Because those infidel tyrants" [the French Republic and their agents meaning] "had thought proper to rob and insult this country and its Government, and we have thought proper, I am sorry to add, to submit to it, the obsequious imitative Don" [the said Don Carlos Martinez de Yrujo meaning] "must attempt the same, in order to participate in the guilt, and lessen the infamy of his masters" [the French Republic and their agents meaning].

AND ALSO, the said WILLIAM COBBETT did then and there, in the same newspaper, and connected with the libel aforesaid, print and publish the false, feigned, scandalous, and malicious words and matters, according to the tenour following, to wit:

"In the present state of things, the independence of the United States is little more than a shadow; it" [the independence of the United States meaning] "is really not worth what it cost to acquire and support it; and unless a stop can be put to the progress of faction and foreign interference" [the interference of the said Don Charles Martinez de Yrujo, and the Government of his said Catholic Majesty, meaning], "instead of a blessing, it" [the independence

of the United States meaning] "*will ere long be a burden, which even the vassals of Prussia would not take off our hands as a gift.*"

AND the Grand Inquest aforesaid, upon their oaths and affirmations aforesaid, do FURTHER PRESENT, That the said WILLIAM COBBETT, being as aforesaid, and designing and intending as aforesaid, ON the twenty-fourth day of July, in the year aforesaid, at the city and county aforesaid, wickedly and maliciously did print and publish, and cause to be printed and published, a certain other false, scandalous, and malicious libel, of and concerning the said Don Carlos Martinez de Yrujo, the said Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary from the said King of Spain to the said United States, in the form of a communication; in which said last-mentioned libel are contained the false, scandalous, and malicious matters and things, according to the tenour following, to wit: "*After such examples, how can it be wondered at, that an advertisement should appear in our public prints, giving notice of a swindling assignment of his estate by a Member of Congress in the vicinity of the capital, for the purpose of defrauding his creditors, or that our people should join the French marauders, and pillage the property and threaten the lives of their defenceless countrymen, under the flag of those pirates, or that we*" [the people of the United States meaning] "*are so abused and humbled as to submit with patience to the public insults of a frivolous Spaniard, half Don and half Sans-culotte?*" [meaning thereby the said Don Carlos Martinez de Yrujo, Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary, as aforesaid.]

AND the Grand Inquest aforesaid, upon their oaths and affirmations aforesaid, further do present, That the said WILLIAM COBBETT, being as aforesaid, and designing and intending as aforesaid, ON the thirty-first day of July, in the year aforesaid, at the city and within the county aforesaid, wickedly and maliciously did print and publish, and cause to be printed and published, a certain other false, scandalous, and malicious libel, of and concerning the said King of Spain, and of and concerning the said Don Martinez de Yrujo, the said Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary of the said King of Spain to the said United States; in which said last-mentioned libel, among other things, divers false, scandalous, and malicious matters are contained, according to the tenour following, to wit: "*What will his magnanimous Majesty say, when, by the result of Don Yarico's*" [the said Don Carlos Martinez de Yrujo meaning] "*conspiracy with Blount*" [meaning a conspiracy, or crime, for which WILLIAM BLOUNT, heretofore a Senator of the United States, was impeached by the House of Representatives of the United States, and expelled from the Senate thereof], "*and his appeal to the people, and this political puppet*" [the said Don Carlos Martinez de Yrujo meaning] "*shall have brought on a war with America: when the standard of liberty shall be unfurled on the Isthmus of Darien, then his Majesty*" [his said Catholic Majesty, the King of Spain, meaning] "*may perhaps find the*"  
"freeborn

*“freeborn sons of America are not that dastardly race of cowards, which the submission to the insults of his”* [the said King of Spain meaning] *“treacherous and piratical ally”* [the Republic of France meaning] *“had taught him to believe them;”*—to the great scandal and infamy of his Catholic Majesty the King of Spain, of his Government, and the said Don Carlos Martinez de Yrujo, Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary from his said Catholic Majesty the said King of Spain, to the evil and pernicious example of all others in the like case offending against the act of Assembly in such case made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

JARED INGERSOLL,  
*Atty. Gen.*

WITNESSES.

* Hon. THOMAS M'KEAN, Esq.	sw. exd.
Dr. CHARLES CALDWELL,	sw. exd.
Dr. JOHN R. COXE,	sw. exd.
WILLIAM BRADFORD,	sw. exd.
WILLIAM MITCHELL,	sw. exd.
ISAIAH THOMSON,	sw. exd.
PATRICK DELANY,	sw. exd.
EZRA SERJEANT, <i>at present in Virginia, therefore</i>	<i>cannot be examined.</i>
STACEY BUDD,	affirmed, exd.
ARCHIBALD BARTRAM,	affirmed, exd.

IGNORAMUS.

WILLIAM COATS, *Foreman.*

I EDWARD BURD, Prothonotary of the Supreme Court of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and Clerk of the Courts of Oyer and Terminer and general Gaol Delivery, holden before the Justices of the Supreme Court for the said Commonwealth, hereby certify, that the foregoing sheets contain a true copy of a Bill presented to the Grand Jury, at a Court of Oyer and Terminer and general Gaol Delivery, holden before the said Justices, on the twenty-seventh day of November last, for the county of Philadel-

\* Thus the Judge himself was one of the witnesses against me. The three persons whose names follow his, were known to be my mortal enemies; and for the rest, they dipped into the bosom of my own family!—Was this ever done in England?—No, no, no; never, never!

phia, and that the said Bill was returned *IGNORAMUS* by the said Grand Jury.

(Seal.)

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and affixed the seal of the Supreme Court at Philadelphia, the seventh day of December, in the year of our Lord MDCCXCVII.

EDW. BURD, *Cl. Court.*

*The following is a LIST of the GRAND JURY.*

*For the Bill.*

WILLIAM COATS,  
THOMAS FORREST,  
PETER BROWN,  
WILLIAM ROBINSON,  
NATHAN BOYS,  
ISAAC FRANKS,  
ISAAC WORRELL,  
GEORGE LOGAN,  
WILLIAM PENROSE,

*Against it.*

FRANCIS GURNEY,  
ROBERT WHARTON,  
PETER MIERCKEN,  
JOHN WHITEHEAD,  
DANIEL KING,  
SAMUEL WHEELER,  
JOHN C. STOCKER,  
JOHN HOLMES,  
JACOB SERVOS,  
ROBERT MORRIS.

This Bill of Indictment, however insignificant it may be in itself, has already made considerable noise in the world, and it will yet make a great deal more. Papers of this sort generally travel from the Court to the Clerk's office, and there they lodge in eternal sleep. But this Bill is certainly destined to another fate. Neptune will lend his waves, and Æolus his winds, to conduct it over the deep. It will see climes that the inventors of it never saw, nor ever will see. Little did they imagine, that they were becoming *authors*, and authors of such celebrity too, as, if it please God, I will render them.

The identical copy of this precious document of liberty, which I received from the Clerk's office,  
stamped



flamped with the arms of poor Pennsylvania, I shall send to London by the next packet, addressed to MR. REEVES'S Loyal Society of the Crown and Anchor. When they are infested with the *reformists*, or any other noisy gang of *liberty men*, they will have nothing to do but show them this Bill, and say, "Here, you discontented dogs, is this what you are barking after? If it be, go to that *free* country, "America." I am much mistaken if the bare sight of it would not make more converts to their cause than all the means that their talents and their laudable zeal have hitherto invented or employed. It is a sample of the liberty which the disaffected in Britain are fighting after; and they would exclaim with the old miller in the fable, "If such is the *sample*, what must be the *sack*!"

The charges contained in the Bill of Indictment lie buried in such a multitude of words which mean nothing, or at least nothing to the purpose, that they are very difficult to be understood. Some one says of a man extremely verbose in his conversation, that "his wit is like three grains of wheat in a bushel of chaff;" and exactly the same may with truth be said of the meaning of this Bill. The *three libels*, as they are called, may all be contained in a quarter of a page, whereas the Bill is swelled out to three or four pages. Let us, then, sift out the *three grains of wheat*, leaving the chaff behind.

The best way of doing this, and of enabling the reader to form a correct judgment both as to their import and their tendency, will be to lay before him the three publications (in which they are to be found) entire and undistorted, marking the pretended libellous parts in *italics*.

I. *From the Porcupine of 17th July, 1797.*

## FOR PORCUPINE'S GAZETTE\*.

Ever since Spain has been governed by Princes of the Bourbon family, the Spanish name has been disgraced, in peace and in war: every important measure has been directed by the crooked politics of France. This connexion, like the obscene harpies of old, contaminates whatever it touches. But never has this been so conspicuous as in the present reign, and more especially at the present period. The degenerate Prince that now sways the Spanish sceptre, whom the French have kept on the throne, merely as a trophy of their power, or as the butt of their insolence, seems destitute not only of the dignity of a King, but of the common virtues of a man: not content with allying himself to the murderers of a benevolent Prince, who was the flower of his family, he has become the supple tool of all their most nefarious politics. As the Sovereign is at home, so is the Minister abroad: the one is governed, like a dependant, by the nod of the five despots at Paris, and the other by the direction of the French agents in America. Because those infidel tyrants had thought proper to rob and insult this country and its Government, and we have thought proper, I am sorry to add, to submit to it, the obsequious imitative Don must attempt the same, in order to participate in the guilt, and lessen the infamy of his masters.—Surely, if a revolution is ever to be recommended, it is when a Prince thus entails ruin and disgrace on himself and his people, as Charles the Fourth has done by this alliance with the regicide Directory of France. Besides what she paid to purchase a dishonourable peace, Spain has already lost large sums in specie, a considerable part of her navy, and a very valuable island; and if she persist in her present stupid system of obedience, without claiming the second sight of a Scotchman, I will pronounce her ruin inevitable. Nothing is wanted but a conjoint operation between Great Britain and the United States, to open a way to all the riches of Mexico; and however Spain may deceive herself, it is not all the crooked manœuvres of French and American Jacobins, who are as much her enemies as ours, that can long prevent it. Events are pointing, with the clearness of a sunbeam, to the absolute, irresistible necessity of such a coalition. The base subsidized agents of France cannot long check the just resentment, or resist the measures of a high-spirited and free people, who scorned to receive the law from freemen, and will never submit to receive it from slaves. The proud-spirited men of '76, that encountered dangers far more tremen-

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\* I would have the reader peruse these *libels* with attention. They contain solemn truths, that cannot be too well understood.

dous than any that now present themselves, will burst out with the greater violence, for being so long restrained, and, spreading from north to south, will beat down all opposition. The strength of this Government is great, in its various resources, as well as in the affection of all its citizens (a few base profligates excepted); and nothing but the want of an union of councils, and an excessive love of peace, has hitherto prevented our enemies from feeling it. We hold the fate of the French and Spanish West Indies in our hands; and without having recourse to the infernal practice of the French, the arming of slaves against their masters, we are able, with a small naval aid, to revolutionize all the kingdom of Mexico. But with this respectability of strength and character, it has been the unhappy fate of this Government to submit to violations and indignities, almost without example; and this has been owing as much to the tameness of its friends, as to the audacity of its enemies; for while these have been united and persevering, as all conspirators are, those have been torpid, and without any union or combination of efforts.—*In the present state of things, the independence of the United States is little more than a shadow; it is really not worth what it cost to acquire and support it: and unless a stop can be put to the progress of faction and foreign interference, instead of a blessing, it will ere long be a burden, which even the vassals of Prussia would not take off our hands as a gift.*—I remember what the Tories prophesied at the close of the revolution war: “The prospect,” said they, “that now looks so bright, will soon be darkened by clouds, heavier than any that have yet hung over you. Your Government will be torn by civil factions, and you will be tossed to and fro, like a tennis-ball, by the contending nations of Europe. France, which you now hug as an ally and equal, will corrupt your citizens, and foment divisions among them; by which your Government will be so weakened, that it will not dare to oppose her ambitious designs. She can never forget her being expelled from this country with disgrace, nor will she fail to improve the first opportunity to recover some part of it.”—This is almost fulfilled in the present unfortunate state of things; but the case is not without a remedy, if prompt decision and firmness are adopted, on the part of Government and its influential friends. To these the great body of the well-affected citizens look for an example. They feel the wounds of their country, they resent them, and, if properly led, would speedily avenge them. They fear neither the foreign enemy, nor the dastardly traitors among themselves, but would rejoice in an opportunity of sacrificing to both their much injured and insulted country.—In what consists the principal strength of France? It is in the poison of her principles among the mob, and corruption of her money among rebels and parricides. These have been the base diabolical arts, by which she has done as much as by her arms; and miserable has been the fate of all those countries, where they have not been fea-

sonably

sonably and vigorously opposed. If, after so many examples to teach us, we continue to fold our arms, and wrap ourselves up in an imagined security, our turn will come next; and we shall add one more to the gloomy catalogue of the tributaries of France.—Therefore, let the friends of their country and its Government associate at this critical juncture, to support the constituted authorities, and to oppose their enemies by spirited and united efforts. While traitors and foreign emissaries are daily insulting the chief magistrate by virulent and inflammatory publications; when the Ministers of France and Spain, forgetting common decency, obtrude their appeals on the people, in order to mislead the ignorant; it is the duty of all those who condemn such criminal conduct to declare their resolution to oppose it.

AN OLD SOLDIER.

## II. *From the Porcupine of 24th July, 1797.*

*Communication.—American Morals.*—To every reflecting mind, a review of the events which have taken place among some great political actors in the United States within a few years past, must be attended with extreme grief, mortification, and apprehension—with grief, for the great depravity and corruption of morals which they manifest—with mortification, as they affect the honour and purity of the American character—and with serious apprehension of the consequences which may result from the influence of so many examples of an abandonment of integrity, not among the commonalty, for vice in the vulgar classes is to be met with every where, but in high and exalted stations, and in persons selected by their fellow-citizens to fill offices of great trust, distinction, and confidence.—When we behold a Secretary of State, in whom pride alone should have supplied the place of virtue, on account of the eminent and distinguished family from whom he was descended, and with whom he was related, basely forsaking his duty, meanly offering himself for a purchase, and bartering his country for the gold of an intriguing foreigner; when we see a great diplomatic character return from an embassy in which he betrayed the best interests of his country to the politics of an insidious nation, and humbling the American people by listening to a public abuse of them, caressed, feasted, and justified by the first officers in the Government; when a Member of the Senate of the United States is detected in debauching the fidelity of the public servants, and in plotting schemes of ambition and desperate enterprise, tending to commit the peace of his country; when it is now notorious that Representatives of the People in Congress were instrumental in fomenting and encouraging the late insurrection in the West, and that the principles of the chief magistrate of the State in which it unhappily appeared, were so much suspected of disaffection, and his attachment to the country so questionable, that it was found unsafe

unsafe to confide its suppression to his hands; when, in fact, this very man, his family, and his friends, were discovered in applying to their own purposes, without form, and without security, large sums of money placed under the guardianship of a public institution; when the president and cashier of an extensive bank in the capital, and a principal officer in another bank in a great southern sea-port, connected with a man not long since in an elevated situation, are found betraying their trusts, and embezzling the property they were paid to protect; *when a Judge of the Pleas is publicly detected in shop-lifting*; when an officer in a conspicuous station in the collection of the revenue is dismissed for delinquency; when a merchant, lately a member of the national legislature, the first some years past in a commercial character, has wantonly engaged in the wildest schemes of speculation and expense, and is in connexion with a man whose high reputation had called him to an elevated office of control and superintendence, involving in their own fall, more families in general and pungent distress, than a thousand bankruptcies had ever produced; when an Associate Judge of the Supreme Court is held in duress, for an immense debt, contracted in visionary plans of personal aggrandizement; when time has brought to light, that a profound philosopher and statesman, whose fame had filled Europe and America, meanly and traitorously consented, in the very moment of public enthusiasm, when these States had just achieved their independence, to place it in the hands of France, without condition, and without control; in fine, when we view the second magistrate in the United States, the presiding head of an independent branch of Government, erecting the standard of opposition, rallying round it a host of malcontents, and taking a position as the chief of a faction; when we see him openly vindicating the insults and aggressions of a foreign nation, purposely mistating the political situation and sentiments of the country in correspondence with a distant stranger, and courted by the plunderers and enemies of America: when all these shameful and degrading circumstances are reviewed, what are we to think of our republican morals? Well may we exclaim with the confessor Fauchet, "If this people are thus early decrepit, what may we expect in their old age!"—The history of the most corrupt nation, and the most despotic or degenerate monarchy in Europe, cannot produce a like number of instances of such scandalous, criminal, and traitorous conduct in their public functionaries, it may be safely affirmed, even in the lapse of a century. *After such examples, how can it be wondered at, that an advertisement should appear in our public prints, giving notice of a swindling assignment of his estate, by a Member of Congress in the vicinity of the capital, for the purpose of defrauding his creditors; or that our people should join the French marauders, and pillage the property, and threaten the lives of their defenceless countrymen, under the flag of these pirates; or that we are so abused and humbled as to submit with*

*patience*

*patience to the public insults of a frivolous Spaniard, half Don, and half Sans-culotte \* ?*  
A. B.

### III. *From the Porcupine of 31st July, 1797.*

#### *From the GAZETTE of the UNITED STATES.*

*Anecdote.—From the Bourdeaux “Journal des Journaux.”—*When the Court of Madrid found itself compelled by the most imperious necessity to make peace with the French Republic, it was necessary to make the King sensible of the impossibility of continuing the war, and to resign himself to the sacrifices imposed by the treaty of peace. “I thought,” said the astonished Monarch, “that we had always beaten the French.” *What will his magnanimous Majesty say, when by the result of Don Varico’s conspiracy with Blount, and his appeal to the people, this political puppet shall have brought on a war with America? When the standard of liberty shall be unfurled on the Isthmus of Darien, then his Majesty may perhaps find that the freeborn sons of America are not that dastardly race of*

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\* This paragraph was sent me by a merchant of this city; it contains some horrid charges—*A treacherous Ambassador, a Secretary of State offering his country for sale, a Senator doing the same thing, a Governor implicated in the affair, a Governor defrauding a bank, a Judge in duress for a swindling debt, a Judge caught thieving, &c.* One would have thought that these things should have attracted attention; and much more serious attention, than calling the Spanish Minister “half Don and half Sans-culotte.” But, no: these things could have been proved; and though truth is a libel, and I might, perhaps, have been punished, yet the trial could have been published, with all the damning facts along with it; and this would not have been quite so convenient. It would not have done great honour to republicanism. It would have furnished a dangerous handle to malicious royalists. People would really have begun to doubt of republican simplicity and purity; and therefore no notice was taken of these things. But this was shallow work. Could they imagine, that I would suffer them to be thus smothered? Did they think that there was not one drop of English blood remaining in my veins? If they did, they now see their error. I will never cease, till I have rendered their infamy as notorious in other countries, as it is in this.

I again repeat, that this *libel*, as it is called, was written by an American, and now (in 1800) I will add the name of that American: it was John Sitgreaves, brother of that Samuel Sitgreaves who was one of the famous Board of Commissioners for the settlement of British debts.

cowards,

*cowards, which their submission to the insults of his treacherous and piratical ally had taught him to believe them.* And when Don Manuel de Godoy, Prince de la Paz, shall come before the magnanimous Monarch, and, with his finger in his mouth, tell him that it has become necessary to preserve the valuable mines of Peru, the extensive territory of Amazonia, Paraguay, Chili, and in short all South America, by the surrender of all possessions on this side the Isthmus of Darien, it is much to be doubted if the Monarch, instead of tacitly admitting the argument of "imperious necessity," will not kick the sublime Prince of Peace from his presence, and, turning his attention to the origin of so great evils, will allot a berth to Don Yarico in that commodious habitation where his respectable predecessor is so well accommodated; all the good he has done to Spain by *his translation of Smith's Wealth of Nations*, to the contrary notwithstanding.

These, reader, are the three publications, for which, under the *free and equal* government of Pennsylvania, I have been harassed with a *criminal* prosecution; for which (besides the expense inseparable from all law concerns) I have been subjected to the infamy of an arrest, and have been dragged from my home, to the injury of my affairs, and the great alarm of my wife and family.

I would not insult the respectable gentlemen who composed the majority of the Grand Jury, or the good sense of the reader, by an attempt of mine to prove that nothing contained in these publications is of a libellous nature. If these are libels, there is no book, sacred or profane, which might not be construed into a libel. Every history contains libel upon libel against Kings, Queens, and Ministers. If these are libels, who is safe? In such a state of things a man may draw down *the punishment of a murderer* on himself while he is saying his prayers or singing psalms.

Of the three publications, the two first only *originated* in my Gazette: the other was taken from the *Gazette of the United States*, published by Mr. Fenno. Of this latter circumstance I shall speak  
more

more fully, when I come to the Chief Judge's charge.

The two publications, which made their first appearance through my means, I have not the honour to be the writer of. They were both written by gentlemen of this city; *native* Americans, men who were determined *Whigs* during the war for independence, republicans in principle, and firmly attached to the present Government.

In the first of these two publications, though there is certainly nothing libellous, I am ready to confess there is a great deal of *warmth*; and if the admission of an essay extraordinarily warm, abounding in strong expressions of resentment and indignation, were ever justifiable, it most assuredly was on such an occasion. The communication of the OLD SOLDIER was sent me at a moment when the city of Philadelphia, just quieted after the *appeal* of the French Minister Adet \*, rang with the daring, the degrading, the contemptuous insult, which the Spaniard Yrujo had offered to the Government of America, and to every individual living under it.

He had published a most audacious letter to Mr. Pickering, the Secretary of State, containing a summary of all that is insolent. This letter had been handed and hawked about the city; and had, by his Secretary, been sent to every public print for insertion. It was gone forth to the universe; and, that it tended to degrade and defame America, we need no other proof than the following paragraph from a London gazette of the 14th of September: "The Americans are, according to our last advices from New-York, paying dear for their *independence*. The French take all their vessels, block

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\* See Cenfor for November, 1796.



“ up their very rivers, punish their seamen like  
 “ malefactors, and actually make them pay for the  
 “ shot they fire at them ; while the Spanish Minis-  
 “ ter, with impunity, insults and braves their poor  
 “ enfeebled Government. He has written to Ti-  
 “ mothy Pickering, Esq. their first Secretary of  
 “ State (see our gazette of yesterday), in a language  
 “ that Buonaparte would not venture to assume to  
 “ his Cisalpine Convention, or Citizen Noel to the  
 “ fallen and degraded Dutch ; and, what very much  
 “ aggravates the insult, he has, without permission  
 “ from the President of the general Congress, com-  
 “ municated this letter to the people, as a sort of  
 “ manifesto, or appeal to them from their Govern-  
 “ ment. Nothing of this kind, we believe, ever  
 “ passed *unrepented*, except in a conquered or in-  
 “ vaded country ; and we cannot help lamenting  
 “ that so very little spirit should be found in any  
 “ people, but particularly in a people who boast  
 “ their origin from Britons.”

This paragraph, or at least something tantamount  
 to it, I have seen in three London papers, and in one  
 Dublin paper ; so that it may be fairly concluded,  
 its currency is by this time general, not only in the  
 British dominions, but all over Europe. And, I  
 pray, was no one to attempt to wipe away the stig-  
 ma ? Though the public papers had been made  
 subservient to the spreading of this deep shame and  
 disgrace abroad, was no printer to admit any thing  
 that served to mark the strong indignation it inspired  
 at home ? Was the press to be free for the Spaniard  
 alone ? Was he to be allowed to taunt, and threaten,  
 and despise ? And were the poor Americans to sew  
 up their lips, or only mutter their impotent anger in  
 secret ? If this be so ; if no man, by assuming a  
 bold, an indignant, and retaliating tone, was to  
 make an effort to rescue his country and himself from  
 dishonour, without being harassed with a prosecution,

without hazarding the punishment of a murderer, ours is a fallen state indeed ! If this be liberty and independence, or whatever else it may be called, God grant me the enjoyment of its opposite. If this be freedom, may I be a bondsman, yea, a very slave, to the end of my days.

“ If such be justice, such the laws,  
 “ In that blest clime where *Freedom* reigns,  
 “ I gladly join the *tyrant's* cause,  
 “ And seek for refuge in my *chains*.”

I shall now come to Judge M'Kean's charge to the Grand Jury ; and shall, without going out of Court, take upon me to decide on its merits.

It was a charming thing, this, for me to get hold of. I had long wished to possess some such proof, some such convincing proof, of the *superiority* of the American liberty of the press over that enjoyed in the “ *insular Bastile*,” Great Britain ; and it is to the desire that I have of giving it a portable and durable situation, and to that alone, that this pamphlet is to be attributed : for which kind intention I humbly hope his *Honour* will feel inclined to pardon my past misdoings. His pretty *words* will now be read with admiration, in countries where, I am sure, had it not been for me, his name would never have once been articulated.

When this charge, garnished with my simple and good-natured comments, comes to be served up in Britain, it will be a dish for a king. The royalists will lick their lips, and the republicans will cry, God bless us ! The emigration for *liberty's sake* will cease, and we shall have nothing but the pure unadulterated dregs of Newgate and the Fleet ; the candidates for Tyburn and Botany Bay. Blessed cargo ! All *patriots* to the back-bone ; true philanthropists and universal citizens ; fit for any place but England in this world, and Heaven in the next.

The famous charge which is to produce these excellent effects was delivered to the Grand Jury at the Court of Oyer and Terminer above mentioned in the Bill of Indictment. I shall not fill up my pages in copying the former part of it, which the reader will, I am persuaded, readily excuse, when he has read the latter. Like two uncouth boorish visitants, the presence of the one renders all apology unnecessary for the absence of the other.

The Judge began, as, I believe, is usual, with a definition of the several crimes, which generally fall under the cognizance of such a court: as treason, sodomy, rape, forgery, murder, &c. &c. But these his *Honour* touched slightly upon. He brushed them over as light and *trifling offences*; or rather he blew them aside as the chaff of the criminal code, in order to come at the more solid and substantial sin of LIBELLING.

The weight, or rather the measure, that his Honour gave to this crime above all others, on this particular occasion, I shall prove—not by ratiocination, but by arithmetic; by measurement with the aid of a carpenter's two foot rule; as thus:

The charge contains separate definitions of 32 crimes, the whole of which, in the columns of the Gazette, occupy 5 F. 8 Inches, running measure; of which that of LIBELLING alone occupies 3 F. 1 In. 6 P. On these dimensions I state the following:

#### PROBLEM.

If 32 crimes occupy 5 F. 8 In. and 1 crime occupies 3 F. 1 In. 6 P. of how much greater magnitude ought this 1 crime to be than any 1 of the remaining 31?

SOLUTION—18 *Times*.

Thus, then, if we are to judge from the dimensions of the Chief Justice of Pennsylvania's charge, *libelling* is eighteen times worse, more dangerous, and

more heinous than robbery, forgery, treason, sodomy, or murder!

The fact is, the charge seemed studied to excite a horror of no crime but that of libelling; the Court seemed met for the punishment of nothing else, and I seemed to be the sole object of that punishment. Of this the reader will be convinced by a perusal of the charge itself; and *the cause* he will find explained in the subsequent remarks, and in the notes which he has already read.

#### CHARGE.

The Chief Judge (M'KEAN), after having, as was before observed, just touched on the nature and punishment of other crimes, proceeds, with respect to LIBELS, thus:

Before I conclude, *I am sorry* to have occasion to mention, that there is another crime, that peculiarly concerns the Judges of the Supreme Court to endeavour to correct: it is that of LIBELLING. I will describe it at large.

Libels, or libelli famosi, taken in the most extensive sense, signify any writings, pictures, or the like, of an *immoral* or illegal tendency; but in the sense we are now to consider them, are malicious defamations of any person, and especially of a magistrate, made public either by writing, printing, signs, or pictures, in order to provoke him to wrath, or to expose him to public hatred, contempt, or ridicule.

This direct tendency of these libels is the breach of the public peace, by stirring up the objects of them, their families and friends, to acts of revenge, and perhaps of bloodshed; which it would be impossible to restrain by the severest laws, were there no redress from public justice for injuries of this kind, which, of all others, are most sensibly felt; and which, being entered upon with coolness and deliberation, receive a greater aggravation than any other scandal or defamation, continue longer, and are propagated wider and farther. *And where libels are printed against persons employed in a public capacity, they receive an aggravation, as they tend to scandalize the Government*, by reflecting on those who are intrusted with the administration of public affairs, and thereby not only endanger the public peace, as all others do, by stirring up the parties immediately concerned to acts of revenge, but have also a direct tendency to breed in the people a dislike of their governors, and incline them to faction and sedition.

Not

Not only charges of a heinous nature, and which reflect a moral turpitude on the party, are libellous, but also such as set him in a *scurrilous, ignominious light*: for every person *desires to appear agreeable in life*, and must be highly provoked by such ridiculous representations of him, as tend to lessen him in the esteem of the world, and take away his reputation, which to some men is more dear than life itself; for these equally create ill blood, and provoke the parties to acts of revenge and breaches of the peace.

A defamatory writing expressing *only one or two letters of a name*, or using *such descriptions and circumstances, feigned names or circumstances*, in such a manner, that *from what goes before, and follows after*, it must needs be *understood* to signify such a person in the plain, obvious, and natural *construction* of the whole, is as properly a libel, as if it had expressed the whole name at large: for it brings the utmost contempt upon the law, to suffer its justice to be eluded by such trifling evasions; and it is a ridiculous absurdity to say, that a writing, which is understood by the very meanest capacity, cannot possibly be understood by courts and juries.

It is equally ridiculous and absurd to suppose, that if a man speaks slanderous or defamatory words of another, he may be sued, and ample damages recovered for the injury, but if the same words are put in writing or printed, no punishment can be inflicted. Such a doctrine may gratify the wishes of envious and *malicious cowards and assassins*, but must be detested by all sensible and good men.

These offences are punishable, either by indictment, information, or civil action: but there are some instances where they can be punished by a criminal prosecution only; as where the United States in Congress assembled, the Legislature, Judges of the Supreme Court, or civil magistrates in general, are charged with corruption, moral turpitude, base partiality, and the like, when no one in particular is named.

By the law of the Twelve Tables at Rome, libels which affected the reputation of another, were made capital offences: but before the reign of Augustus, the punishment became corporeal only. Under the Emperor *Valentinian* it was again made capital, not only to write, but to publish, or even to omit *destroying them*. But by the laws of Pennsylvania, the authors, printers, and publishers of a libel are punishable *by fine*, and also a limited *imprisonment at hard labour and solitary confinement in gaol, or imprisonment only*, or *one of them*, as to the Court in discretion shall seem proper, according to the heinousness of the crime, and the quality and circumstances of the offender.

Any libeller, or person even speaking words of contempt against an inferior magistrate, as a justice of the peace or mayor, personally, though he be not then in the actual execution of his office, or of an inferior officer of justice, as a constable, and such like, being

in the actual execution of his office, may be bound to his good behaviour by a single justice of the peace.

By this law, and these punishments, the liberty of the press (*a phrase much used but little understood*) is by no means infringed or violated. The liberty of the press is indeed essential to the nature of a free state; but this consists in laying *no previous restraints* upon publications, and not in freedom from censure for criminal matter, when published. Every freeman has an undoubted right to lay what sentiments he pleases before the public; to forbid this, is to destroy the freedom of the press; but if he publishes what is improper, mischievous, or illegal, he must take the consequences of his temerity. To punish dangerous or offensive writings, which, when published, shall, on a fair and impartial trial, be adjudged of a pernicious tendency, is necessary for the preservation of peace and good order, of government and religion, the only solid foundation of civil liberty. Thus the will of individuals is still left free; the abuse only of that free will is the object of legal punishment. Our presses in Pennsylvania are thus free. The common law, with respect to this, *is confirmed and established by the Constitution itself*. By the 7th sect. of the Declaration of the Principles of a free Government, &c. it is ascertained, "that the printing-presses shall be free to every person, who undertakes to examine the proceedings of the Legislature, or any part of Government." Men, therefore, have only to take care in their publications, that they are decent, candid, and true; that they are for the purpose of reformation, and not of defamation; and that they have an eye solely to the public good. Publications of this kind are not only lawful but laudable. But if they are made to gratify envy or malice, and contain personal invectives, low scurrility, or slanderous charges, they can answer no good purposes for the community, but, on the contrary, must destroy the very ends of society. Were these to escape with impunity, youth would not be safe in its innocence, nor venerable old age in its wisdom, gravity, and virtue; dignity and station would become a reproach; and the fairest and best characters that this or any other country ever produced, would be vilified and blasted, if not ruined.

If any person, whether in a public or private station, does injury to an individual, or to the society, ample redress can be had by having *recourse to the laws*, and the proper tribunals, where the parties can be heard personally, or by counsel, the truth can be fairly investigated, and justice be fully obtained; so that there can be no necessity nor reason for accusing any one of *public* or *private wrongs in pamphlets or newspapers*, or of appeals to the people under *feigned names*, or by *anonymous scribblers*.

Every one who has in him the sentiments of either a Christian or gentleman, cannot but be highly offended at the envenomed scurrility that has raged in pamphlets and newspapers printed in Philadelphia for several years past, inasmuch that libelling has become  
a kind

a kind of national crime, and distinguishes us not only from all the States *around us*, but from the whole civilized world. Our satire has been nothing but ribaldry and Billingsgate : the contest has been, who could call names in the greatest variety of phrases ; who could mangle the greatest number of characters ; or who could excel in the magnitude or virulence of their lies. Hence the honour of families has been stained ; the highest posts rendered cheap and vile in the sight of the people, and the greatest services and virtue blasted. This evil, so scandalous to our Government, and detestable in the eyes of all good men, calls aloud for redress. To censure the licentiousness, is to maintain the liberty of the press.

At a time when misunderstandings prevail between the republics of the United States and France, and when our general Government have appointed public ministers to endeavour their removal, and restore the former harmony, some of the journals or newspapers in the city of Philadelphia have teemed with the most irritating invectives, couched in the most vulgar and opprobrious language, not only against the French nation and their allies, but the very men in power with whom the ministers of our country are sent to negotiate. These publications have an evident tendency not only to frustrate a reconciliation, but to create a rupture, and provoke a war *between the sister republics*, and seem calculated to vilify, nay, to subvert all *republican* governments whatsoever.

*Impressed with the duties of my station*, I have used some endeavours for checking these evils, by binding over the editor and printer *of one of them*, licentious and virulent *beyond all former example*, to his good behaviour ; but he still perseveres in his nefarious publications ; he has ransacked our language for terms of reproach and insult, and for the basest accusations against every ruler and *distinguished* character *in France and Spain* with whom we chance to have any intercourse, which it is scarce in nature to forgive ; in brief, he braves his recognizance and the laws. It is now with you, Gentlemen of the Grand Jury, to animadvert on his conduct ; without *your aid* it cannot be corrected. The government that will not discountenance, may *be thought to adopt it*, and be deemed *justly chargeable with all the consequences*.

Every nation ought to avoid giving any real offence to another. Some medals and dull jests are mentioned and represented as a ground of quarrel between the English and Dutch in 1672, and likewise called Lewis the XIVth to make an expedition into the United Provinces of the Netherlands in the same year, and nearly ruined the Commonwealth.

We are sorry to find that our endeavours in this way have not been attended with all the good effects that were expected from them ; however, we are determined to pursue the prevailing vice of the times with zeal and indignation, that crimes may no longer appear less odious for being fashionable, nor the more secure from punishment for being popular.

The criminal law of this State is so *pregnant with justice*, so agreeable to reason, so full of equity and clemency, that even those who suffer by it, cannot charge it with rigour. It is so adapted to the common good as to suffer no folly to go unpunished, which that requires to be restrained; and yet so tender of the infirmities of human nature, and of the wives and children of even the greatest offenders, as to refuse no indulgence which the safety of the public will permit. It gives the rulers no power but of doing good, and deprives the people of no liberty but of doing evil. We are now, thank God! in the peaceable and full enjoyment of our laws, of the free administration of justice, and in complete possession of religious, civil, and political liberty. May the Divine Governor of the world continue these blessings to us, and impress it as a duty which we owe to ourselves, who enjoy them; to those virtuous men, who, under God, have been chiefly instrumental in procuring them; and to our posterity, who will claim at our hands this noblest inheritance, to maintain and defend them at every hazard of life and fortune!

You may now, Gentlemen, retire to your room. Inquire with zeal, hear with attention, deliberate with coolness, judge with *impartiality*, and decide with fortitude. And may God overrule and direct all your proceedings to the furtherance of justice and the happiness of the people!

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I have ever entertained the notion of an immediate superintending Providence, and I most sincerely believe that God did overrule and direct all the proceedings of this Grand Jury; for they did judge with *impartiality*, and decide with *fortitude*, though their judgment and decision were not *quite* consonant to the wishes of the Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, as appeared not only from the charge, but also from what he hinted respecting the Jury, the day after the bill was returned\*.

So

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\* The day after the bill was returned IGNORAMUS, the Chief Justice, on the trial of Mr. Humphreys, for beating Bache, told the prisoner, that, if he had thought himself aggrieved by the *press*, he should have appealed to the law; and added, "You may say indeed that GRAND JURIES will not do *their duty*; we have had a recent instance of that." On this reflection on the Grand Jury, it is not my duty to comment. Had I been one of the gentlemen who composed it, I think I should have made an attempt, at least, to



So pointed, so personal a charge, I am bold to say, was never before delivered from the bench in any country that has the least pretensions to civil liberty. If it be foreseen, that a particular case, rather novel, is to come before a Grand Jury, it is the custom for Judges, as it certainly is their duty, to explain its nature, its tendency, and the law respecting it, fully and minutely; but never till the 27th day of last November did a Judge, presiding to administer justice according to the mild and impartial precepts of the common law of England, so far forget the genuine spirit of that law, as to point directly at a single offender, and to employ all the persuasion in his power to bring down chastisement on his head.

The charge contains every thing calculated to awaken the apprehensions of the Grand Jury as to the effects of my conduct, and to prepossess their minds against my person. In every thing but elegance and animation, it was more like the zealous and impassioned pleadings of an advocate, than the calm, dignified, and impartial accents that ever should breathe in the language from the bench.

And what was there, I pray, either in my character, in the particular case before the Grand Jury, or in the general tenour of my publications, to warrant this odious departure from the excellent rules, which had their origin in decency and candour, and which have been rendered sacred by the practice of our forefathers? A stranger, had there been one in court, would naturally have concluded me to be a notorious defamer of innocence, a seditious and tur-

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to defend my conduct and character. But the people of this State have been so abused, so humbled, and so degraded, by the long tyranny of this FOUQUIER TINVILLE, that very little spirit is to be expected from the very best of them. Any man who has affronted him, looks upon himself as ruined!—This is *republican security*!!

bulent troubler of the Government, a sworn enemy of morality and religion; in three words, a profligate, a rebel, and a blasphemer.

It hardly ever becomes a man to say much of his private character and concerns; but, on this occasion, I trust I shall be indulged for a moment. I will say, and I will make that saying good, whoever shall oppose it, that I have never attacked any one, whose private character is not, in every light in which it can possibly be viewed, as far beneath mine as infamy is beneath honour. Nay, I defy the city of Philadelphia, populous as it is, and respectable as are many of its inhabitants, to produce me a single man, who is more sober, industrious, or honest; who is a kinder husband, a tenderer father, a better master, a firmer friend, or (though last not least) a more zealous and faithful subject.

Most certainly it is unseemly in any one to say thus much of himself, unless compelled to it by some public outrage on his character; but, when the accusation is thus made notorious, so ought the defence. And I do again and again repeat, that I fear not a comparison between my character and that of any man in the city; no, not even with that of the very Judge who held me to be the worst of miscreants. His Honour is welcome, if he please, to carry this comparison into *all* the actions of our lives, public and *domestic*, and to extend it beyond ourselves to *every branch of our families*.

As to my writing, I never did slander any one, if the promulgation of useful truths be not slander. Innocence and virtue I have often endeavoured to defend, but I never defamed either. I have, indeed, stripped the close-drawn veil of hypocrisy; I have ridiculed the follies, and lashed the vices of thousands, and have done it sometimes, perhaps, with a rude and violent hand. But these are not the days for gentleness and mercy. Such as is the temper of

the foe, such must be that of his opponent. Seeing myself published for a rogue, *and my wife for a whore*; being persecuted with such infamous, such base and hellish calumny in the *philanthropic* city of Philadelphia, merely for asserting *the truth* respecting others, was not calculated, I assure you, to sweeten my temper, and turn my ink into honey-dew.

My attachment to order and good government, nothing but the impudence of Jacobinism could deny. The object, not only of all my own publications, but also of all those which I have introduced or encouraged, from the first moment that I appeared on the public scene to the present day, has been to lend some aid in stemming the torrent of anarchy and confusion; to undeceive the misguided, by tearing the mask from the artful and ferocious villains, who, owing to the infatuation of the poor, and the supineness of the rich, have made such a fearful progress in the destruction of all that is amiable, and good, and sacred among men. To the Government of this country, in particular, it has been my constant study to yield all the support in my power. When either that Government, or the worthy men who administer it, have been traduced and vilified, I have stood forward in their defence; and that too, in times when even its friends were some of them locked up in silence, and others giving way to the audacious violence of its foes.—Not that I am so foolishly vain as to attribute to my illiterate pen a thousandth part of the merit that my friends are inclined to allow it. As I wrote the other day to a gentleman who had paid me some compliments on this score, “I should never look at  
“ my family with a dry eye, if I did not hope to  
“ outlive my works.” They are mere transitory beings, to which the revolutionary storm has given life, and which with that storm will expire.—But, *what I contend for, and what nobody can deny, I have*

have done all that lay in my power, all I was able by any means to accomplish, in order to counteract the nefarious efforts of the enemies of the American government and nation.

With respect to religion, though Mr. M'Kean was pleased to number it among the things that were in danger from the licentiousness of the press, and, of course, from poor ME, I think it would puzzle the Devil himself to produce, from my writings, a single passage, which could, by all the powers of perversion, be twisted into an attack on it. But it would, on the contrary, be extremely easy to prove, that I have at all times, when an opportunity offered, repelled the attacks of its enemies, the abominable battalions of Deists and Atheists, with all my heart, with all my mind, with all my soul, and with all my strength. The bitterest drop in my pen has ever been bestowed on them; because, of all the foes of the human race, I look upon them, after the Devil, as being the greatest and most dreadful. Not a sacrilegious plunderer from Henry VIII. to Condorcet, and from Condorcet to the impious Sans-culottes of Virginia, has escaped my censure. All those who have attempted to degrade religion, whether by open insults and cruelties to the clergy, by blasphemous publications, or by the more dangerous poison of the malignant modern philosophy, I have ranked amongst the most infamous of mankind, and have treated them accordingly.

After this summary defence of my character and writings, the necessity of which I sincerely regret, justice demands that I should enter into an exposition of the unparalleled partiality that has been exercised against me: and when I have done that, I pledge myself to prove, in contradiction to all the boastings which we have heard, *that the press is freer in Great Britain than in America.*

To read the Chief Judge's famous charge, one would inevitably be led to imagine, that no person in this country, except PETER PORCUPINE, ever attempted to exercise the liberty of the press, or even that pitiful portion of it which his Honour had the mercy to leave in our hands. One would think that all the other printers had been poor passive devils, and that their sheets had contained nought but vapid songs of liberty, lying eulogies on departed rascality, and fulsome flattery of villains in power. But, to do justice to my brother-printers, to myself, and to Judge M'Kean, I am compelled to prove that this was not the case.

There are certain news-printers in this country, who may be counted as a sort of blanks : creatures that have nothing of humanity about them but the mere exterior form and motion, and that are, in every other respect, as perfectly logs as if they had been cut out of a piece of timber. I will not degrade myself by a comparison between my conduct and that of these dull, senseless, inanimate beings. Let me have the same privileges as other living active creatures, and I am content.

The reader has seen all that could be conjured up against me in the Bill of Indictment, which he may safely set down among the most virulent of my publications ; for lawyers and judges know very well how to single the tares from the wheat. But I am willing to allow him a scrutiny into every sentence I have written or published, to which the Chief Judge's charge can possibly be made to apply, and then I will leave him to compare my " nefarious publications " with the "*decent, candid, and true*" ones, which I am now about to produce from the presses that have, and still do, espouse the cause of the enemies of this country.

As libels against *religion* are certainly more heinous in their nature, as well as more destructive in

in their consequences, than any that can be published against men, however estimable their characters or exalted their rank, I shall first take notice of a publication or two of this sort, which have escaped the notice of the *vigilant* Chief Justice of Pennsylvania: and this, I think, seems the more necessary, as the Judge included *religion* among the objects endangered by the licentiousness of the press.

In the summer of 1796, a work was published by one STEPHENS (an Irish Patriot, who has since spangled his creditors), entitled, “*Christianity contrasted with Deism*,” and by a master-piece of baseness, before unheard of among the most infamous of scribblers, my assumed name, PETER PORCUPINE, was inserted in the title-page, in order to give currency to the pernicious production.

This pamphlet abounded with the most daring impiety; and, though I will not take upon me to say that the Chief Justice ever *saw* it, he must have heard of its existence; for it was not only advertised for sale, but there were also a considerable number of paragraphs respecting it, both in BACHE’S and Mr. FENNO’S paper.

As to the AGE OF REASON, its publication, by BACHE and others, is too notorious a fact to be for a moment dwelt upon. This blasphemous work has been spread all over the State, and through this city in particular.

BACHE has, for years past, and does now, publish and sell, what is called the “*Republican Calendar*,” in which the *Christian Æra* is supplanted by that of the degrading atheistical Decadery of France.

All these publications, and many more that might be mentioned, have been, and yet are, published in Pennsylvania. Their evident and inevitable tendency, is, to corrupt the young, mislead the ignorant, abash the timid, degrade the priesthood,  
and,

and, finally, to subvert and destroy, root and branch, the Christian religion and all its inestimable blessings.

I have the same opinion of the Judge's law knowledge that most people have; but he must certainly know, that *Christianity* is part of *the law of the land*; that to deride and blaspheme it is punishable by the common law; and that it is the duty of all magistrates, more particularly Judges, to make the law, in this respect, known, and to see it executed.

Yet, in the State of Pennsylvania, under so watchful a Chief Justice, the salutary law, intended to preserve from indignity the religion of our forefathers, to enforce a respect for the laws of God, and to promote our eternal salvation, has been suffered to sleep in oblivion; while the sanguinary *Twelve Tables of Rome* have been resorted to, in order to enhance the magnitude of *the crime of satirizing the Spanish King and his Minister!*—Gracious God! can the descendants of Britons ever approve of this violence on *the common law of England?*

The Judge tells us, that, with respect to libels, the *common law* is confirmed by the *Constitution of Pennsylvania*; and every one knows, that the common law of America is neither more nor less than the common law of England. Now, it is well known, that the publisher of Paine's *Age of Reason* has been prosecuted in England, that LORD KENYON termed it a "nefarious publication, intended for the most malignant purposes;" and that the Jury instantly found the defendant GUILTY. But England is, in this respect, no more fit to be compared with America than LORD KENYON is to be compared with Judge M'KEAN.

I have been told, indeed, that the article of the constitution, which provides for an entire freedom as to religious worship and opinions, forbids any restraint on the press where subjects of this sort are agitated.

agitated. If this be true, and if M'KEAN'S doctrine of libels be also true, all that the American press has gained by the "Glorious Revolution," is, the horrid liberty of blaspheming the Almighty!

Quitting libels against *religion*, let us come to those of a less horrid, though not less odious nature.

The Chief Justice tells us, that "the *honour of families* has been *stained*, and the greatest *services* and *virtue* blasted;" and he before told us, that this evil it was *peculiarly the duty* of the Supreme Court to repress.

I have before observed, and I repeat it again and again, that *innocence* or *virtue* was never attacked by me; and hence it is impossible that I can ever have brought a *stain* on a family. Whether others have done this in Philadelphia, I leave the reader to judge from the following passages of a pamphlet, published here about two years and a half ago.

The subject of the author's censure is a debate in Congress. After calling one member an *Ass*, and another a *Snap-turtle*, he comes to a gentleman of New-Jersey, who now fills an office of great trust under the Federal Government, of whom and of whose family he speaks thus: "Not that I would  
 " declaim against Congress wages, for I think they  
 " ought to have at least ten dollars a day; other-  
 " wise an honourable Member from Jersey will not  
 " be able to keep Mrs. B—— in town during the  
 " next session \*. Ten dollars, I think will defray  
 " all expenses—The honourable Representatives  
 " may then play at cards, and dice, and billiards, and  
 " do many other things—and Mrs. B—— may  
 " afford to *knock off a few bottles of Madeira* with  
 " some of her soft *rosy-nosed visitors*, without sink-

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\* See his Speech in the House of Representatives.



“ing her honourable spouse *forty shillings below*  
“*par.*”

From members of Congress and their wives, the author comes to the Clergy and theirs. Few people have forgotten, that, in 1795, a Sermon on National Gratitude was preached in this city, by a learned Divine, then at the head of Princeton College. In the course of this much-admired sermon, the preacher took occasion to censure the *Age of Reason*; and this it was that brought on him, from our *decent* writer, the following attack: “Notwithstanding his consternation, he does not forget to  
“bullyrag Tom Paine. Forty-two miles did he  
“trudge through thick and thin, Jonah-like, to  
“save this our Nineveh by reading a sermon, and  
“may Heaven reward his labours! May the fountains of Helicon gush from his brains;—and may  
“all the curbers of the factious sip nocturnal inspiration from the lips of the muse of Morven, at  
“the limpid streams of Stony-brook, nor *be pestered with a d . . . d wife!*—May they never be  
“dragged head-foremost down the steps of Nasau-hall, nor *be pelted with brickbats and potatoes!*”

Is this “*decent, candid, and true?*” And, if it be not, how came it to “escape with impunity?” How came it not to attract the attention of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, whose “peculiar duty  
“it is to repress and correct such excesses?”—The book was published in all the newspapers; it was sold by all the bookfellers *except me*; it was even hawked about the streets, and was the subject of universal censure and abhorrence; and yet the Supreme Court never did censure it; nor did the Chief Justice ever feel himself “impressed with the duties of  
“his station” to *bind the author or publisher over.*

The author was known to a *certain Secretary*; was even his intimate acquaintance and companion;

nion ; and his pamphlet abounds with *invective against Great Britain*, and high-sounding *compliments to France*. His politics he had the prudence to make a sort of atonement for his offences.

From the *staining of families* let us turn to the attacks of men in their public capacities.

The Chief Justice tells us, that, when defamatory writings are published “ against persons “ in a *public capacity*, they receive an *aggravation*, as they tend to scandalize the Government, “ &c. &c.”

This doctrine, by the by, I believe few men, except those in a public capacity, will relish. It is exactly contrary to the spirit as well as the letter of the little pamphlet, entitled, “ The Constitution of Pennsylvania.”—In that *inestimable* performance, there is one chapter containing a list of what are there called “ the essential principles of liberty, which are positively declared to be excepted out of the general powers of government, and fixed on for ever to remain inviolate.”—Among the precious things thus carefully preserved, is, *the liberty of the press* ; and it is said, that no law shall be made to restrain any person, “ who undertakes to “ examine the proceedings of the Legislature or any “ branch of Government.” And again it says, that “ in prosecutions for the publication of any papers, “ investigating the official conduct of officers, or “ men in a public capacity, the truth thereof may be “ given in evidence.”

Thus, you see, this pamphlet of Pennsylvania holds out to the world, that men in a public capacity are *more open* to the censure of the press than the sovereign citizens are, which is, indeed, no more than reasonable ; but this Judge, this *learned* expositor of the law and constitution, tells us, that  
censorious

cenforious writings receive an *aggravation*, when written againft perfons in a *public capacity*!

However, be it fo. Let us prefer the Judge's affertion to the declaration of the fovereign people of Pennsylvania. Let us, for a moment, look upon their conftitution as merely intended to amufe them and gull the world; and then let us fee what this State Government, and this fame Judge, have permitted to pafs unreprieved and unnoticed, in writers inimical to the Federal Government, and NOTORI-  
OUSLY IN THE PAY OF FRANCE \*.

I could here produce volumes of the moft atrocious calumny againft the Federal Government and its officers individually; but, befides my want of room, I am prevented by the notoriety of the fact. Every one in America knows what I have here generally ftated, to be true; and it is therefore neceffary to introduce only a few inftances for the information of foreigners.

BACHE, in his paper, No. 1037, after loading the Executive of the United States with various falfe and infamous charges, fays: "And are we fo  
" corrupted and debafed as to give up this precious  
" jewel (independence) to the intrigues of *rascals*  
" and traitors, who are about to *fell themselves and*  
" *their country*?"

This is pretty well for the Executive. Now let us hear what CALLENDER (in his "History of the  
" United States for 1796") fays: "He was to be  
" kept a twelvemonth in irons, and then to be  
" hanged for ftcaling *one* horfe: what ought to be

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\* It is notorious that the French Directory have newspapers in their pay, not only in America, but in every country in Europe. That there fhould exift fuch mercenary traitors as to receive the wages of regicides and affaffins is ftill lefs aftonifhing, than that there fhould be found men, in the different countries, and men of rank too, fo bafe, fo degenerate, and fo *foolifh*, as to give encouragement to their treafonable productions.

“ done with the Congress and their agents, who  
 “ *forcibly pilfered* so many that are yet unpaid for ?”  
 —I must leave JUDGE M'KEAN to answer this question ; for he was, I believe, one of the Congress that Callender alludes to. However, lest any offender should slip him, the *Historian* takes care to include in his censure, the second, the third, and the fourth Congress.

From the Government in general we will now come to particular members of it.—The Judge tells us, if publications, “ containing personal invectives, “ low scurrility, and slanderous charges, were to “ escape with impunity, the *fairest* and *best* characters “ that this or any other country ever produced, “ would be vilified and blasphemous, if not ruined.”

Now then, let us hear BACHE again ; the mouth-piece of the French faction, and frequently the companion of the Chief Justice at civic festivals.—This atrocious wretch, in his paper of the 9th of July, 1795, has the following paragraph :—“ The “ day [the 4th of July] was closed by the exhibition of a transparent painting, with the figure of “ *John Jay* upon it. The figure was in full stature, “ holding in his right hand a pair of scales, containing in one scale, *American liberty and independence* kicking the beam ; in the other, *British gold*, “ in extreme preponderance. In his left hand a “ Treaty, which he extended to a group of Senators, who were grinning with pleasure and grasping at the Treaty. From the mouth of the “ figure issued these words : *Come up to my price, and “ I will sell you my country.* The figure was burned “ at Kensington, amidst the acclamations of hundreds of citizens. Thus terminated the anniversary of American independence.”

This recalls to our minds two valuable facts : 1st, that this infamous libel did “ escape with impunity ;” and 2d, that the exhibition and actions which it records

cords did also "escape with impunity;" and that too in this city, under the eye of this very Judge M'Kean. And what is more, a gentleman, who, like a good citizen, turned out of his bed to endeavour to put a stop to the scandalous and disgraceful procession, was assaulted in a most cowardly and cruel manner, and never obtained the least satisfaction. Not one of the rabble, nor of the ringleaders, nor of the printers, who stimulated them to action, and who recorded their atrocities as honourable deeds, was ever punished, or "*bound over*," or even reprimanded!—But this was a riot and a libel against a *worthy man*, an officer of the *Federal Government*, and *no tool of France*; and these circumstances must account for what cannot otherwise be accounted for.

BACHE, in his paper, No. 1460, calls the Honourable John Jay, then Chief Justice of the United States of America, and now Governor of the State of New-York; he calls this gentleman, "*that damned arch traitor JOHN JAY*."—And yet he was never "*bound over*;" and yet he never was *personally attacked from the bench*; but, on the contrary, has often, since that time as well as before, sat at the same board with the Chief Justice!

I could here name at least one hundred of the greatest and best men that this country ever produced, who had been vilified by this reprobate descendant of Old Franklin; but, for the reasons before mentioned, I shall forbear the enumeration, and content myself with an instance or two of his attacks on the character of GENERAL WASHINGTON.

He published PAINE's letter to the GENERAL; of which he claimed an exclusive copy-right, and which he boasted of having received from Paris for the purpose of publication. In this work, GENERAL

WASHINGTON and the CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES are both the objects of obloquy and reproach. The GENERAL is called, "the *patron of fraud*,"—"an *impostor*, or an *apostate*."—Yet the vile printer was never "*bound over*."

Thus was the city of Philadelphia disgraced. Thus did the Chief Justice of Pennsylvania quietly look on, and observe the propagation of a libel, that has excited universal indignation in the breasts of unconcerned foreigners, and for which both the writer and the printer are censured by their very partisans.

The day that the GENERAL closed his public labours (the 4th of March, 1797), BACHE, after announcing his retirement from the office of President, says, "If there ever was a period for rejoicing, this is the moment—every heart, in unison with the freedom and happiness of the people, ought to beat high with exultation, that the name of WASHINGTON from *this day ceases to give currency to political iniquity*, and to *legalize corruption*."

Yet, we are not at the worst: for on the 13th of March, 1797, this viperous grandson of Old Franklin accused the same eminent person of *murder*! brought forward a long, formal, and circumstantial charge of cool, deliberate *assassination*, "*committed by GEORGE WASHINGTON, late President of the United States*."

The Chief Justice has *not forgotten*, I dare say, that I was the only printer in the United States (with shame be it spoken) who had the zeal and the industry to search for the documents relative to the affair alluded to (which took place in 1753); to expose the fallacy of the charge, and to hold the vile instrument of France up to universal abhorrence:

One would have thought, whatever might be the secret dispositions of the Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, that outward appearances, common decency, would have led him to take some little notice of these outrages on the public and private character of General Washington. More especially one would have expected this from a Judge, who seems to be so anxious to preserve the reputation of “*youth in its innocence*,” and of “*old age in its gravity and wisdom* :” who now, in order to excite a horror against libelling, goes back to that cruel code, the *Twelve Tables of Rome*, and the no less sanguinary laws of *Valentinian* ; who, in his zeal to make an example, does not think it derogatory to his station to point at a particular man, and call on the Jury, in express terms, for their “*aid*” in his punishment ; and finally, who expresses his determination to pursue the vice of libelling with “*zeal and indignation*.” From such a Judge, who would not have expected an interference, who does not believe, who does not know, and does not say, that he should have been “*impressed with the duties of his station*,” when the reputation of the Federal Government was daily and hourly attacked in his presence ; when the fame and character of GENERAL WASHINGTON were bleeding at every pore, and when the French printer BACHE and his coadjutors were pursuing the veteran to his domestic retreat with all the hellish malignity of Parisian cannibals ? —Yes, this was the time for him to be “*impressed with the duties of his station*.” This was the time for him to exert his authority of *binding over* ; to unfold and enforce *the severity of the law*, and establish his character for impartiality :—but this time is past.

Thus have we seen the Chief Justice of Pennsylvania wink at the most daring and wicked libels against God and against man, that a writer can con-

ceive, or a printer print. But we are not yet come to what may be properly called *a case in point*.

I was prosecuted for publications levelled against a foreign Prince, Government, and Minister; to form, therefore, a just estimate of the conduct and motives of those who urged the prosecution, we must take a sketch (and a very slight one will serve) of what other printers have published *with impunity*, against other governments, nations, and princes.

But, before I enter on this subject, I think myself called on to make a few remarks on that part of the Judge's charge, which dwells with such emphasis and seeming dread, on the danger of offending foreign nations and potentates, particularly the *tender-hearted* rulers of France, and the King of the country of the *Inquisition*.

After telling the Grand Jury that I had "ranked our language for terms of reproach and insult against every *distinguished* character in *France and Spain*," he tells them, that "without their aid," my conduct cannot be corrected; and concludes by observing, that "the Government that will not discountenance, may be thought to adopt it, and be deemed *justly chargeable with all the consequences*." Then follows an instance of the great danger of offending foreign nations in this way: the Judge refers to history above a hundred years back, and very gravely tells the Grand Jury, that "some medals and dull jests are mentioned and represented as a ground of quarrel between the English and Dutch in 1672, and likewise caused Lewis the XIVth to make an expedition into the United Provinces of the Netherlands, in the same year, and nearly ruined that commonwealth."

This was an example *in terrorem*, and was evidently cited for the purpose of impressing on the minds of the Jury, the peril that their country might incur from suffering me to "escape with impunity."

But,



But, granting for a moment, that laying a restraint on the press, *for fear the effects of its freedom should offend foreign powers*; allowing that such an act is not to the last degree shameful and debasing, and only suited to a country in the most abject state of vassalage: allowing this, let us see if the Judge's quotation was quite correct and candid.

Now, I say, and every one of the most superficial reading knows, that the *medals* and *dull jests* alluded to, never were, nor are they any where (except in this learned charge) "*mentioned and represented as a* " ground of quarrel between the English and Dutch " in 1672," nor at any other period. HUME, who it will hardly be denied is at least as good an authority as Pennsylvania's Chief Judge, does indeed say, that "certain medals and pictures were made the "*miserable pretext* of a most scandalous breach of " faith" on the part of the profligate Charles II. ; but he tells us that the *real grounds* of the war were, the inordinate ambition of Lewis XIV. and the thirst for riches and arbitrary power of the corrupted ministry of England, well known by the name of the CABAL.

Besides, had medals and dull jests really been, which they were not, the grounds of the war, candour should have led the Judge to continue his reference to history a little further, and to tell the Grand Jury *how that war terminated*, and how the *nearly ruined Commonwealth behaved* with respect to the medals and dull jests.

Lewis XIV. did, indeed, make a devastating and cruel expedition into the Netherlands, and reduced the Dutch to the last extremity by land, while the combined fleets of England and France nearly blocked up their ports, and ruined their commerce. In this awful state of their affairs, the two unprincipled monarchs made known to them their pretensions, which, among many other humiliating terms,

specified that "all persons, guilty of writing *seditious libels* against them, should, on complaint, be banished for ever from the States." The Commonwealth, though, as the Judge says, *nearly ruined*; scorned the insolent pretensions; and, following the example of the PRINCE OF ORANGE, nobly resolved "to resist the haughty victors, and to defend those last remains of their native soil, of which neither the irruptions of Lewis, nor the inundation of waters, had as yet bereaved them. Should even the ground fail them on which they might combat, they were still resolved not to yield the generous strife; but, flying to their settlements in the Indies, erect a new empire in those remote regions, and preserve alive, even in the climates of slavery, that liberty of which Europe was become unworthy."

This is what Mr. M'Kean should have told the Grand Jury; and he should have told them besides, that this brave resolution of the Dutch met with a glorious reward; that a few months saw their gallant fleet a match for those of the two monarchies united, and that the haughty King of France, driven by the PRINCE OF ORANGE from fortress to fortress, and from province to province, at last entered his vain and frivolous capital, covered with defeat and disgrace, before the triumphal arch of St. Dennis, erected for the celebration of his conquests, was completely out of the hands of the architect!

This is the passage of history, which, above all others, the republican ear dwells on with pleasure; this is what the Chief Judge should have related to the Jury; but this would not have answered his purpose. Such an example of republican fortitude and heroism would have sounded well from the lips of his Honour; but the Grand Jury of Philadelphia showed by their righteous decision, that they stood not in need of examples from history to stimulate them

them to act agreeably to the dictates of their conscience, and to reject with disdain every idea of fear that their acquittal of an innocent man might bring down on themselves and their country the chastisement of foreign nations.

Before I conclude my remarks on this part of the charge, I cannot refrain from noticing the very odious impresson it is calculated to give the world with respect to the government and the character of the American nation.

It is well known that at the time when the paragraphs against Spain and France were published, and when the charge was delivered, the former nation were openly violating their treaty with this country, which had just then been grossly insulted by their Minister: and that the latter were plundering its commerce in every part of the world, blocking up its rivers, lashing its seafaring citizens like convicts, and driving its humble negotiators from their capital with scorn and reproach. These circumstances taken into consideration, what must foreigners infer from the charge? Will they not say, and very justly too, ‘ Such is your *liberty of the press*, such ‘ your *boasted independence*, that let a nation trample ‘ on your rights, deride, insult, rob, and torture ‘ you, and your Government ever stands ready to inflict ‘ *the punishment of a murderer* on the first man ‘ who, in resenting your injuries, shall step one inch ‘ beside the line of the labyrinthian law of *constructive libels*; and this cruelty it condescends to, lest ‘ its lenity to its friends and supporters should give ‘ umbrage to an insolent and perfidious foe!’—Yes, this will they say; and if there be an American who can patiently bear the disgraceful imputation, I admire his Christian humility; but I envy him not his *liberty*, his *independence*, or his *republicanism*.

After all, allowing that America is so beggared in means, and so humbled in spirit; allowing these  
*independent*

*independent* States to be already reduced to a pitch of general vassalage; that renders such a sacrifice to the pride and insolence of foreign nations prudent and necessary : allowing that the Judge made all this appear to be true, let us return, and see what the printers of the *French faction* have published against other governments, nations, and princes, without his feeling himself “impressed with the duties of his “station” to bind them over.

Now, reader, prepare yourself for a catalogue of the most indecent, black, and infamously libellous expressions, that ever dropped from the lips or pen of mortal man. The French language is very weak and steril compared to ours, particularly in terms of reproach and abuse. Their rascals spend their breath for half an hour in noisy volubility, to produce a faint idea of what ours can express in one short grind of the teeth. But all this bitterness, all the force and fury of this our dear mother tongue, the crafty Gaul has, we are now about to see, had the address to bring over into his own service.

To begin with CALLENDER : this little reptile, who, from outward appearances, seems to have been born for a chimney-sweep, and to be now following the footy trade, made his escape from the hands of justice in Scotland, in the year 1793, after being apprehended as the author of a libellous pamphlet, entitled, “*The Political Progress of Britain.*”

This work, which is of considerable bulk, is nothing but a string of falsehoods, interspersed with the most audacious libels on the British ministry, and every branch of the Royal Family; which latter the author calls the “*russian race of British Kings.*” In one place he calls the Right Honourable William Pitt a *hardened swindler*, and in another he calls his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales a *murderer*. He, in one short sentence, consigns to infamy both the Royal Family and the people at large. “Since the  
“Norman

“ Norman conquest,” says he, “ England has been governed by thirty-three sovereigns ; and, of these, two thirds were, each of them by an hundred different actions, *deserving of the gibbet* ; and the people seem to have been as perfectly divested of every honourable feeling, *as Majesty itself*.”

Well, this pamphlet, though abounding in such atrocious libels as these, and though the author, in his preface, boasts of having been obliged to fly from his country for publishing it, was republished in Philadelphia, and was never *discountenanced* by the Government or the Chief Justice. NAY, CALLENDER says in his preface, that *certain gentlemen*, and particularly Mr. Jefferson, the Vice-president of the United States, had *encouraged him* to give an American edition of this infamous performance !

I have a dozen sources to which I could apply for libels against foreign Princes and States. BROWN has been guilty of crimes of this kind without number, and so have DUNLAP and his successors. The CLAYPOOLES, no longer ago than September last, calls her Majesty the Queen of Portugal a *crazy lady* and a *lunatic*. OSWALD, to the day of his death, published at least forty libels regularly two days in a week ; but he is dead ; I shall therefore leave him, and come to BACHE, the Chief Judge’s companion at civic festivals.

There is not a Prince or Power of Europe, who has discovered the least inclination to oppose the French, or discredit their infamous principles, whom this caitiff printer and his supporters have not libelled in the most outrageous manner. The Emperor of Germany and his Generals have been called *thieves* and *scoundrels* a thousand times ; the King of Prussia, *before his defection*, was called a *sharp* ; the Empress of Russia, in No. 1361, is called a *she-bear*. But the British nation, Government, and King, have been the constant objects of their most wicked calumnies.

lumnies. MR. SMITH of Baltimore, in open Congress, called the King of Great Britain "*a monster, a king of sea-robbers.*" His *decent* speech was published in all the papers of that day. BACHE, in his paper, No. 1036, says of Britain, that "*dishonour marks her councils and her actions.*" In 1041, he calls the British a "*perfidious nation.*" In 1081, he calls Britain "*that proud, tyrannical, and infamous kingdom.*" In 1083, he calls the people of Great Britain "*the bloody savage islanders.*" The Government, in various papers, he calls, "*that corrupt monarchy—that corrupt government—a mixture of tyranny, profligacy, brutality, and corruption.*"—In the letters of Franklin, published in his paper, he calls Admiral Murray "*freebooter Murray.*" In 1033, he calls his Britannic Majesty "*a prince of robbers.*" In 1048, he calls him, "*that prince of land and sea-robbers, GEORGE III.*" In 1031, he says, speaking of Great Britain, "*I pledge you my word, that I should heartily rejoice, if the Royal Family were all decently guillotined.*" And finally, not to tire my readers with the abominations of this atrocious miscreant, he puts a *mock speech* into the mouth of the King of Great Britain, and makes him conclude as *under the gallows at Tyburn!*

Here are insults, if you talk of insults, to foreign nations. Nor are these the worst. A pamphlet once before quoted, called a *Rub from Snub*, has the following "*decent*" lines; I will not call them verses:

"God scourge Old England's King,

"To earth the direful spring

"Of tears and blood:

"May all such rascals fall,

"Lords, Dukes, and devils all,

"Biting the mud.

"When Britain's beast shall be

"Disrob'd of royalty,

"Discord shall fly;

"But

- " But while *the monster's* jaws,  
 " Fix'd at her vitals, gnaws,  
     " Freedom shall die.  
  
 " Why should Columbia's fire,  
 " Her ancient flame expire,  
     " While nations rise?  
 " Still the *Brute Royal* raves,  
 " Unchains his *British* slaves  
     " Fierce in your eyes.  
 " Why did just Heaven ordain  
 " *Kings* and their *miscreant* train,  
     " Pests to this world?  
 " Deep in hell's ruthless flame,  
 " Shrouded in endless shame,  
     " May they be hurl'd!"

Was there ever such abominable outrage as this offered to mortal man any where but in America? No: since the art of writing was discovered, there never were such libels tolerated against any human being, whether friend or enemy. Yet neither the Government of Pennsylvania, nor the Chief Justice, nor any other person in authority, ever interfered. No one amongst all these libellers was ever prosecuted or *bound over*. Their *politics were perfectly French*, and all went smoothly on.

Let us for a moment suppose (which, however, we have no right to do), that the stupid and ungenerous prejudice prevailing against Great Britain, formed some trifling excuse for the remissness (to give it the mildest term) of the Executive and Judiciary of the State. Still this could not apply to the libels published against other nations and princes; some of which had, and now have, *treaties of amity* with this country; and others were not, nor ever had been, its foes.

Amongst these nations there is one, the libels against which I have reserved for this place: I mean *Spain*. For three long years the King of Spain, his government

government and ministry, were the subject of constant abuse and defamation. BACHE, in No. 1028 of his vile paper, says, "The *slaves of Madrid* will soon shrink from the conquerors of Toulon." And in No. 1044, he has, speaking of Spain, these words: "The *most cowardly of the human race*;"—"the *Spanish slaves*;"—"the ignorant soldiery of the *infamous tyrant of Castile*."

Now, this is the very same Prince, and same people, that I have been prosecuted for libelling. Compare what I have said, or rather what I have published, concerning them; compare the passages in the Bill of Indictment with those here quoted, and then praise the impartiality and justice of the *free and equal government of Pennsylvania*! Don Yrujo never thought the honour of his master, when called an *infamous tyrant*, merited his zeal to defend it; nay, the very printer who thus defamed him, the Don has employed as the printer of his *insolent letter to Mr. PICKERING*! This man's conduct is hardly worth notice; but how shall we account for the conduct of the Chief Judge of Pennsylvania? Surely the King of Spain's character ought to have been an object of his attention *then* as well as *now*; unless we are willing to allow that no character is under the protection of the laws of Pennsylvania, unless it be of *persons devoted to the will of France*.

But before I conclude this comparison between what I have been most rigorously prosecuted for doing, and what others have done with impunity, I shall give the reader a specimen or two of the conduct of the officers of this Pennsylvania Government (*not excluding the Chief Judge himself*) towards foreign nations and princes.

The Governor (Mifflin) assisted at a civic festival,  
when



when the following toasts were drunk : which were published in most of the newspapers \*.

"Those illustrious citizens sent to Botany Bay.—May they be speedily recalled by their country in the day of her regeneration."

"May the spirit of parliamentary reform in Britain and Ireland burst the bands of corruption, and overwhelm the foes of liberty."

"The Sans-culottes of France.—May the robes of all the Emperors, Kings, Princes, and Potentates [not excepting the King of Spain], now employed in suppressing the flame of liberty, be cut up to make breeches."

This is pretty "*decent*," in a Governor ; but, without stopping to remark on the peculiar *decency* of his toasting a gang of *convicts*, let us come to another instance of his conduct, full as "*decent*" as this.

At the civic festival, held in this city in 1794, to celebrate the dethronement of "our great and good ally, Lewis XVI." there were "assembled," according to the *procès verbal*, which was sent to the Paris Convention, "the CHIEFS, civil and military, of Pennsylvania." This *procès verbal* contains a letter to the Convention, in which the following honourable mention is made of the Governor : "The Governor of Pennsylvania, that ardent friend of the French Republic, was present, and partook of all our enthusiasm and all our sentiments†."

\* See BACHE of 11th February, 1795.

† The reader will not be surprised to hear that this is the identical Governor who wanted a few thousands of dollars from the French Minister FAUCHET ; and who drew, *secretly*, 15,000 dollars out of the Bank of Pennsylvania !!

This man brought a whole litter of *bastards* home to his virtuous wife. He is a shameless blackguard, a drunkard, and every thing that can be named that is vile. Such is a *republican Governor* ; a Chief Magistrate of State, who has infinitely greater power over life and property than King George has !!—And this I have already proved on sundry occasions.

I believe

I believe they spoke truth ; for the cannons of the State were fired, and military companies, with drums beating and colours flying, attended the execrable fête, one of the ceremonies of which was, *burning the English flag* ; and as to the *sentiments* contained in the *oaths* and *speeches* (for there were both), they abounded in insults towards almost all the Princes of the earth, but particularly the King of Great Britain.

M<sup>R</sup> KEAN dwells with great stress on the danger to be apprehended from insulting foreign nations, more especially those with which we have *negotiations pending*, and the *persons with whom we are to treat*. Well, then, all the libels that I have here produced against his Britannic Majesty, his Ministers, and his people ; and this “*decent*” conduct on the part of “the CHIEFS, *civil and military*, of “*Pennsylvania*,” and on the part of the Governor himself ; all these libels were published, and this conduct took place *at the very time when Mr. JAY was in England negotiating an amicable adjustment of differences with the British Ministry and their Sovereign !*

The Chief Justice would, I dare say, be very angry not to be thought included among “the CHIEFS, *civil and military*, of the State of Pennsylvania ;” but I shall leave nothing to *inference* or *supposition*. Facts are what I love ; and happily his conduct and character are not in want of plenty to illustrate them. I could mention one civic festival at which he assisted, where “*A revolution in Great Britain*” was toasted ; and another, where a toast was, “*Success to the United Irishmen*,” then in open rebellion against their King ; but these would not, in point of time, be quite to my purpose : I shall, therefore, come to one instance of his conduct that is so. It is a sort of companion-piece to his charge,

and it shall, for that reason, be put exactly upon a parallel with it.

*Judge M'Kean's Charge*

AGAINST

**PETER PORCUPINE.**

*Peter Porcupine's Charge*

AGAINST

**JUDGE M'KEAN.**

“ At a time when misunderstandings prevail between the  
“ Republics of the United States  
“ and France, and when our  
“ General Government have appointed public Ministers to endeavour their removal and restore the former harmony,  
“ some of the journals or newspapers in the city of Philadelphia have teemed with the  
“ most irritating invectives,  
“ couched in the most vulgar  
“ and opprobrious language, not  
“ only against the French nation  
“ and their allies, but the very  
“ men in power with whom the  
“ Ministers of our country are  
“ sent to negotiate. These publications have an evident tendency not only to frustrate a  
“ reconciliation, but to create a  
“ rupture and provoke a war between the sister Republics, and  
“ seem calculated to vilify, nay,  
“ to subvert all *republican* governments whatsoever.

“ *Impressed with the duties of my station*, I have used some  
“ endeavours for checking these  
“ evils, by binding over the editor and printer of one of them,  
“ licentious and virulent beyond  
“ all former example, to his  
“ good behaviour; but he still  
“ perseveres in his nefarious publications; he has ransacked  
“ our language for terms of reproach and insult, and for the  
“ basest accusations against every  
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At a time when misunderstandings prevailed between this country and *Great Britain*, and when the General Government had appointed *Mr. Jay*, and sent him to England to endeavour to remove them, many newspapers and pamphlets in this city of Philadelphia teemed with the most false, most vile, and most rascally abuse, not only against the British nation and their allies, but also against the very Ministers, and the very Monarch, with whom he was sent to treat. These publications had an evident tendency, not only to frustrate a reconciliation, so necessary to the peace, prosperity, and happiness of America, but to provoke a destructive war between the two nations; and were besides calculated to vilify and subvert all *lawful* and *good* government whatsoever.

Yet THOMAS M'KEAN, the Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, never was *impressed with the duties of his station*, so far as to use any, the most feeble, endeavour for checking these evils. He never did punish, or prosecute, or bind over, or reprimand, one of the infamous authors, printers, or publishers; but, on the contrary, when the unratified treaty was promulgated, he appeared at the head of a Committee in the  
c c State-

“ry ruler and distinguished character in France and Spain, with whom we chance to have any intercourse, which it is scarce in nature to forgive; in brief, he braves his recognition and the laws. It is now with you, gentlemen of the Grand Jury, to animadvert on his conduct: without your aid it cannot be corrected. The government that will not discountenance, may be thought to adopt it, and be deemed justly chargeable with all the consequences.”

State-house yard, surrounded with a vast concourse of rabble, assembled for the evident and avowed purpose of preventing its ratification. Here *Hamilton Roxau* was, on motion from the chair, welcomed with many cheers; the rabble were called on to *kick the damned treaty to hell*, and they afterwards went and *burnt it*, with every mark of hatred and insult, *opposite the door of the British Ambassador!*

There is the text, reader; make the comment yourself; for I have not language to do justice to the indignant feelings that it excites in my breast.—Sum up the evidence, and judge of the candour and impartiality of the Chief Justice of Pennsylvania. All that could be conjured up against me, was included in the Bill of Indictment, the very harshest expression to be found in which is my calling the King of Spain a “*degenerate Prince*.” while I have proved, from papers and pamphlets now in print, and to be come at by every one, that others have printed and published to the world, that Mr. Jay is a “damned arch traitor,” General Washington a “patron of fraud, a legalizer of corruption, and an assassin;” that the Empress of Russia is a “she-bear,” the King of Prussia a “sharpener,” the Queen of Portugal a “lunatic,” the Prince of Wales a “murderer,” the King of Great Britain a “brute, a monster, a rascal, and a robber worthy of the gibbet;” and lastly, that the King of Spain, whom I only called a degenerate Prince, has been boldly declared to be “an infamous tyrant!”—And I again and again repeat, that the Chief Justice has suffered all this to pass immediately under his sight, unprosecuted,

cuted, unreprieved, and unnoticed; while my publications have been watched with a never slumbering eye, and prosecuted with a rigour unparalleled; while two thirds of a charge to a Grand Jury have been directly pointed at my person; while every severe maxim of our own law has been sought out; and, as if all this were not enough, while the bloody Twelve Tables of Rome, and the laws of Valentinian, have been resorted to, in order to excite a horror of my offence, and to draw down punishment on my head, for publishing what an enlightened and honest Grand Jury has determined *not to be libellous!*

How difficult soever the reader may here find it to repress the emotions which such hitherto unheard-of conduct is calculated to excite, I must beg him to indulge them till I have drawn his attention to a fact, which, in the crowd of matter, I dare say has escaped him.

I have amply proved, that the pretended libels for which I have been prosecuted, are, to the real ones published by others, what the glare of a taper is to a city in flames. I have proved that the very monarch, whom I termed a “degenerate Prince,” has been by others proclaimed as “an infamous tyrant.” But there was yet one fact wanting to render this scandalous prosecution complete; and that fact is at hand.

The reader, by turning back to page 348 of this volume, will perceive, that one of my “false, scandalous, and malicious libels,” as they are most falsely and scandalously called, did not originate with me, nor in my paper. It was copied from FENNO’s paper of *an anterior date*. This material circumstance was very cautiously and *candidly* kept out of the *Bill of Indictment*, though the heads and titles of the other two publications were mentioned; and there is every

reason to believe that it escaped the attention of the Grand Jury.

The Indictment, as is usual, concludes with stating the tendency of the crime, part of which is, "the *evil example* of all others in the like case offending." This is most certainly very proper: for, to prevent the effects of *evil example*, is, or ought to be, the principal object of all punishments. But how could I be said to set the *evil example*, when it was notorious that I had been far surpassed by others, who had never been called to account, and when the very publication for which I was prosecuted, I had copied word for word from another printer, a native of the country, and living in the same city with myself? Mr. FENNO has never been *bound over*. He has never been arrested: nor has he been even spoken to on the subject. He has heard of my being prosecuted; but he little imagines it was for his crimes.

Thus, in the capital of America, amidst all its *vaunted liberty of the press*, and under the "*equal*" and "*humane*" laws of Pennsylvania, another man has been allowed to print and publish, not only with impunity, but without proof, a paragraph, for the republishing of which I have been seized as a criminal, exposed to the danger of a heavy fine, of imprisonment at hard labour, of being crammed into a dungeon, and of *suffering the punishment of a murderer!*

Is this your *republican justice*? Is this the blessed fruit of that *liberty*, to obtain which, all the horrors of a revolution are to be encountered, Kings are to be hurled from their thrones, and nations deluged in blood? Was it for this that America maintained a ten years desolating war; that all the ties of interest, of allegiance, of friendship, and of nature, were rent asunder, and that a hundred thousand of

her sons were stretched dead on the plain? Talk not to me of your sovereign people and your universal suffrage; of your political liberty and your equal rights: they are empty sounds which I regard not. Give me security for my person and property; or, at least, let me share the fate of my neighbour. "Send us," said the Israelites of old; "send us, O Lord, a King, that he may render us *justice*." To ensure this last-mentioned inestimable blessing, is the end of civil society, and ought to be the great object of all political institutions. *Justice* is the soul of freedom, as *impartiality* is the soul of justice; and without these, *liberty* is an impostor, and *law* is a farce.

I should here bid the reader adieu, leaving him to pour out his soul, like Judge M'Kean, in hosannahs for the "temporal blessings of the Representative Democracy, which the Almighty, *in his great mercy*, has vouchsafed unto us;" but I have pledged myself to prove, that "*the British press is much freer than that of America*;" and, notwithstanding "the blessings in great mercy vouchsafed unto us," I fear not, that, with the indulgence of the reader, I shall make good my promise. For the motives from which I do this I am responsible to no one: if, however, an apology is thought necessary, let it be sought for in the abominable treatment I have experienced.

Since the revolution, which terminated in the independence of these States, almost every publication here, and every democratic one in Great Britain, have held the liberty of the American press up in triumphant exultation over that of the press of Great Britain. How many volumes might be filled up with instances of this sort! How many thousand times is the vain boast repeated in the course of each revolving sun! To refer to particular publications, is like seeking for proofs of daylight or of darkness:

but, there is one that I must refer to, because it so aptly answers my purpose. It is a letter of the arch sectarian PRIESTLEY, who, not content without companions in his fallen state, has spared no pains to inveigle his countrymen hither. He tells the people of England, in his letter sent there to be published, that “*Here* (in *italics*, to mark the contrast), “*here* the press is free. *Here* truth is not a libel.” This satanic letter contains many other assertions equally *false*, which I may one day or other expose : but, at present, I notice only what appertains to my subject\*.

The poor Doctor was always a bold assertor ; but, in the case before us, I must confess, a more scrupulous man might have been led into the adoption of a falsehood. The appeal has been so incessantly rung in our ears ; we have been so bored with it in all seasons, at all hours, eating, drinking, and sleeping time not excepted, that it required a degree of incredulity rarely to be met with to resist the temptation to belief. The assertion is nevertheless false ; and it is a falsehood too, which the safety of every one (particularly a *foreigner*) who touches pen or types requires to be clearly and fully exposed.

*That TRUTH may be a libel in Great Britain, and that it cannot be a libel here*, is generally believed ; and is thought to constitute the difference in the laws of the two countries, on this head. But this is no more than a vulgar notion, taken up from ig-

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\* The letter, of which I speak here, I have a copy of by me, in a Liverpool paper.—But since the Doctor wrote that letter, it seems, experience has changed his opinion. He has suffered the just punishment of his malignancy against his country ; he has been cheated, neglected, and scorned. He now is in an obscurity hardly penetrable ; he is reduced to poverty, and is bursting with vexation. All this has had an effect ; and I will state as a fact, which I call on him to deny, if he can, that he has lately declared, that “*republican governments are the most arbitrary in the world ! ! !*”



norance, and propagated from vanity and envy. I defy any man to produce me a single law, or a single constitution (for, "thank God," as the Judge says, we have many); I defy him to cite me a clause or sentence that says, or that leaves room to suppose, that *truth* may not be deemed a libel here as well as in England. The United States, and the individual States of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, Maryland, North Carolina, and Kentucky, each of them say that the *press* "*ought to be free*," in a short vague sentence, of which any lawyer of a common capacity would give as many different interpretations as there can be rung changes upon twelve bells, which are said to amount to some millions. Pennsylvania and Tennessee say the same, and more. They say, with the other States, and with the laws of England, that *the press shall be free*; and they add, that, "in prosecutions for the publication of papers, "investigating the *official* conduct of *officers*, or "where the matter published is *proper for public information*, the *truth* thereof may be given in evidence." Connecticut, New-York, New-Jersey, Delaware, Virginia, South Carolina, and Georgia, have had the prudence to say nothing at all about the matter; and, as to Rhode Island, its constitution is neither more nor less than a new edition of the charter granted them by "the abundant grace, certain "knowledge, and mere motion" of King Charles II. Thus it stands, bound up with the other sixteen constitutions, without the addition or exclusion of a single word\*. And all the other States, without one ex-

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\* Let those who contend that the Americans have *gained* by their revolution, repeat this with shame. The old charter of Charles II. one of the worst of the English Kings, is their present *constitution*: and yet this is the people who wanted a revolution to *obtain liberty*, and whom the people of England are called on to imitate!

ception, have taken special care to bind down their rulers *never to deprive them of the common law of England*, but to preserve it inviolate to them and their children. Amidst all their vagaries, when they were stark staring drunk with revolutionary triumph, they had the good sense, the saving grace, to cling fast round this old trunk of solid and substantial liberty. Long may they hold by it, and never suffer it to be chipped away by quibbling statutes and partial Judges!

Hence, then, it happens, very luckily for me, that, if there be any State, in which the common law of England respecting libels is departed from, it is poor Pennsylvania. And what is the mighty "blessing" she has had "vouchsafed unto her?" Why, "in prosecutions for the publication of papers investigating the *official* conduct of *officers*, or where the matter published is *proper for public information*, the *truth* may be given in evidence." So that, you will please to observe, Messieurs authors and printers, that, first, the person about whom you publish must be *an officer*; and next, you must touch upon nothing but his *official* conduct. Precious privilege! It is a mere net to catch the unwary: it leaves not the least scope for censuring any public man whatsoever, but seems, on the contrary, intended to shelter his faults and his crimes from the lash of the press. By declaring that the *truth* shall be admitted as evidence as to such publications only as touch his *official* conduct, his private character and conduct are held up as sacred and inviolable.

But the Judge, the expositor of the constitution, goes still further. He tells us that the publications respecting the *official* conduct of officers must not only be *true*, but "*candid*" and "*decent*" also. This is a maxim laid down in his charge, and every one will agree, that he was ready to put it in practice. Comfortable writing and publishing it must be, thus  
penned

penned up with vague and indefinite epithets! *Truth* may be defined and ascertained; but what publication is there, which, by some quirk or other, might not be represented as *uncandid* or *indecent*? Yet, as if this left the press still *too free*, the Judge tells us, that such publications must not only be *decent, candid,* “and *true*”; but, besides all this, they “must have an eye *solely* to the *public good*.”—Here is a pretty latitude for quibble and litigation! Not only the *facts* are to be established, and the *manner* and *style* approved of by the Court, but even the *motives* of the writer are to be inquired into, and may be construed into a ground for punishing him!

One would now think that the officers of Pennsylvania were safely enough fortified against the attacks of the press; but the Chief Justice was resolved to guard them at every point; and therefore, after throwing up bastions in abundance, and outworks upon outworks, he surrounds the whole with a line of contravallation, thus:—“Where libels “are printed against *persons employed in a public capacity*, they receive an *aggravation*, as they tend to “*scandalize the Government*.” Charming liberty of the press! Against men thus defended, what devil of a printer is there, who will ever dare to fire a single shot? Suppose, for instance, that a Judge were to be guilty of some most vile and infamous offence: suppose he were *to steal*; one would think that a free press should take some little notice of it; but you must not do it, because thieving is not (or, at least, I am sure, it ought not to be) the *official* conduct of a Judge, and therefore the truth cannot be given in evidence; and because the libel would “receive an *aggravation*,” as it would most certainly “tend to *scandalize the Government*.” Thus  
is

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\* A Judge of Pennsylvania, REDMAN, was, in November, 1795, caught thieving in the shop of Mr. FOLWELL, the dry-goods merchant

is the press of Pennsylvania nailed down : but if such a thing had happened in England, or in France, previous to the revolution, the printers would have blazoned it from one end of the empire, nay, from one end of the world to the other ; and if they could have found a conveyance to the moon, thither it would have gone. It is right to curb such “ licentious ” fellows. Their blabbing ought to be prevented ; and for doing this, give me not a mighty kingdom with standing armies and lettres de cachet, but give me a little snug “ Representative Democracy,” armed with the power of *binding them over at discretion*, and inflicting on them *the punishment of a murderer*.

As to the latter provision of the clause above quoted, that the *truths* published must be *proper for public information*, it is far worse than nothing ; for what is *proper for public information* is no libel according to the common law ; and therefore no *truth*, nor any evidence whatsoever, is necessary to justify its publication, in the eye of the law ; but, according to the new maxim, what is very proper for public information may be a libel, if the truth of every word of it cannot be established.

I think I have now satisfied the reader, that, in point of law, the American press has gained nothing

merchant in Front-street. Mr. Folwell detected him, took the money (300 dollars) from him, and kicked him into the street.—His *friends*, amongst the most intimate of whom was *his Excellency* the Governor, advised him to *retire* ; and he is now living at his ease about twenty miles from the city. No justice was ever done to him ; he was never censured, not even in the newspapers ! Such is the cowardly, base, and worthless press of America ! Such are *republican Judges*, and such is republican morality ! But this is not the worst. I know a Judge who has *committed murder* ! wilful murder, and that, too, *previous* to his appointment by this our republican Governor !

I only give a sort of hint here.—One day or other, if it pleases God to spare my life, I will publish such a collection of facts, as shall shock the universe.

over that of Great Britain. But the Chief Justice, as if he really intended to aid my undertaking, and to do away every doubt on the subject, took good care to tell the Grand Jury, that, *with respect to libels, the common law was confirmed and established by the constitution itself*. Where then is the advantage derived from the new order of things? If the constitution of Pennsylvania, which is, according to the modern application of the word, the freest in America; if this constitution has done *no more* than confirm and establish the common law of England, with respect to the liberty of the press, how can any man have the impudence to boast of that liberty being greater here than it is in England, where that same common law still exists in all its plenitude and purity, and is administered by men the most learned, independent, and righteous in the world?

Thus far then, the liberty of the press is, in the eye of *the law*, the same in both countries; but this does not prove that there exist no circumstances in America peculiar to it, which render the exercise of this liberty unsafe, and of course restrain its operation. It is not only the principles professed in a country that we are to look to, but also the *practice* of that country. The thing called the Constitution of France, for example, says, that the *free use* of the press is a right *sacred and inviolable*; but this does not prevent the tyrants from seizing the printers by scores; and transporting them without a trial and without a hearing.

The press has been, and still is, restrained in this country, 1st, by the notion which has been, for evident motives, inculcated by artful men, that no *private character* ought to be publicly censured; 2d, by the very dangerous privilege which *foreign agents* possess, in having *a choice of governments*, under which to bring their prosecutions; and 3d, by the terror necessarily excited in every printer, by the  
*disgraceful*

*disgraceful and cruel punishment to which he is liable.*

As to the first of these restraints, nothing can give a better idea of the extent to which it is carried, than the bold assertions contained in the Chief Judge's charge. He tells us, that, though a publication may not reflect any moral turpitude on the party, it may yet be libellous if it *thwarts the said party's desire of appearing agreeable in life*. This is a very comfortable doctrine to every *scoundrel*, and particularly to every *whore*; for you will not find one of either description, who does not desire *to appear agreeable in life*. The reasonableness of this doctrine his Honour supports by telling us, that if any man does wrong, recourse may be had to the Courts of Justice, and that there can be no necessity *nor reason* for appeals to the people in *newspapers or pamphlets*.

Thus you see, if his Honour shuts up the press, he has the goodness to open his Court to us \*. But if I were to see one officer of Government go staggering drunk through the street, on his return from a civic festival; or another, from the same cause, reeling into his seat, must I hold my tongue, or go to law with them? If a swindler, a man of the basest character, the most treacherous and corrupt of mortals, were to propose himself as a candidate for a seat in the Legislature, must I say nothing about him? must I not throw out even a hint to the people, to warn them of their danger? If a Judge, or any other awful character, were to be detected in shop-lifting, or in the commission of any such base and infamous crime; or if a lady were to choose, now and then, to relieve her husband by retiring a few months to the arms of a friend, must I sew up

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\* Where *his own son* is a pleading lawyer. The Judge himself sometimes acts as a lawyer in other States.

my lips, and must my press be as tame and contented as the cuckold himself †?

Such may indeed be the practice of the American press; but is it that of the press of Great Britain? Only compare one of the London papers with an American paper, and you will soon see which comes from the freest press. Is there a crime, is there a fault or a folly, which the editors and print-sellers in London do not lash? They dive into every assembly and every house; they spare characters neither public nor private; neither the people, the gentry, the clergy, the nobility, nor the royal family itself, are sheltered from their ridicule or their censure. Let any American but open PETER PINDAR's works, and the LONDON MORNING CHRONICLE; then let him read Judge M'Kean's charge, and blush at the boast that has been so often made about the liberty of the press.

I am far from approving of all, or of hardly any thing, contained in the works of Pindar and the Morning Chronicle: the Chronicle is the devoted tool of an infamous Jacobin faction, and the far greater part of Pindar's monotonous odes are an outrage on decency, on truth, and on every principle, moral and religious, by which a man of learning and talents ought to be directed. But because public censure and ridicule, when grounded on *falsehood*, is unjustifiable, it by no means follows, that the press is to exercise no censorship at all; that it is not to record evil as well as righteous deeds; that it is not to check the follies and vices of the times;

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† A Pennsylvania *Judge's wife* had, a little while ago, a child by a man who kept a livery-stable. *His Honour* the Judge had been absent for three years, in the western territory. The *lady*, says the stable-man, is the best of the two, and she has married him, though *his Honour* is still living. I need not name the parties; for though the cowardly newspapers have never noticed the affair, it is notorious enough.

that it is not to exert its wholesome and mighty influence on society, but become the mere echo of the bench and the bar. No; this does not follow; yet this is the practice of the American press.

Come to my office, reader, and look over (if you have patience) the leaden sheets that are hither dragged from every quarter of the country. If they have one single shaft of satire, except it be on the old hackneyed subject of kingcraft and priestcraft, I will suffer you to suffocate me by reading me their contents.—And what is the reason of this? Is it that this blessed “Representative Democracy,” which, *in great mercy*, has been vouchsafed unto “us,” preserves us unsusceptible of folly or vice? Is it that we are all wise, moral, religious, and pure as the driven snow? Is it, my God! that we know of no such thing as drunkenness, adultery, swindling, corruption, or blasphemy\*? Or is it that we wish to keep these things hidden from the world?—If this could be done, and if silence would produce a reformation, I would willingly consent—not to become as tame and insipid as my brethren, but to throw my press into the river. But this is impossible; since whatever exists, is, and must be, known; and since wickedness, the longer it remains unchastised, the more inveterate it becomes. Since this is the case, the most rigid censorship in the press is absolutely necessary, to check, in time, that which, if suffered to pass unnoticed, will most cer-

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\* There are more bastards born annually in the single State of Pennsylvania, than in all the British dominions; and as to cuckoldom, I will only say, that every paper teems with *advertisements of wives eloped from the bed and board of their husbands*. I do not hence insinuate, that there are *no good people* here. There are many—as many as in most countries; but then people will, and do, allow, that the morals of the country are approaching fast to that state, which never yet failed to prove the ruin of every thing held in esteem amongst men.



tainly, sooner or later, end in general degradation and ruin.

Yet this timely check, this salutary and costless chastisement, must remain an useless instrument in our hands, because, forsooth, the villain and the strumpet “*desire to appear agreeable in life,*” and because an exposure of their turpitude will “*stain the honour of their families!*” For this cogent reason, the good and the bad, the upright statesman and the traitor, the man of integrity and the rogue, the virtuous matron and the whore, are all to be jumbled together, and the world is to take us in the lump, or not at all.

But, may it please your Honour, this will not do. We know well, that the world is very ill-natured, and that, when it judges in the lump, it very seldom looks at the best side. Men of reputation, therefore, do not approve of this jumbling work. They wish to be distinguished from those that have none. This can be done only by the detection of vice, and by exposing it to public censure; and I beg your Honour's leave to add one concluding observation of my own, which is this, *that I never yet knew a single person, man or woman, extremely anxious to restrain the liberty of the press, in this respect, who had not very sufficient reasons for so doing.*

The next restraint on the freedom of the American press, is the very alarming privilege which *foreign agents* possess, in having a *choice of governments*, under which to bring their prosecutions.

I have already, in the former part of this pamphlet, said how the press, in various parts of the country, has been kept in slavery by the unpunished violence of the domineering French faction; and, in the relation of the treatment I have met with, I have clearly proved what every printer of any independence of spirit has to expect from another quarter. This situation of things, however, has been  
produced

produced by a combination of singular circumstances, and it may probably wear away as those circumstances change. But the evil of which I have now to complain, is of a nature not to be worn away by the hand of time alone. It is built on law and constitution, or, at least, it operates as if it were, and admits of no remedy, except by some positive act of the Convention or the Legislature.

It was hoped (though, it must be confessed, with very little reason), that America, when separated from Great Britain, would never more be affected by the quarrels of European nations. PAINE told the people, that they would have nothing to do but grow rich, while other nations should be at war. "Our commerce," says he, "will always secure us the peace and friendship of all Europe." This, by woful experience, we find to have been like all the rest of shallow-headed Paine's predictions. But this is not the worst. Not only does America feel the pressure of European wars, in a degree equal to that felt by the people of Great Britain at this moment; but she is cursed with a foreign faction in her bosom, by which she is continually curbed, harassed, injured, insulted, and betrayed.

The politics of the country are become so connected, so interwoven, with the politics of other nations, France in particular, that they are never spoken of in any other than a relative light. I verily believe, and indeed I am certain, that, as to numbers, men are more equally divided, at this time, between the Federal Government and the French, than they were in the year 1778, between the Congress and the King of England.

Nor does this pernicious division stop here. The State Governments have their sides. One State is called a *Federal State*, and another an *Antifederal State*; and it is notorious, that the politics of the persons

persons, who administer these subaltern Governments, are generally fixed and uniform on one side or the other.

In such a state of things, only think of the danger of allowing foreign ministers and agents *to choose the Government, under which to bring their prosecutions!* Possessing this dreadful privilege, will not every foreign agent take good care to institute his prosecutions under that Government, to which the party prosecuted has, by his politics, rendered himself obnoxious? And, where this can be done, what sort of chance, I pray, is there for a man who meddles with the press, and who happens to be situated in a State, where he must of necessity be obnoxious to one of the two Governments under which he lives?

My own case is a striking exemplification of the danger of this privilege. Yrujo, the Spaniard, applied first to the Federal Government to prosecute me, and was informed that it would be done in the Federal Courts. But this he remonstrated against, and requested that it might be done in the Courts of Pennsylvania: in which Courts M'Kean is Chief Judge.—Now, why this request? Why prefer one jurisdiction to another? The Courts are held at the same place, and nearly at the same time. The Judges of the Federal Court are men famous for their learning and their integrity; and, I am sure, ordering the trial in this Court ought to have been looked upon as a mark of respect to the Spanish King. How, then, are we to account for this extraordinary request?

Leaving the reader to account for it in his own way, I shall tell him that the request was refused; and that, then, a new prosecution was set on foot under the Government of Pennsylvania. The matter contained in the Bill of Indictment was hunted out; and let it be well remembered, that every

pretended libel contained in this Bill was published *before I was bound over on the first complaint*. In possession of this fact, the reader will be able to guess what the hopes of the prosecutor were founded on.

The matter in the Bill of Indictment, if libellous, was surely so before I was bound over the first time. How comes it then, that it was not included in the first complaint? This puzzled the Grand Jury. The thing appeared so unnatural to them, that they sent for the two Attornies General to explain the mystery, when it was found, that they had taken care, in drawing their indictments, to steer clear of each other; in doing which, I, by the by, do not mean to hint, that either of these gentlemen did any more than his duty.

Thus was seen the singular phenomenon of a printer prosecuted by *two Governments*, at one and the same time, for different parts of one and the same offence! And this is *American liberty of the press!*

Did Englishmen ever hear of any thing of this kind before? No; they have *one* government, *one* law, and *one* constitution, for all. In their country, neither foreigner nor native, plaintiff nor defendant, has a choice of jurisdictions, tribunals, or judges. Where the offence is committed, there must it be tried. They have no clashing of Governments of opposite politics, under which every printer is in hourly danger, from the intrigues of foreign agents, and is obliged to tack and shift, like a polacre with contending winds between Scylla and Charybdis. No; in England, all is fair and free. The path is simple: the law is one and the same, and is equal in its operations in every place and towards all parties. It is founded in wisdom and in justice, and is administered with candour, impartiality, and mercy.

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The third restraint on the liberty of the American press, and the last which I shall notice, *at this time, is, the fear which must be naturally excited in every writer and printer, by the disgraceful and cruel punishment to which he is continually exposed.*

After all that we have heard and seen about the *mildness* and *humanity* of the American laws; after all the cant of the *tender-hearted* Brissot; after all the silly eulogiums on the prisons of Philadelphia, spread abroad in pamphlets, speeches, and paragraphs: and after all the sarcastic and acrimonious invective which the American press is continually pouring out against the *sanguinary* code of Great Britain: bored with all this, I say, even to surfeiting, my present complaint must appear very extraordinary. Let it. All that I have to do, is to prove it well founded.

The liberty of doing any thing, is greater or less, in proportion to the punishment that the law awards for it. I am, therefore, far from pretending that the Americans do not, in some respects, possess more liberty than the English. They are in less danger, when they steal, rob, forge, coin, and murder: for these crimes are here punished with *fine, jail imprisonment, imprisonment at hard labour, or solitary confinement*; whereas, in England, they are punished with *death*. But let those who have reason, boast of this sort of liberty. It is not what I want. I only contend for liberty to write and to print.

This liberty is a right, sanctioned by law, as far as a certain line, all beyond which is called libelling. This line reaches, as I have clearly proved, just as far in America as it does in England, and no farther. All that we have to do, then, is to see which country inflicts punishments the *least severe* on transgressors; for in that country the press must be *most free*.

By only casting our eyes on the Chief Judge's charge, we shall perceive, that the punishments are tenfold more severe in America than in England. In England, a transgressor of the laws of the press, or, in other words, a libeller, is punishable by *fine*, by *imprisonment in jail*, by *standing in the pillory*; or by any two, or all three of them. But, what is his punishment in America? Why, in the first place, *fine* and *jail imprisonment*, as in England; and to these may be added, *imprisonment at hard labour*, and even *solitary confinement in a dungeon*, at the discretion of the Court; and all this too in a country, where the prosecutor may have a choice of Courts!

As far as relates to *fines* and *jail imprisonment*, the code of the two countries is the same; but, instead of the momentary shame of the pillory, the American libeller, whether writer or printer, is liable to the lasting pain and disgrace of hard labour, and to the more horrid punishment of the dungeon. Standing in the pillory, which is the worst an English libeller can undergo, is over in a few hours. The sufferer is then placed in jail, where he is as free as a detention of his person will admit of. He can see, hear, read, and converse. He is at ease; can be visited by his friends; nay, *Callender* (the runaway Scotchman) boasts, that his associates even sold their libels in Newgate. What is this punishment compared to continual *hard labour*? And what is hard labour or any thing else, compared to being thrown into a cell, and cut off, not only from friends and family, but from every human being?

But we must not drop the subject here. Punishments, as to their influence on society, and consequently as to their restraint on the press, must be considered *relatively*; for, what may be a very light punishment in one country, may be a very heavy, and even a very cruel one in another. In England, for instance, robbery, forgery, murder, &c. are punished with *death*: in America these crimes are punished

nished with *hard labour*, or *solitary confinement*. So that, to inflict these latter punishments on a libeller *here*, is exactly as cruel as it would be to inflict death on him in England.

What were the motives of the rulers, who lessened the punishment for *murder*, and other horrid crimes, while they augmented the punishment for *libelling*; I must leave those to determine, who boast so much about the liberty of their press; but this I will undertake to say, that it is most excellently calculated to restrain, intimidate, and overawe every one who has any thing to do with writing and printing. What man will ever dare to communicate his thoughts to the public, while it is probable, or even *possible*, that his writing will procure him a place in that "*temple of humanity*," as it has been called, the Philadelphia prison; where, dressed in a jail uniform, penned up amongst runaway thieving negro slaves; amongst robbers, forgers, sodomites, and murderers; where, in short, amongst convicts of every colour and of every crime, he is employed in the polite art of pounding hemp, with the infinite satisfaction of being exhibited to travelling *philanthropists* as a "*living monument of American mildness and humanity*?"—And if this be too much for a man of reputation and talents to bear, how shall he dare to brave the horrors of a cell; to be secluded from his friends, parents, wife, children, and all that renders life worth possessing; to be barred up for months, or for years, like a condemned malefactor; and this too at the discretion of a Court, chosen, perhaps, by his prosecutor?

Did Englishmen . . . . . but why do I pursue the odious comparison?—Did even Frenchmen ever feel a restraint like this?—The Bastille!—It was bad enough, to be sure; but a writer confined there, had, at least, the consolation of knowing that he was distinguished from felons and murderers.

derers. Though far too severely punished, he was not covered with everlasting disgrace and infamy. Literature, though the abuse of it was cruelly chastised, was not degraded, was not rendered at once hateful and despicable, as it is by the indiscriminating code of Pennsylvania.

Yet, notwithstanding all we have seen, the Chief Judge has the modesty to tell the Grand Jury, from the bench, that “the criminal law of *this State* is “so pregnant with *justice*, so agreeable to *reason*, so “full of *equity* and *clemency*, that even those who “suffer by it, *cannot charge it with rigour!!!*”—This was too much. He might, at any rate, have spared us the mortification of listening to this. But it is the fashion. Almost every public harangue has some such vaunting conclusion. It may be good policy, to be sure, as it tends to keep the people here in excellent humour, while it excites envy in those of other nations, makes them discontented with their lot, and *invites them to cultivate the deserts of America*; but then, the greatest care imaginable should be taken, not to lay the iron finger on such men as are not formed for passive sufferance, and particularly if they are Britons; for they, above all others, will not whisper their curses to the winds; they will turn their eyes towards their native land; they will compare what they have lost with what they have gained; nor will all the terrors of hard labour and a Philadelphia dungeon, ever, I trust, deter them from proclaiming the account to the world.

I have now accomplished my object. I have exposed the conduct of my enemies, and I have amply proved that the press is more free in Great Britain than it is in America. But I cannot conclude without, in the fulness of my heart, giving a word or two of advice to *my countrymen*.—Such, BRITONS, is the fruit of republican government *here*; not among the



the apish and wolfish French ; but among a people descended from the same ancestors as yourselves. When your *monarchical* government bears such fruit, let it, I say, be hewn down, and cast into the fire ; but, till that disgraceful and dreadful day comes, watch over it with care, and defend it to the last drop of your blood : preserve it as you would a golden casket, the apple of your eye, or the last dear gift of your dying parents.—With this I conclude, praying the God of our fathers to lead you in the practice of all their virtues ; to give wisdom to your minds, and strength to your arms ; to keep you firm and united, honest and generous, loyal, brave, and free ; but, above all, to preserve you from the desolating and degrading curse of revolutionary madness and modern *republicanism*.

END OF REPUBLICAN JUDGE.

FRIDAY, 1<sup>st</sup> DECEMBER.

By looking a few pages back, it will be seen, that amongst the jurors who voted for finding the bill against me, was one THOMAS FORREST, Esq. This Squire was, before the breaking out of the rebellion, in his proper place; that is to say, he went daily to work with a set of carpenter's tools on his shoulder, and very respectfully pulled off his hat to every well-dressed man that he approached. But that rebellion which turned every thing else upside down; that rebellion which took M'KEAN from a stable, and put him on the bench of justice; which took BENJAMIN RUSH from his mother's gin-shop, and made him a lawgiver; that rebellion raised TOM FORREST, in a very short space of time, from a journeyman carpenter to a Colonel. He was, during the war, less famed for the mortality he produced amongst the British troops than for the horrible massacres which he and his men were guilty of amongst the pigs, sheep, cattle, and poultry of the Tories. The forbearance-money, which he extorted at different times from these persecuted people, left him, at the end of the war, in possession of a considerable sum of hard money. He was now become too cunning to think of returning to the carpenter's trade. Having preyed as long as he could upon the loyalists, he bethought him of a method of preying upon the rebels; yea, even upon the companions of his military exploits! It will be remembered that the soldiers of the rebel army were, at the close of the war, paid off their long arrears in a sort of paper called *certificates*. These certificates were not payable on sight, but were a sort of deferred stock, the interest on which was to begin to be paid on a distant day. This was a trick of the leading rebels. They had resolved to tax the country, in order to make provision for the due discharge of the interest on

these certificates, and to pass such laws as should make them worth their nominal value; but they suffered the mass of the people to think that the certificates would, like the other paper money, finally depreciate, and be good for nothing. The poor ignorant wretches of soldiers, alarmed at the prospect of losing every farthing of their hire, and being, besides, destitute of the necessaries of life, became eager to sell their certificates for whatever they could get. This was precisely what the leading rebels wished for. *They* stood prepared to buy; and, in a very little time, the poor villains who had been fighting for them during the war, were stripped of every shilling of their arrears. Amongst the persons who made fortunes by this most infamous traffic, was THOMAS FORREST, who, in 1797, was become a very rich man, and a member of the Legislature of Pennsylvania. Such was the origin and progress of one of those who voted against me. The following letter, which is now *published* for the first time, will speak for itself.

To THOMAS FORREST.

SIR, Philadelphia, 1st Dec. 1797.

Though, generally speaking, it may be justly thought impertinent in an obscure individual, to break in upon the important engagements of a *Statesman* and a *Legislator*; yet I trust that this letter will be its own apology, particularly when addressed to an apostle of *liberty and equality*.

The *deep researches*, in which, for the good of your country, your mind is continually absorbed, have, without doubt, already effaced from your memory the conversation which took place at Mr. John Olden's, the day after the Bill of Indictment against me was returned *Ignoramus*. I, Sir, who have not, like you, the weight of a commonwealth on my shoulders, have leisure to attend to such trifles; and  
I will,

I will, with your leave, repeat this conversation. I noted it down immediately afterwards, and the following is an extract from my memorandum-book.

“ Being at Mr. John Oldden’s store, sitting with him and his cousin Ephraim, *Thomas Forrest* (one of the Grand Jurors for the Court of Oyer and Terminer, now sitting in Philadelphia) came in, and, on entering the back part of the store, said to Mr. Oldden : ‘ So, *we could not hang* your friend Peter Porcupine at last.’—‘ No,’ replied Mr. Oldden, ‘ they have beat you.’—‘ Yes,’ returned Forrest, ‘ *damn them, they have beat us.*’ ”

Now, Sir, lay this conversation before a thousand candid men, and I will venture my life that every one of them is of opinion, that you were determined, before you heard any evidence, or even saw the *Bill*, to find it a *true one*. This is my opinion, and I am certain it would be that of the public, were the conversation submitted to them.

Are you aware, Sir, of the predicament in which this places you ? Is your mind duly impressed with the awful magnitude of an *oath* ? If it be, and if you did, with your hand on the holy Evangelists, make a solemn promise to God and your country, to do justice with impartiality ; if you did do this, and still retain your *predetermination* (as your avowal seemed to indicate) ; if you did do this, I say, your situation is not to be envied by the most miserable of mortals ; no, not by the manacled miscreant, or even by the thief at the gallows tree,

The subsequent part of your conversation, though less shocking than what I have already recalled to your memory, was not less characteristic of a base mind. After you discovered *who I was*, you, with a grin and a cringing bow, said it was the first time you had had the *pleasure* of seeing me. Upon Mr. Oldden’s observing, that *all the democrats be-*

*came bankrupts*, and that he should yet get hold of your fine house and plantation, you replied: "I am more afraid of its getting into the hands of *Doctor Lieb* and his gang;" forgetting, I suppose, that you were lately elected in the same ticket, and that you now actually are the colleague of this very "*Doctor Lieb* and his gang!" After this, you loudly accused Judge M'Kean of *partiality*, inveighed with great warmth against the bitterness of *his charge to the Grand Jury*, and gave us a ludicrous representation of his reception of the *Ignoramus*. Before my departure, to cap the climax of inconsistency and meanness, you gave me *an invitation to go and see you!*

Is this your *republican frankness and integrity*? To slander a man behind his back; use all your endeavours to ruin him without the least provocation; express your disappointment and chagrin at not being able to *hang him*; and then, with that expression yet warm on your lips, to give him a bowing, fawning invitation to *honour you with his company!*—Miserable country! wretched people! where such men are *Grand Jurors* and *Legislators!*

I was confused and confounded at your superlative baseness. I felt myself contaminated by your presence; and nothing but my respect for Mr. Oldden, and a due regard to the laws of hospitality, prevented me from telling you then, what I tell you now, and that is, that I would sooner darken the doors of hell than those of your democratic dwelling.

You have my free consent to notice this letter in any manner you please. On my part, I look upon you as a contemptible creature, unworthy of *public* notice; but, remember well, I do not promise to forbear, if your conduct, either public or private, shall give me any future provocation.

WM. COBBETT.

This

This letter, before it was sent off, was shown to Mr. Oldden, who said, that the facts therein stated were perfectly correct. The truth is, it was written in consequence of a conversation between Oldden and myself. Oldden wanted to have some fun with Forrest, and we both of us thought that the indiscretion and meanness of the upstart wretch furnished a good handle, not only for alarming him, but for holding him in subjection, and making him vote in the Assembly according to our wishes; which, most assuredly, were in unison with the happiness of the State.

The letter reached Germantown (the village where Forrest lived) late in the evening. Early the next morning he was with Mr. Oldden. He called him out of his bed, by making a hideous noise at his door. He stamped, swore, and raved like a madman.—He damned his soul if he would not murder me, and flee from the country. He succeeded in terrifying poor Oldden, who was a man of weak nerves, into a promise, that he would interfere with me to *prevent a publication* of the letter; and I believe he obtained from him a paper, tending to disprove some of the facts I had stated. I am not sure of this, but I am afraid Oldden did, in some sort, yield to his threats.

Oldden, with whom I lived on terms of great intimacy, ran to me the moment he got free from the furious Squire. He pressed me very hard for a promise not to publish the letter. This promise I could not make; and the matter was in suspense for several days, during which time the story got about; and well it might; for, while Forrest was consulting his friends *in secret*, I was handing about a copy of the letter, which was, I believe, read by five hundred people in the course of five days. Still, however, it was not in print, and there were some hopes that

that it never would be, when, to the utter astonishment of Forrest, there appeared, in the paper of a fellow named Bradford, a description of the scene at Mr. Oldden's, accompanied with such comments as were well enough calculated to draw from me a publication of the fatal letter. Upon seeing this, the Squire took the alarm again. Two of his friends, John Dunlap and James Ash, came to me with Mr. Oldden, in order to obtain a promise that I would not publish the letter. I told them that I could make no such promise; that I should not suffer myself to be teased into a publication by any thing that mischief-making persons might throw out, but that I should be entirely governed by the *future political conduct* of Mr. Forrest. With this assurance they retired, seemingly well satisfied. The Legislature of Pennsylvania, of which Forrest was a member, was at this time in session. Forrest was in the democratic interest, and, as the House was nearly equally divided, it was of great importance to gain him over, and keep him right during the session at least. With this view, a member of the Senate and a member of the House of Representatives came to me, and assured me, that *as long as I desisted from publishing the letter, so long Forrest would vote on the Federal side*; an assurance that was fully verified by the conduct of the pliant Legislator!—On what trifles do the decisions of Legislatures frequently turn!

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TUESDAY, 5<sup>th</sup> DECEMBER.

*Juvenis and Peter Porcupine.*—There is a political quack, who, through the drenching-horn of Brown, takes upon him to administer to the public an evening dose disgusting beyond the conception of mortal imagination. He calls himself *Juvenis*; but, from  
his

his style, I should imagine him to be some hoary caissiff who is tired of his life.

Last night he gave his patients an emetic of *liberty and equality*. The object of his letter is a defence of the use of these terms; and, in order to come to the point, he very ingeniously begins at a great distance from it. He asks: "For what was it this country sustained an *incessant flame* from the year 1775 till 1783? and why was there such a profusion of that blood, from whose ascending smoke the *atmosphere is but just cleared?*—You response, *Liberty!*—Yes, it was *Liberty.*"

There's for you! The *smoke* of the blood spilt in the American war "*is but just cleared from the atmosphere!*" Yet false as this is, the *response*, as he calls it, is full as false. He says the American war was *for liberty*; I say it was for *no such thing*: it was for *independence*, and for that alone: and that independence is a thing extremely different from liberty, few people, I believe, will deny.

To prove that it was *for liberty*, it must first be proved, that the colonists were *not free*; and who, among them, is the base miscreant that will allow himself to have been a *slave*, a *bondman*, or a *vassal*? If the people were none of these, they were *free*; and consequently the war was not for *freedom*.

"The great charter of *our liberties*," says he, "gives a summary of what our rights are. Among them are, those of *enjoying and defending life; acquiring, possessing, and protecting property; pursuing and obtaining happiness; et cetera.*"—What his *ET CETERA* means, God only knows; but as for the rest, I am sure there was no need of a war to obtain them. They are not only enjoyed by the subjects of Great Britain; but I do not know the Government, except that of Jacobin France, that ever had the infamy to question their existence.



So much for the premises.

Juvenis now enters upon a definition of *liberty and equality*. This, notwithstanding he tells his readers he is about to imitate the wise example of Locke, he is a very clumsy fist at. He battles along down a paragraph in saying, *how others have defined it*; and then, just when his poor patients are gaping for his *own definition*, he stops short with a *however*, and tells them how it has been defined *by our constitutions*. "However we in America have announced what we understand liberty to mean, by subscribing to the explanation of the most approved moralist,—that it consists in *a right of doing whatever we please, provided, in doing so, others be not injured.*"

So we have *subscribed* to this, have we?—I have not; nor am I about to do it. All that is to be found in the constitution is not *holy writ* with me, nor with a good many other people.

This definition is silly to the last degree. It looks like the half-fledged thought of a vapouring Frenchman. If attempted to be practised, it would be at continual war with morality, religion, and the law of this land.

Suppose, for instance, I have an ample fortune, and have no one dependant on me for support. I *please* to get dead drunk every night, for *no other is injured by it*; and this is *liberty*, is it?—I *please* to kill myself, for no other is injured by my so doing; yet this is an act immoral, irreligious, and *unlawful too*; and my corpse is, as a penalty, denied Christian burial, is thrown into a hole by the road side, and has a stake driven through it.—And are there not, Mr. Juvenis, certain other horrid crimes, which *injure nobody but the perpetrators*, and which, notwithstanding that, *are death by the law*? So that, according to your adopted maxim, our laws punish  
men

men with death for exercising their rights and enjoying their *liberty*!—Thus you see, that whatever constitution-maker hammered out the above *definition*, he is as bad a hand at the business as yourself.

Now for EQUALITY. Juvenis tells us that the *wise penmen* of our *Constitution* (I don't know which of the *seventeen* he means) have declared that “All men are born *EQUALLY free and independent*.”—Having laid down the dogma, he proceeds to explain its meaning, which in my opinion had much better have been done by the constitution-makers themselves. He spends half a long paragraph in saying what the “*wise penmen*” did *not mean*, and then he sets about to tell us what they did mean, as thus: “Their obvious meaning then most undoubtedly is —that *nature* intended all men *should be born equally free as to their political rights*—therefore they say, “All men *are* (or of right ought to be) born equally “free and independent’.”

Here is such a profusion of nonsense, that one does not know where to begin upon it. What the devil has *nature* to do with *politics*? However, to take Juvenis up on his own ground, I will allow that the declaration bears the meaning which he has given it; and this I do on purpose to deny the fact. All men are not born *equally* free and independent as to *political rights*; and this I will support upon an instance of his own. He says: “Some are born to *great mental powers*, others to mere *idiocy*.” Now let me ask, if the idiot has, or ought to have, the same political rights as the man of great mental powers? Yet the maxim allows of no distinction. Men are born equal in nothing; there are as many inequalities as there are persons: no two are upon a level for one moment of their lives; and if men will meet in conventions, and lay down dogmas in opposition

to

to these truths, they must expect to be laughed at.

But Juvenis takes great offence at this mirth. "Notwithstanding," says he, "the clear expression of the *public will*, as mentioned above; notwithstanding the almost universality of acquiescence in opinion by the people; there are men, who, in defiance of decency and *the laws*, rise up, and exclaim with an *insulting sneer*, Liberty and Equality!"

So, you see, this poor devil has recourse to the new doctrine of *libels*! We *violate the law*, it seems, by *sneering* at "*liberty and equality*." Is this a specimen of that *liberty* which so much *smoking blood* was spilt to obtain? Yes, *sneer* I have, and *sneer* I will, at this abominable couple of words, the use of which, in politics, has done more mischief to mankind than all other earthly scourges put together. "The *public will*!" So, because folly has been sanctioned by the *public will*, no one is to gainsay. It is well worthy of observation, how near an alliance there is ever between *abject slavery*, and *liberty and equality*. The advocate of the one is always the advocate of the other.

P. PORCUPINE.

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MONDAY, 11<sup>th</sup> DECEMBER.

*Liberty and her Lover: a Parisian Tale.*—Liberty, Sir, is the fairest of all the night-walking fair I ever met with since the earth has turned round the sun. Have I retired peaceably to bed?—Thanks to the *beauty* who has charmed my heart, scarce have I closed my eyes when I am suddenly awakened by a neighbourly soldier with the amiable *Qui vive?* and I say to myself, That is LIBERTY taking a walk. Am I quietly seated on the bench before the door of the  
VOL. VII. E E house?

house ? I see travellers descend to the neighbouring hotel ; they wish to rest themselves, to sup, to sleep, all pleasantly ; but they must before this pay a visit to the magistrates of the people, go and see the Bureaux, the Commissioners ; have their names inscribed at the house of these gentlemen, by the Commissary, by the Justice of Peace. LIBERTY, night and day, is exquisitely polite.

Have I supped with some friends ? am I, for example, on the territory belonging to the *Arois* ?—The attentive *Liberty patrole*, scarcely recollecting me, presses me to enter the watch-house to converse a few moments with her. I say to her, “ My dear friend, I am old, my health weak and delicate, I am still far from home ; whatever pleasure I may have in seeing you, permit me to go to bed.” LIBERTY, always charming, always free, in a national habit, the epaulette of lieutenant on her shoulder, covering, by an immense waxed hat, a head of eighteen, insists on my going, seizing my card (which I never forget, because it is the prettiest *billet doux* my dear LIBERTY ever wrote me), feigning not to know me, in a sweet, tender, and sonorous voice, which she knows very well how to assume when she has smoked a few pipes, “ *What is your name ?* ”—“ Mamma LIBERTY (say I), you are merry ; you have got my card ; read it.”—“ *Sentinel, do not let him pass. It is a false card ; he does not remember the name that is written on it.* ”—“ My lamb, pardon me ; my name is *Le Semainier* ; it is the name you will find there.”—“ *How old are you ?* ”—“ My love, I am fifty.”—“ *It is a cheat ; there is forty-eight on the card.* ”—“ My charmer, I am not a cheat ; I am an honest man, who, when your generosity made me a present of this card, was two years younger.”—“ *What department are you of ?* ”—“ Sister and friend, I am of *Gironde*.”—“ *Taken in the fact ! There's Bec d'Ambe on the card.* ”—“ My dear

dear love, it is not my fault if you have rebaptized my department. My dear LIBERTY, will you return me my card, that I may go to bed?"—" *Presently ; when the Major's round is passed.*" The Major's round passes.—Yes ; but I have not got my card. My charming LIBERTY, with her national coat, is herself gone to make the Lieutenant's round, and leaves me at the watch-house, from whence I cannot stir, because I have still ten watch-houses to pass before I get home, where LIBERTY will allow me to repose.

In the interval day breaks ; and, as the day sends the mice back to their holes, it also returns the cards to the pocket-books. " As it is day, I believe I may return home."—" *You must not pass,*" says the sentinel. " But, my sweet LIBERTY (who was now a sentinel), you see it is day."—" *That may be ; but did you not hear, some hours ago, the Lieutenant say, ' Sentinel, do not let him pass : he has not retracted the order ?' Wait till he returns.*"—" Will he be back soon ?"—" *Perhaps so. It is three hours since he departed to make his round. Let us wait ;*" and I waited with fifteen snoring Liberties on the camp bed. At six the drummer arrives with the light. " Drummer LIBERTY, where is LIBERTY Lieutenant ?"—" *The Lieutenant ! he met some friends. He has gone to breakfast with them.*"—" When will he return ?"—" *Who knows ? At nine or ten o'clock ; at twelve perhaps, to change guard.*" I said not a word, blessed LIBERTY, and waited, without ceasing to bless her ; eleven struck, and brought LIBERTY, with her epaulettes and my card ;—My card ! no ! LIBERTY had lost it. At length the door was opened, and here I am at home with a card less, a night of the watch-house the more, and a good fit of the ague as reparation. So fair and good a thing is LIBERTY in the night.

SATURDAY, 30<sup>th</sup> DECEMBER.

*French setting fire to Charleston.*—There is a subject which by no means ought to be suffered to pass away in the ordinary current of news; yet, in almost every other paper but mine, it most certainly will.

The apathy that pervades this country with respect to France is astonishing. If the British press but a single sailor, there is a hue and cry raised about it from one end of the Union to the other. Every tarpawling's little lying tale is swallowed with avidity; it spreads far and wide, and magnifies in its progress. But the French, on the contrary, may do what they please. All their robberies and cruelties have not been able to draw from my lily-livered brethren (one in New-Hampshire excepted) a single mark of manly indignation. "Peace, peace!" they cry. "Restore us to the *harmony* which has hitherto *so happily* subsisted."—Even the discovery of this infernal plot at Charleston will not rouse them. It will be buried in their insipid time-serving sheets, amidst columns of canting morality and patriotic bombast; amidst cowardly prayers for peace, on *any terms*, and for a "speedy restoration of that *harmony* which has *hitherto* (notwithstanding *pillagings* and *floggings*), *so HAPPILY subsisted*."—Sooner than be such a printer, by heavens, I would be a dog!

I shall now republish the Charleston account of the conspiracy, and then such remarks as I think the subject seems to call for.

*From the Charleston State Gazette of the 22d ultimo.*

On Tuesday the 14th instant, the Intendant received certain information of a CONSPIRACY OF SEVERAL FRENCH NEGROES TO FIRE THE CITY, and to ~~act~~ here as they had formerly done at St. Domingo. As the

the discovery did not implicate more than ten or fifteen persons, and as the information first given was not so complete as to charge all the ringleaders, the Intendant delayed taking any measures for their apprehension until the plan should be more matured, and their guilt more closely ascertained; but the plot having been communicated to persons on whose secrecy the city magistrates could not depend, they found themselves obliged on Saturday last to apprehend a number of negroes, and among others the following, charged (together with another not yet taken) as the ringleaders, viz. Figaro, the property of Mr. Robinet; Jean Louis, the property of Mr. Langstaff; Figaro the younger, the property of Mr. Delaire; and Capelle, the property of ———.

On examination, they all at first positively denied their knowledge or concern in the plot; but the younger Figaro, after some time, made a partial confession, and was admitted an evidence on the part of the State. The others were on Monday brought to trial, in the city-hall, before as respectable a Court and Jury as we ever remember to have seen convened. A number of witnesses were examined, and fully proved the guilt of the prisoners; and the Court, on mature consideration, unanimously condemned Figaro senior, and Jean Louis, to be hung, and Capelle and Figaro the younger to be transported. The rest who were apprehended are under confinement for further examination.

After the condemnation of Jean Louis, he turned to the two Figaros, and said, "I do not blame the whites, though I suffer; they have done right; but it is you who have brought me to this trouble."

Figaro and Jean Louis were yesterday executed in pursuance of their sentence.

*Remarks.*—When a scourge is inflicted on a nation, or a city, we always ought to look back, as we do on the conduct of individuals, to see whether they

have not *brought it on themselves*. If we take a retrospective view of the scenes which have passed in the *patriotic* Charleston, I believe we shall find little room for wonder, or pity, on account of its present alarming situation.

The people of Charleston have, since the commencement of the present war, been distinguished by their excessive folly, and by their partiality for the abominable French. They first encouraged *Genet* to violate the laws of neutrality, and to insult the Federal Government. Their conduct, in fitting out privateers, and in aiding and abetting the French in their war on the commerce of Great Britain, first awakened the suspicions of the latter power, and brought on its depredations on the commerce of America. Charleston was at one time like a port ceded to the French. It exhibited every mark of entire devotion to their interests, of hostility towards the kingdom of Great Britain, and of disrespect and contempt towards the Federal Government.

I have before had occasion to remark on the conduct of this city. When they complained, in the month of April last, of a French privateer entering their harbour, and seizing their vessels, I recalled to their memory their civic festivals of 1794.

“ At Charleston, on the 6th of February, 1794,  
 “ be it known, and be it remembered too, that the  
 “ *republican* society (not the *democratic* society) cele-  
 “ brated the anniversary of the alliance between  
 “ France and America. This society of Americans  
 “ paraded at the hotel of a Citizen Harris, whence  
 “ they sent a deputation to invite the Citizen Con-  
 “ sul of the French Republic, and Citizens Captain  
 “ Branzon, and Lieutenant Langlois, of the repub-  
 “ lican sloop of war *Las Casas*, to join them. From  
 “ the rendezvous the whole republican tribe march-  
 “ ed, or rather stalked, in procession, to the city-



“ hall ; and this place of their destination proves,  
 “ that, if the corporation did not actually assist at  
 “ the festival, they approved of it.

“ There is something at once so base and so ludicrous in the circumstances of the feast, that I cannot help repeating them just as they stand in my common-place-book of sans-culottism.

“ First in the procession came the president of the society, supported by the Consul of France, and the citizen officers of the sloop of war.

“ The cap of liberty, carried by the secretary, supported by two citizen members.

“ The *treasurer* of the society.

“ The members of the society, two and two.

“ Arrived at the town-hall, an oration was delivered by Citizen Stephen Drayton. The whole then returned to Harris's hotel, drums beating and fifes playing *Ca ira*. Here dinner was prepared ; the flags of the *sister republics* were displayed from the balcony ; the dinner-room was decorated with laurel, and the flags joined together. Over the president's chair was placed the cap of liberty.

“ Among the favourite toasts were, *Citizen Genet*, *Citizen Madison*, the *sans-culottes of Great Britain and Ireland*, and the *guillotine*. One toast in particular it is worth while to recall to memory at this time : ‘ May the *enemies of republican Frenchmen perish, in whatever clime they may be found.*’

“ After the toasts were over, the liberty cap was placed on the head of the president, and then alternately on the head of each member, accompanied with three cheers and *Ca ira*. After being returned to, and worn by the president some time, the cap was presented by him to the *crew* of the *Las Casas*. ‘ And thus,’ says the Charleston paper, ‘ glided the hours away of this feast, which was made by congenial souls to commemorate the

“ happy day, when the *sons of Frenchmen* joined  
 “ the *sons of America* to overthrow tyranny in this  
 “ happy land’.”

Very well then.—These “*sons of Frenchmen*” are your friends; use them as such, and *don't hang them up by the neck*.—When the miscreants have fired your town, and butchered your wives and children, I suppose you will then sing *Ca ira*, and toast the “*sons of Frenchmen*,” who kindly came to help you to overturn *tyranny*. For the falsehood and malice of this last word, you deserve all the torments that even the imagination of a Frenchman can invent. You toasted the *guillotine*, did you not? You applauded the blood-hounds that found employment for this dreadful machine, and *laughed* at its victims!—Well; there is *a time to laugh*, and *a time to mourn*: the former is gone by, and the latter is, probably, at no great distance. You are no better than the aristocrats of France, and, if you should share their fate, you have no right to complain.

I shall be told, that these remarks are *too general*; that all the people of Charleston were not implicated in the conduct above noticed.—Very true; I know it well. But I know also that a few exceptions in this way, will not, and ought not, to wipe the odium and disgrace from the town. If the magistrates and constituted authorities did not *assist*, they at least did not *prevent*. They suffered the places of their public sittings to be used by the *Ca ira* cannibals; and they must have given their positive consent to *the beheading of the statue of Lord Chatham*.—A city that could be guilty of folly and baseness like this, must suffer severely and long, before it will excite compassion in a mind which is not rather under the guidance of weakness than of justice. Inveterate vices require a chastisement approaching to cruelty; and, perhaps, the “*sons of*  
 “ *Frenchmen*,” by the flame from the city, are to

be the happy instruments of *enlightening* the people of Charleston, and teaching them the error of their ways.

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*Zimmermann and Webster.*—ZIMMERMANN, a German writer, has published a book on “*National Pride*,” which Noah Webster, junr. “*Esq.*” says is *one of the best books that ever was written*. “The author spares no nation,” says Noah; “he attacks their pride and prejudices with freedom and with *truth*.”

The noble newsmonger then sets to work to cull out a few paragraphs as proofs of his assertions; that is, that the author attacks the pride and prejudices of all nations with *truth*. He begins with Zimmermann’s character of the Greeks and Italians, and then he comes to that of the *English*; but it is easy to perceive, from what comes after, that the two former nations are only mentioned by way of excuse for introducing and scandalizing the latter: as thus: “Englishmen acknowledge themselves, that they inherit from their ancestors a *stupid prepossession* against all other inhabitants of the globe. Their national prejudices are too conspicuous in their conduct towards the natives of their two sister kingdoms. Nothing is more frequently heard in England, than ‘*You beggarly Scot,*’ or, ‘*You blood-thirsty, impudent Irish lout.*’ In general, an Englishman, stuffed with beef, pudding, and porter, heartily despises every other nation of Europe.”

So, this is done “with *truth*,” is it, *Squire Webster*? What Englishman did either you, or your admired Zimmermann, ever hear *acknowledge*, that he inherited from his ancestors a *stupid prepossession* against all other inhabitants of the globe? Show me the man: tell me his name; or else confess that your old Zimmermann is a slanderer, or a fool, or that he did with respect to Englishmen, as  
you

you do with respect to politics—*guessed at them, and guessed wrong too.*

“ Nothing is more frequently heard in England, “ than ‘ *You beggarly Scot,*’ or, ‘ *You blood-thirsty, impudent Irish lout.*’ ”—This, says Zimmermann, and this, you say, is *true*; and I say you are (like master like man) a couple of envious, mischievous, and ignorant prose-makers. It is certain, that such ill-natured national reflections are now and then made use of in England; but if Zimmermann ever heard them uttered, he must have kept most ill-bred, blackguard company. He must have frequented the cellars and brothels of the capital; and this, I take it, would not reflect much honour on a philosopher of threescore. No; such reflections *are not frequently* heard in England, and I hope they never will, in spite of all the mischief-making, political hypocrites of the continents of Europe and America. I know with what pleasure they would see the people of the three kingdoms cutting each others throats.—“ They are too *proud.*” This is the everlasting cant; but their *real fault*, in the eyes of these envious wretches, is, they are *too powerful, too opulent, and too happy.*

Again.—“ In general, an Englishman, stuffed “ with beef, pudding, and porter, *heartily despises* “ every other nation of Europe.”—This too is *true*, is it, Mr. Webster? And this *candid* passage is taken from “ *one of the best books that ever was written,*” is it?—What has a man’s *food* to do with his *thought*? It is the first time, I believe, that ever living well was brought in as a circumstance in a subject of censure; and *I am sure* it was never done, except by some hungry pauper, who, when he has breakfasted, knows not where he is to dine. It is, however, a species of censure which will never give much pain to the censured party. When an Englishman is well stuffed, as old Zimm. calls it, with

with beef, pudding, and porter, he cares little about the wistful-looking dogs that are growling round his plenteous board. No, Noah; give me but my beef and my pudding, and old Zimmermann and you may keep barking till you have exhausted your lungs.

But, to come to the main point of this charge of old Zimm's, "that an Englishman *heartily despises* "every other nation of Europe:" I willingly allow there is *some* truth in it. Yet, in admitting the fact, I am far from admitting it to be *a fault*. Before I do this, I must be convinced, that those nations, speaking of them in the general, *do not merit* to be *heartily despised* by an Englishman; and this, friend Noah, with all your small talk, you would find it very difficult to do.

In order to determine whether those other nations of Europe ought to be *despised* or not, let an Englishman look at their *conduct*; and, that his memory may not be fatigued, or the justice of his decision disputed, let him confine himself to the *present war*. This war is a war of the poor against the rich, of force against law, of vice against virtue, of impiety against religion. It is a war in which all that's ignoble, cruel, and blasphemous, is leagued against all that's honest, honourable, humane, sacred, and holy. In this war, then, what has been the conduct of Englishmen (under which name I comprehend the whole British empire), and what has been the conduct of "*all the other nations of Europe?*"

The infernal *propagande* of Paris, having seized on the treasures, and the soil, and the people, of a powerful empire, formed the resolution of plundering, and brutalizing, and then destroying, all the surrounding nations, or, as *Brissot* expressed it, of *setting fire to the four corners of Europe*. The hordes were collected, and, armed with the instru-

ments

ments of corruption and murder, forth they sallied to effect the dreadful purpose of their masters. Of all the neighbours of France, Great Britain had the least to apprehend; yet she scorned to stand aloof when an attack was made on the great community of nations of which she was a member. The rich and the powerful she encouraged by her example: the weak she aided with her forces, and the poor with her treasures. What, on the contrary, has been the conduct of "*all other nations in Europe?*" Sweden, Denmark, and some others of little note, have remained in a supine, sordid, and dishonourable neutrality. Prussia patched up a peace with subsidies of Britain in his pocket. The head of the Empire has made some noble efforts; but has been abandoned by almost all the sovereign princes. Naples and Sardinia have kneeled at the throne of sans-culottism. Geneva, Genoa, Venice, and all Italy, are become a prey to the barbarians; and Holland and Spain have not only knuckled to the grovelling enemy, but have turned their arms against their friend and *ally in the war*; and the base Dutch even fired on the troops that were sent, and that had valiantly fought to defend them!—After this, who will say that an Englishman ought not *to despise* "*all the nations of Europe?*" For my part I do, and that most "*heartily.*"

Noah, you hate England, and all that appertains to the name: yet, let me tell you, Noah, that it is that very England, and that England alone, that stands between your printing-shop and a French bomb-shell or cannon-ball. Were there no Englishmen in the world, your types would be soon melted down into bullets, for your dear sans-culotte *allies* to blow your brains out with.

Remember this, and leave off barking.

*Constitution-making.*—The Virginians are assembling, in their different counties, to take measures for calling a convention to alter their constitution.—What nonsense it is to make such a piece of work about *a new edition of a threepenny pamphlet!*

The sovereign people of France have already published three such pamphlets, and I imagine that they must, by this time, have a fourth in the press. Their revolution will produce them what is not the least flattering to human vanity: they will have the satisfaction to see *their own works* bound and lettered.

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*Gambling and cheating Legislator.*—We hear that a member of the Legislature of a sister State was, about three weeks ago, expelled for *playing with marked cards.*

By way of relaxation from the important labours of lawgiving, he used, it seems, to retire to a neighbouring public-house, and gamble with the landlord, whom he fleeced pretty decently, before his violation of the laws of *honour* and *all-fours* was discovered.—Good God! how free, how secure, and happy, must the people be under laws made by such men as these!

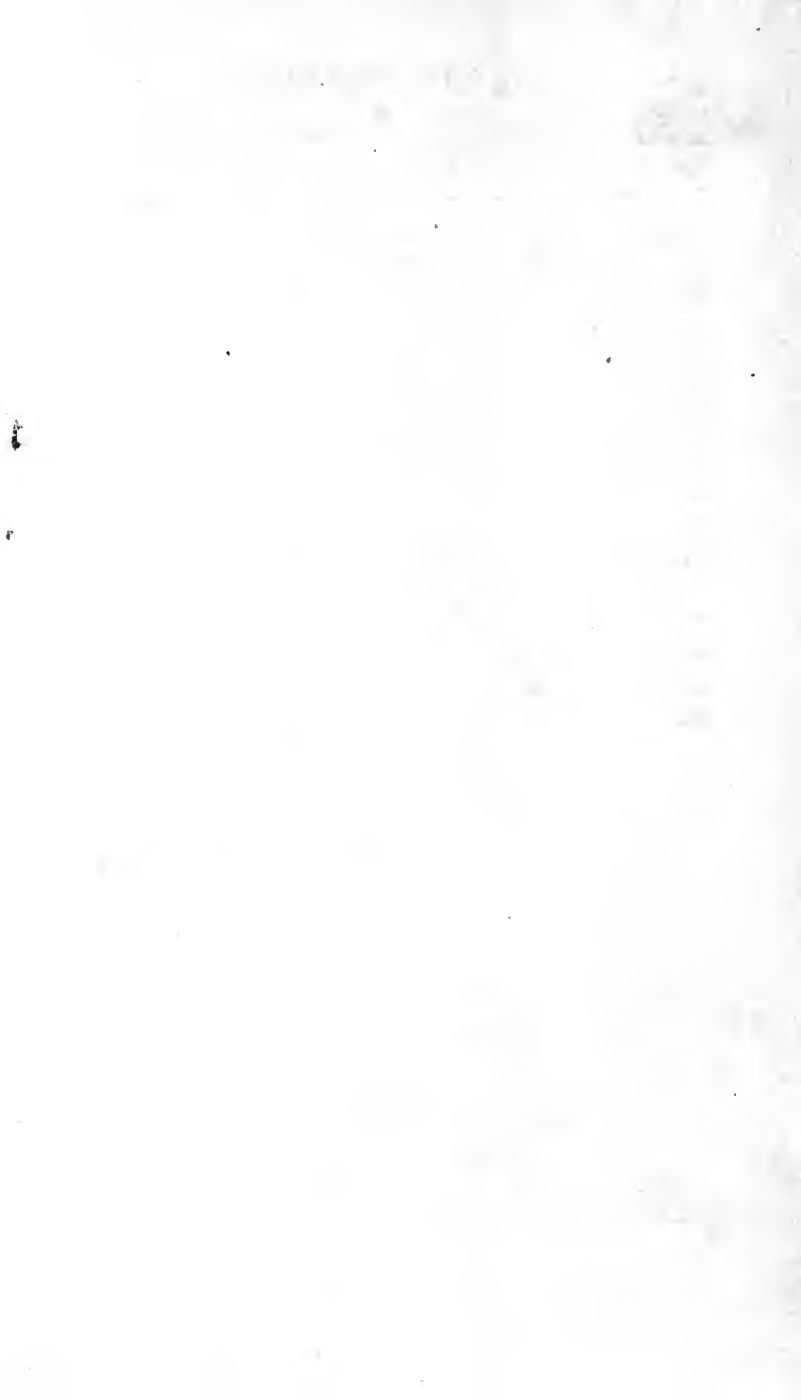
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*Liberty of the Press.*—We have often been told, in a silly, vaunting strain, that we alone enjoy the *real liberty of the press*, and that *truth* is not a *libel* here, as it is in Britain.—Well; now I take upon me to assert, that the press is, both in law and in practice, a thousand times freer in Britain than it is in this country: and this assertion I pledge myself to make good against any facts or arguments that can be brought to oppose it.—There's my gauntlet, citizens. After so much boasting there will certainly be somebody found to take it up.

*Paying for being shot at.*—The Roba and Betsey, on her passage to Philadelphia, was boarded by a French privateer from Nantz of 30 guns. After examining her papers, particularly the *role d'équipage*, they permitted her to proceed on her voyage, having first demanded *eight guineas*, which, the captain of the privateer said, was *one guinea* for every shot that was fired at her, before she was boarded. The captain of the Roba and Betsey insisting that several of the shot were fired under English colours, and presuming that they could not, therefore, be entitled to demand so much, “*Eh bien!*” said the crafty citizen captain, with a tone of voice equally democratic and decisive, “we fired *four shots* under French colours, and that is only *two guineas a shot.*”—This calculation was conclusive; and the American captain, knowing well there was no court of appeal, immediately paid down the *eight guineas!!*

THE END OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME.





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